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REPULSE OF THE LOUISIANA TROOPS.

AT TWILIGHT ON THE EVENING OF JULY 4 1863 AT PORT HUDSON

# MARTIAL DEEDS

OF

# PENNSYLVANIA.

vol. 1

BY

SAMUEL P. Lippincott BATES.

*The field of history should not merely be well-tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me, or interesting, in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the Generals and the Statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children.*

LANDOR'S PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

PHILADELPHIA:

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# PREFACE.

AVING had unusual facilities, while acting as State Historian, for gaining an intimate acquaintance with the part which Pennsylvania bore in the late National struggle—a war before which every other waged upon this continent is dwarfed, and in the territory over which it spread was never equalled—it has seemed a duty which could not with justice be set aside, to place in an enduring form, while the memory is fresh, and many avenues to information still open, though daily closing, a full and careful chronicle of events. Such a statement is fairly due to the Commonwealth which displayed such vast resources and power, and to the faithful soldier who endured hardship and privation at the call of patriotism or laid down his life a willing sacrifice. The day of anger and resentment, if it ever existed between the combatants, has passed, and the soldier only regards with pride his achievements, and the State with complacency its honorable record.

A brief account of Pennsylvania history from the time of settlement, its physical geography, its material resources, and the origin of its people, seemed a fitting introduction, and the facts in the National history which led to rebellion—stated without partisan feeling and supported by citations from acknowledged authorities—a necessity to the proper understanding of the mighty convulsions which ensued.

The battle of Gettysburg, the most important in many respects of the whole war, having been fought on Pennsylvania soil, and the victory there gained having saved the State from being overrun by a conquering foe, was deemed worthy of generous space and minute description. Having studied the field by frequent visits and under the most favorable auspices, and mastered its various details, it is trusted that the language employed will convey an accurate conception. Of the preliminaries to the battle, and its management on the part of both the contending armies, the descriptions and opinions expressed have been given with sincerity and candor, with no desire to detract from the just fame of any, or to commend beyond due desert.

The biographical sketches comprise notices of nearly all the prominent officers who were killed in battle, and with few exceptions the living also. Mention of a very few, for lack of sufficient data, after reasonable efforts made to obtain it, had to be omitted. The number of these, however, is insignificant. There were innumerable privates and officers of lesser grade, many of whom fell honorably in battle, who were equally deserving of mention; but the officers, generally by the voice of the privates, were made to occupy representative positions. An honest effort has been made in this part to do justly by all, though the scantiness of material which had any particular significance prevented, in some cases, making the notices as long as might have been desired.

The third part, which contains a large amount of miscellaneous matter, is quite as important to the illustration of the Martial Deeds of the State, as portraitures from the field. The Governor, who held for six years the executive power, the Secretaries of War who managed complicate and stupendous measures necessary to conquer a peace, and the Great Commoner, ever in the van and dying at his post, all merit recognition.

Old John Burns, the civilian, who fought at Gettysburg, a type "of the past of the nation;" an agent of the State, one of a class who bore in their persons the thoughtful care of the Commonwealth; representatives of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions—he who wielded the agencies which brought together the vast resources demanded for their wide-spread operations; the Christian woman at the front bearing tender care and consolation among the sick, the wounded, and the dying; and the no less devoted and Christian agent at home, wearing out her life in wearisome days and nights of labor, are all types of a service which was as patriotic as that of the soldier who bore the musket.

The Refreshment Saloons of Philadelphia furnish examples of a charity as broad in their operations as the philanthropic sentiment by which their projectors and supporters were moved. Like charities were established at Pittsburg and Harrisburg, but on a less imposing model. It has been impossible to treat of all the topics which might with propriety have found a place in this volume; but it is believed that in the form in which it is now given; it presents a fair image of the Agency of Pennsylvania in the Great Struggle.

S. P. B.

MEADVILLE, *April* 16, 1875.

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# PART I.

# GENERAL HISTORY.

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# MARTIAL DEEDS

OF

# PENNSYLVANIA.

## CHAPTER I.

### RÉSUMÉ OF PENNSYLVANIA HISTORY.

THE inhabitants of mountainous regions, it is observed, have always manifested an ardent love of liberty, a quick perception of its peril, and nerve to strike in its defence. Beneath the shadows of Israel, along the shores of the Adriatic, amid the rocks of Uri, and under the glaciers of Switzerland that spirit has prevailed. It was exhibited in the late struggle for the Union and universal liberty, by the populations along the Allegheny range, extending through West Virginia, East Tennessee, even far into Georgia, where, amid the storms of a threatened revolution, sweeping and convulsive, an undying love for freedom was preserved, and, while hunted down like wild beasts, and subjected to tortures by their enemies, they maintained a faith unshaken. Betaking themselves to their native fastnesses, the Refugees of this mountain district showed a heroism unsurpassed by the martyrs of old.

The causes which operate to produce this inspiring influence have been traced by modern science to the rural occupations which such regions prescribe, to the grandeur of the scenery perpetually spread out to view, to the limpid waters of the streams, and more than all, to the purity and invigorating airs distilled upon the mountain tops. This influence is strikingly figured by

a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, just returned from a mountain tour: "There is no delight in travel so electrical as that of the Swiss mornings. Their breath cleanses life. They touch mind and heart with vigor. They renew the loftiest faith. They quicken the best hope. Despondency and gloom roll away like the dark clouds which the Finster-Aarhorn and the Jungfrau spurn from their summits. Nowhere else is life such a conscious delight. No elixir is so pure, no cordial so stimulating, as that Alpine air. . . . The Alpine purity and silence seem to penetrate the little commonwealth. It is such a state as poets describe in Utopia, and Atlantis, and Oceana. The traveller in Switzerland sees a country in which the citizen is plainly careful of the public welfare; and he is glad to believe that this spirit springs from freedom, and that freedom is born of the lofty inspiration of the mountain air, which dilates his lungs with health, and fills his soul with delight. Indeed the hardy and simple virtues are a mountain crop."

In Pennsylvania, the Allegheny range spreads out to its grandest proportions, and towers to its loftiest heights; and it is a noticeable circumstance, that the troops gathered from its rugged mountain regions, and by the flashing streams of its forests, were among the most resolute and daring of any that served in the late war. It may seem fanciful that the geographical features of a country, its soil, and climate should affect the character of its inhabitants; but if a population is allowed to remain long enough in a locality for these to have their legitimate influence, their impress will be found in the prevailing characteristics.

Who are the people of Pennsylvania? What the situation, extent, and physical features of the region they inhabit? What the peculiarities of its soil in its varied parts, and its equally varied climate and productions? What the treasures hidden beneath its surface, about which they dream, for which they delve, and which they transmute to cunning workmanship? From what families and nations of men have they sprung? How has been the growth of education, religion, civil polity? What their attitude in the troublous times of other days? And finally, what were their numbers, and the spirit which actuated them at the moment of entering the great civil strife?

Pennsylvania is situated between latitude 39° 43′ and 42° north, and between longitude 2° 17′ east and 3° 31′ west from Washington, giving it a mean length of 280.39, and a breadth of 158.05 miles. Its form is that of a parallelogram, its sides being right lines, with the exception of its eastern boundary, which follows the course of the Delaware river, nearly the form of an elongated W, its top pointing westward, with a slight curtailment at the boundary of Delaware, and an enlargement in its northwestern corner where it meets the lake. The Appalachian system of mountains, generally known as the Alleghenies, comprising several parallel ranges, trending from northeast to southwest, hold in their folds more than half the territory of the State. The southeastern corner, known as the Atlantic coast plain, 125 miles wide in its greatest stretch, is gently rolling, has a mild climate, a fertile soil, impregnated with lime, kindly to grains and the vine, is kept under a high state of cultivation, and is filled with a dense population. The valleys of the mountain region in the south are likewise fertile, and in characteristics and productions are similar to the coast plain; but to the north, where they were originally covered with forests of pine and hemlock, as they are cleared and brought under the hand of cultivation, are better adapted to grazing than to grain, where, the year through, copious streams are fed by fountains of living waters, and the population, more sparse, given to felling the forests and subduing a ruggeder clime, is itself more resolute and hardy. The rolling table-lands of the northwest are not unlike the latter in soil, in climate, in productions, and in men. Farther south, bordering upon West Virginia, the warm season is longer and more genial, the surface is rolling, flocks are upon the hills, and everywhere are orchards and green meadows. No region is more picturesque than this; not the vine-covered hills of the Rhine or the Anio.

The coast and mountain regions of the east and south are drained by two great river courses—the Delaware, whose principal tributaries are the Schuylkill and the Lehigh, and which finds its way to the ocean through Delaware bay, and the Susquehanna, fed by the East and West Branch, which unite at Northumberland, whose chief tributary is the Juniata, pouring into it a few miles above Harrisburg, and linked to the sea by the waters of the

Chesapeake. Contrary to the law which almost universally governs the directions of rivers, these streams, instead of following the valleys, defy the most formidable barriers, cut through the mountain chains, and run at right angles to their courses. These huge rents or gaps in the rock-ribbed sides of the mighty ridges, as though cleaved by the stroke of a giant, show, in their abutments close in upon the streams, their formation, and give an awe-inspiring aspect.

Draining the western slopes are the Monongahela from the south, rising in West Virginia, with the Youghiogheny as a principal tributary, and the Allegheny from the north, fed by the Venango on its right, and the Clarion and the Conemaugh on its left—which, uniting their floods at Pittsburg, form the Ohio. Still further west is the Shenango, a tributary of the Beaver river, draining one of the most fertile and populous valleys of the State. Upon the summit, along the water-shed between the basin of the great lakes and that of the Mississippi, is a system of minor lakes and marshes, among which are the Conneautee and the Conneaut lakes, the latter the largest in the State, and the Conneaut and Pymatuning swamps, these being but a part of a continuous line stretching through New York, embracing the Chatauqua, the Canandaigua, the Seneca, the Cayuga, and the Oneida, and westward through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; the Chicago river in the latter State connecting with Lake Michigan, and at the same time with the tributaries of the Gulf.

Such is the configuration of the surface of Pennsylvania; but under that surface were hidden from the eye of the early explorer treasures of which he had little conception. Beneath the hills and rocky ridges of the northeast, the central, and southern central, following the general course of the mountains, were buried, in ages far remote beyond the ken of the scientist, vast lakes of anthracite coal; and in the northern central, extending down far past its southwestern verge, were piled up Titanic masses of bituminous coal. The latter, cropping out as it did from every hillside, easily mined, and burning freely like the resinous woods, was earliest used, both for fuel and in the arts. Until the year 1820 the existence of the former was scarcely known, or if known, passed unregarded. In all that region, where now a busy popula-

tion, deep down in the caverns of the earth, hidden away from the light of the sun, toil industriously in mining, not a chamber had then been opened, and the echo of a pick was scarcely heard. In that year the Lehigh Canal was completed, and 365 tons from the Lehigh mines were transported to market. Ten years later the product was only 100,000 tons. But since that period the means of production and transportation have multiplied, so that in 1870 nearly 16,000,000 tons were produced and found a market, being distributed to the great furnaces, where, night and day, the smothered blast is kept raging, and to the frugal fires of the remotest hamlets.

In close proximity to the coal, throughout nearly all the regions indicated, and spreading out in many parts far beyond, are found inexhaustible deposits of rich iron ore; and, stimulated by the demand for this metal in the multiplied and diversified uses to which it is put in the mechanic arts, and in the construction of railroads, its production has gone on increasing until from its eastern to its remotest western boundaries, along all its valleys and far up on its mountain heights, the fiery tongues of flame from innumerable craters are perpetually leaping.

But what shall be said of that almost miraculous gushing forth of oil from the rock at the smiting of the hand of the explorer? Years ago, even as early as the occupation of the northwest by the French, it was known that upon a little lake a few miles northwest of Titusville, shut in on all sides by towering hills, shaded by the silent hemlock forest, a mysterious oil, exhibiting in the sunlight the most brilliant and variegated colors, was known to float. Clean wool absorbed the oil and rejected the water, and in this way quantities were gathered upon the lake and the stream which flows therefrom, and being carefully bottled and labelled Seneca or rock oil, it was sold both in this country and in Europe, its remarkable curative properties in many diseases being widely heralded. Cradles were dug along the swamps that border this stream, either by the French or the Indians, for collecting it. Of its origin none knew. The Indians had a superstition that these were the tears of a departed chieftain mourning the loss of a favorite squaw who was murdered in the sombre shadows of the forest near the lakelet's margin. In 1859, Mr. E. L. Drake, with a faith

and a perseverance akin to that of the greatest inventors and explorers, bored into the bowels of the earth, and lo! there gushed forth from the since famed *third sand* copious streams of this pungent, healing, mysterious fluid. The current thus diverted has gone the world over. It lights the ship upon the ocean, the cabin of the pioneer, and even the tent of the Arab. It spangles the head-light of the engine, and lubricates the many spinning wheels of the lightning train. It has well nigh restored a lost art in rivalling the far-famed Tyrian dye. Endless billows of this element seem to have accumulated beneath the hills and along the valleys of this now noted creek, and the lands fringing the Allegheny far down its stream. The production in the year 1872 was estimated at 6,500,000 barrels.

The territory of Pennsylvania, whose physical features and resources have been thus hastily touched, at the time it was first viewed by the eye of a European, was a wilderness, unbroken, save here and there by a precipitous rocky barren upon the mountain side, or where, fast by some crystal spring, the dusky son of the forest had erected his rude hut, and made an opening for the cultivation of a few vegetables and a little maize. The Lenni Lenapé, or the First People, called by the Europeans Delawares, held sway from the Hudson to the Potomac, and from the ocean to the Kittatinny hills. The Shawnese, a ferocious tribe, occupied the southwest, and along the centre were the Tuscaroras, originally driven from North Carolina and Virginia, who became one of the Six Nations, or Iroquois, and had their chief habitation between Champlain and the great lakes. William Penn, who came to know them well, writing to the Society of Free Traders in England an account of the country, thus describes them: "In liberality they excel; nothing is too good for their friend. Give them a fine gun, coat, or other thing, it may pass twenty hands before it sticks. Light of heart, strong affections, but soon spent. The most merry creatures that live; feast and dance perpetually. They never have much, nor want much; wealth circulateth like the blood; all parts partake; and though none shall want what another hath, yet exact observers of property. . . . They care for little because they want but little; and the reason is, a little contents them. In this they are sufficiently revenged on us.

If they are ignorant of our pleasures, they are also free from our pains. They are not disquieted with bills of lading and exchange, nor perplexed with chancery suits and exchequer reckonings. We sweat and toil to live; their pleasure feeds them; I mean their hunting, fishing and fowling, and this table is spread everywhere. They eat twice a day, morning and evening. Their seats and table are the ground."

The earliest visitors and settlers upon the Delaware were not men who had been driven from home by persecution, and who were seeking an asylum and a habitation in the New World, but who were attracted thither in the hope of gain. The whale fishery upon the coast, and the rich furs and skins which the Indians brought and parted with for a few worthless trinkets, first excited their cupidity. Delaware bay and river were discovered and entered on the 28th of August, 1609, by Hendrich Hudson. By a general charter granted on the 27th of March, 1614, by the States General of Holland, the privileges of trade upon the Hudson and Delaware were given, and the merchants of Amsterdam and Hoorn fitted out several expeditions from which grew settlements at Albany, New York, and temporary ones—little more than trading posts for occasional visitation—upon the Delaware. On the 3d of June, 1621, the Dutch West India Company was incorporated, and under it settlement was strengthened upon the Hudson, but only trade upon the Delaware, the latter being as yet tributary to the former; one little colony planted there having been cut off and massacred in 1631.

In the spring of 1638, a company of Swedes and Finns, under charter of a Swedish West India company, granted by the illustrious monarch of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, came in two small ships and settled on the south bank of the Delaware, the Dutch having for the most part occupied the north bank. Others followed, and for a time the little colony prospered. But the Dutch, who still held the northern bank, and kept a Vice-Governor there, finally undermined the Swedes in their trade with the natives, and compelled them, in 1655, by force of arms, to submit to Dutch rule. The Swedish colonists, however, remained upon the lands they had subdued, which they had come to look upon as their homes, and contributed to the rising state an element of

strength, intelligence, and virtue, as the best blood in Europe then flowed in the veins of the people who had been ruled by Gustavus.

In 1664, settlements upon the Delaware having in the meantime been steadily growing, the English, who had always claimed the country upon the Hudson and all the intervening territory, took forcible possession, and appointed governors over both colonies, establishing rule in the interest of the British crown. Beyond the persons of the governors and the forms of procedure, there was but little change in the constitution of society. In 1673, the Dutch rescued the government from the English, but only held it for a year, when it again passed, and now permanently, under the dominion of the latter. In the meantime many English Quakers, who had suffered sore persecutions at home, had come hither and settled in the Jerseys and south of the Delaware, and in 1672, George Fox, the founder of the sect, visited them, preaching and strengthening their faith. West New Jersey had, by purchase from the British Government, fallen into the hands of a Quaker by the name of Byllinge, who becoming bankrupt, was obliged to make an assignment of his property, and William Penn became one of the three assignees. Penn was a Quaker, and had suffered for his faith; but that faith was founded in the innermost recesses of his heart, and he quailed before neither principalities nor powers. He was steadfast as the rock to the promptings of duty, but not fanatical or bigoted. He had a clear insight of human nature—a man of great head and still greater heart. Difficulties, which smaller minds would have made fruitless war against, he may for the time have bent before, but never yielded to, and in the end was always triumphant. With such a man whatever responsibility might be assumed for another, it would be managed with the care of a personal matter. Hence, in executing the trust for his unfortunate friend, he threw his whole soul into it, and drew for the government of Byllinge's province in the New World a constitution conceived in the utmost liberality and wisdom.

Penn had another motive for regarding with interest the infant settlements. He knew by a bitter experience the trials to which the people of his faith were subjected, and he looked with a long-

ing eye for some better country, some more favored habitation, where each man should have perfect freedom in the manner of his worship. His attention being thus called to settlements in America, he became possessed of an idea of founding a State on his own account, in new territory, hitherto unoccupied by civilized man. Penn's father had been an Admiral in the British navy, and in an engagement upon the Dutch coast had rendered signal service, the victory there gained securing to the British Government the possession of New Netherland, the name by which all territory claimed by the Dutch beyond the Atlantic was known. Besides a deep debt of gratitude for his heroism, the Crown owed the Admiral sixteen thousand pounds in hard money. Upon the death of the Admiral, the obligation passed to his son William, who now sought the payment of this claim in lands in the New World. King Charles, who was upon the English throne, lent a ready ear to this application, and "after many waitings, watchings, solicitings and disputes in council," says Penn, "my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England. God will bless it and make it the seed of a nation. I shall have a tender care of the government, that it be well laid at first." By the terms of the charter, which was dated March 4th, 1681, it was to contain three degrees of latitude and five of longitude, west from the Delaware. On account of obscurity in the language in beginning the description of the boundaries, owing to ignorance of the geography of the country on the part of the royal secretary, a dispute arose about its southern limit, which lasted many years. It was finally settled in the interest of Maryland, resulting in the serious curtailment of the grant. The limit thus agreed upon was subsequently traced by two surveyors, Mason and Dixon, who unconsciously made for themselves wide notoriety, this ultimately marking the dividing line between freedom and slavery.

Penn wished that the country should be called New Wales; but the king, desirous of commemorating the name of the father, was inflexible in his purpose of naming it Pennsylvania. Penn also purchased from the Duke of York the counties of New Castle, Kent, and Sussex, lying south of the Delaware, now the State of Delaware, which thus became a part of Pennsylvania, and con-

tinued so till the year 1702, when a final separation took place.

Penn meditated deeply respecting the government he should establish. He knew by experience the evils of arbitrary power. His aspirations were to make authority in the spirit of religion, of goodness, and love. "I purpose, for the matter of liberty, I purpose that which is extraordinary, to leave myself and successors no power of doing mischief, that the will of one man may not hinder the good of a whole country." In his advertisement for a Free Society of Traders, which was formed, he says: "It is a very unusual society, for it is an absolute free one, and in a free country. Every one may be concerned that will, and yet have the same liberty of private traffique as though there were no society at all."

Sending forward a deputy to assume and exercise authority over the colony, and commissioners who should treat for land and select a site for a great city, he made preparations to follow and take up his abode in the new State. Upon their arrival, the commissioners, with the Governor and Surveyor-General, readily concluded a purchase of land from the Indians; but it was not so easy to find a suitable site for a city. Penn had been particular in pointing out the needful conditions. It must have ten thousand acres in a compact tract. "Be sure," he says, "to make your choice where it is most navigable, high, dry, and healthy; that is, where ships may best ride, of deepest draught of water, if possible to load or unload at the bank or key's side, without boating or lightening of it. It would do well if the river coming into that creek be navigable, at least for boats, up into the country, and that the situation  at least dry and sound, and not swampy, which is best  by digging up two or three earths and seeing the botto

We can imagine the pre  these men as they moved up and down the Delaware, du  seven weeks in which we are told the search continued,  to test the nature of the soil, travelling back and forth t  he dense forest which reached down to the water's edge,  re and there where a trading post had been established,  wedes and Finns had made the beginning of a little burg.  d, in Delaware county, now the

old town of Chester, was one of these, and Penn had hoped that this might prove suitable for the purpose. But it was discarded, perhaps unwisely, as well as the ground above Bristol, afterwards the site of Pennsburg Manor, and that upon the banks of Poquessing creek. Finally, the present site of Philadelphia was adopted. It had not ten thousand acres in a compact body; but it was between two rivers, the ground was high, and the river in front deep. It was called by the Indians Coaquannock. Two or three families of Swedes had gained a foothold there, but it was still covered by a forest of lofty pines. The sites of great cities are generally governed by the necessities of trade and commerce, and their early growth has been without plan, streets taking the course of cow-paths, as in the city of Boston. It is recorded that Romulus, yoking a heifer with a bull, marked with a brazen plow-share the limits of his new city, making it comprise so much land as he could thus encircle between the rising and the setting of the sun. But with this exception, tradition preserves the record of no city having been so formally laid out.

Penn arrived in the colony in October, 1682, and after resting at Upland, ascended the Delaware in a small open row-boat, and when four miles above the mouth of the Schuylkill, where it pours its waters into the Delaware, he was pulled up the rugged bank by the Swedish settlers, and welcomed to the hospitalities of a gloomy forest, in time to become the gathering place of a great people, and the chief city of the continent. But when the site had once been determined, and had received the stamp of Penn's approval, its transformation was rapid. "There is nothing," says Bancroft, "in the history of the human race like the confidence which the simple virtues and institutions of William Penn inspired. In August, 1683, Philadelphia consisted of three or four little cottages! The conies were yet undisturbed in their hereditary burrows; the deer fearlessly bounded past blazed trees, unconscious of foreboded streets; the stranger that wandered from the river bank was lost in the thickets of the interminable forest; and, two years afterward, the place contained about six hundred houses, and the schoolmaster and the printing-press had begun their work. In three years from its foundation, Philadelphia gained more than New York had done in half a century."

One of the first cares of Penn was to establish amicable relations with the Indians. In his conferences and dealings with them he treated them as men, and they reciprocated his confidence. He made a purchase of land of them. It was known as the walking purchase. He was to pay a stipulated price for as much territory as could be walked over in three days. Penn was himself of the party, that no advantage should be taken by attempting a great walk. Commencing at the mouth of the Neshaminy, they walked up the Delaware. They proceeded leisurely, "after the Indian manner, sitting down sometimes to smoke their pipes, to eat biscuit and cheese, and drink a bottle of wine." In a day and a half they reached a spruce tree near the mouth of Baker's creek, a distance of thirty miles. Concluding that this would be all the land he would at present need, he proposed to stop there, and let the remaining portion be walked out at some future time. This was not executed until September 20th, 1733, fifty years later, when the Governor then in office employed three of the most expert walkers, one of them, Edward Marshall, walking in a day and a half eighty-six miles, a procedure which the natives took very unkindly.

One of the most interesting events in Pennsylvania history is the concluding of the Great Treaty of peace and friendship with the Indians, under the wide sweeping elm, known as the Treaty Tree, at Kensington, which has been made immortal by the painting of West. There were no weapons of carnal warfare. Penn, in his plain garb and benignant countenance, and the noble chieftain, Taminend, were the central figures. The chiefs of tribes, with their counsellors, aged and venerable men, were disposed to right and left. In rear, in the form of a half moon, sat the young braves and some of the aged matrons; and farther back, in widening circles, were the youth. When the council fire had been lighted, and all was in readiness to confer, Taminend, putting on his crown, which terminated in front in a small horn, announced to Penn, through an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him. "The Great Spirit," says Penn, "who made me and you, who rules the heavens and the earth, and who knows the innermost thoughts of men, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to

serve you to the uttermost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. . . . I will not call you children or brothers only; for parents are apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes will differ; neither will I compare the friendship between us to a chain, for the rain may rust it, or a tree may fall and break it; but I will consider you as the same flesh and blood as the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts."

To the words of Penn the Indians did not make immediate reply, but deliberated apart. When their answer was agreed to, their speaker, in the name of Taminend, who remained silent, taking Penn by the hand, pledged friendship, and said, with his expressive gesture, that the Indians and the English must live in peace and affection so long as the sun and the moon perform their courses. This treaty, simple in form, but emanating from the best impulses of the heart, was held sacred by the natives, and they treasured the words of Penn by means of strings of beads, or amulets; and Heckewelder, the Indian missionary and historian, says: "They frequently assembled together in the woods, in some shady spot, as nearly as possible similar to those where they used to meet their brother Miquon (Penn), and there lay all his words and speeches, with those of his descendants, on a blanket or clean piece of bark, and with great satisfaction go successively over the whole."

As we have already seen, the first settlers in the province were emigrants from Holland. Then came the sturdy Swedes, and now the English Quakers. The latter came in large numbers, many doubtless to better their fortunes, but more to escape oppression. As an illustration of the extent to which religious persecution was carried, it was estimated that 15,000 families had been ruined for dissent since the Restoration, that 5000 had died in the loathsome prisons, and that in 1686, through the intercession of Penn with King James, 1200 Quakers "were liberated from the horrible dungeons and prisons where many of them had languished for years." Of the character of the first element Bancroft says: "The emigrants from Holland were themselves

of the most various lineage; for Holland had long been the gathering place of the unfortunate. Could we trace the descent of the emigrants from the Low Countries to New Netherland, we should be carried not only to the banks of the Rhine and the borders of the German Sea, but to the Protestants who escaped from France after the massacre of Bartholomew's eve, and to those earlier inquirers who were swayed by the voice of Huss in the heart of Bohemia. Its settlers were the relics of the first fruits of the Reformation, chosen from the Belgic provinces and England, from France and Bohemia, from Germany and Switzerland, from Piedmont and the Italian Alps."

Penn remained in the colony but about two years, when he was called to England to settle, before the home Government, the southern boundary of his province with Lord Baltimore, and thus secure uninterrupted navigation of the Delaware, and to intercede with the king for his suffering brethren. Though many Quakers had emigrated to the colony, and for a considerable period held ascendancy in the Legislature, yet they were far from forming a majority of the population, and some of the Governors appointed by Penn, and even his sons, were of the established Church of England. Bitter contentions arose between the Quakers and the party hostile to them. It was alleged that pirates, taking advantage of a Government unsupported by the sword, ran into the bay and made war, from this as a base, upon helpless shipping, and that a colony so ruled invited attack. So loud was the clamor at Court, that in 1693, in the reign of William and Mary, the government was taken from Penn and his deputies, and lodged in the hands of Benjamin Fletcher, Governor of New York. For two years it so remained; but at the end of that time, being convinced that the character of Penn and his followers was misrepresented, his province was restored to him.

In 1699, he returned, apparently with the intention of spending the remnant of his days in the midst of his people. But before two years had elapsed, he found that the Crown was again disposed to dispossess him and appoint royal Governors. He accordingly hastily departed to defend his rights at Court, and never returned, being afflicted in 1712 with a stroke of paralysis, of which he died in 1718, his entire stay in America having been

less than four years. During his last residence here he spent the greater part of the time in perfecting a new constitution and frame of government, it being under discussion in the council and in his own meditations for eighteen months. This was completed before he left, and is a noble monument to his genius. His presence in the colony was indeed short, but how vast has been his influence upon the subsequent growth and development of the Commonwealth! How he moulded laws and customs, sentiment and opinion, and set upon them his impress! How easy and resistless was his sway over the natives of the forest, who, under the name of savages, in other colonies were found so difficult to treat with or subdue! His words were like those of the Saviour of mankind, and his great heart was moved by compassion and pity, tenderness and love, akin to His. Blessed be the name of William Penn!

After his death his widow, Hannah Penn, a woman of great power of mind and strength of character, ruled in place of the Proprietor, as his executrix, selecting Governors and framing their instructions with the skill and foresight of a veteran diplomatist. Under her rule Sir William Keith administered the government, and it was in his time that an unknown youth came to Philadelphia, who subsequently became a great power in the State, and the most honored for intelligence and virtue of any American of his day, Benjamin Franklin. William Penn had issue by his first wife, Gulielma Maria Springett, of three sons—William, Springett, and William, and four daughters—Gulielma, Margaret, Gulielma, and Letitia; and by the second, Hannah Callowhill, of one daughter—Margaret—and four sons—John, Thomas, Richard, and Dennis. In 1727, the British Court decreed, that after the death of William Penn, Jr., and his only son Springett, the Proprietor's interest in Pennsylvania passed by inheritance to the sons of the last wife, and they became joint proprietors. With these three, and John Penn, son of Richard, who was for a time Governor, the proprietary interest remained until the fourth year of the Revolutionary war, November, 1779, when the Colonial Legislature passed an act vesting the titles to their interest in the province, in the Commonwealth. The surviving proprietors returned to England, and the British Government, in considera-

tion of being unable to defend and vindicate their vested rights, gave them an annual pension of four thousand pounds, which is paid to their descendants to this day.

In the meantime the State was being rapidly improved. The territory itself was luscious, tempting cupidity, and many were the designs to pluck it. Maryland, from the first, grasped for its southern borders, and succeeded in gaining a goodly belt. Later, disputed jurisdiction occurred in the Cumberland Valley, wherein Maryland attempted to make still further gains, but was successfully repelled. Still later, Virginia laid claim to the territory upon the Ohio, and was perfecting measures to assert authority, when it was discovered and foiled, but not until the Ohio Company had gained a considerable foothold upon the soil. Finally, Connecticut came in upon the north, actually planted a colony in the Wyoming Valley, pointing to chartered rights for authority which antedated the grant of Penn, and calling upon the British Government to vindicate it. Town government after the Connecticut manner was constituted, and hostile collisions to defend it occurred. The claim was not settled until after the Revolution, when the Confederate Congress decided in favor of Pennsylvania.

But though jealous in defending and preserving the integrity of its territory, no restriction was laid upon emigration, and population flowed in rapidly from every quarter. The sturdy Scotch-Irish, descendants of the Roundheads of the English Revolution, settled in the delightful Cumberland Valley, and pushing across the Alleghenies, filled many of the rich intervales and fertile rolling grain lands of the west. The well-schooled and industrious German Protestants sat down upon the limestone territory of the coast range, but many families wended their way into almost every nook and corner of the Commonwealth. The Catholic element, both Irish and Continental, later in coming, for the most part found a habitation in the mining and manufacturing districts, and did not, consequently, acquire the rich farming lands. From New England came the industrious, frugal sons of the Pilgrims, who chiefly chose the grazing lands of the north and the northwest.

There came also, near the close of the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth century, sects akin, in their principles of peace

and non-resistance, to the Quakers. Chief among these were the Mennonists, or German Baptists. They had been persecuted and driven about from one country to another in Europe on account of their religious opinions. Finally, attracted by the reports of freedom and contentment among the colonists in Pennsylvania, they emigrated in large numbers, and found rest at last and full liberty of worship. The Dunkards also came, and subsequently founded houses at Ephrata bearing some resemblance to monasteries and convents.

From all of these varied nationalities and diverse religious sects have come the present population of Pennsylvania, a people dissimilar in many respects from their progenitors, and yet preserving some of the family types. One of the most potent influences in developing and giving direction to their character has been its system of education. Penn had a clear idea of State device when he put in the organic law, that provision should be made for teaching the poor gratis, thus bringing it within the power of all to be educated. Early in the history of the colony the Society of Friends established a public school in Philadelphia. In 1731, inspired by Franklin, fifty persons subscribed forty shillings each for the establishment of a public library, who, in 1742, were incorporated as the Library Company of Philadelphia, now in possession of one of the great collections of the land, fortunate and prosperous. In 1749, under the patronage and support of some of the leading men of the province, was established an Academy and Charity School, which, though humble and unpretentious, was the germ of the University of Pennsylvania. In 1753, it was incorporated and endowed by the Proprietors, and two years later was authorized to confer degrees under the title of the "College, Academy and Charity School of Philadelphia." From this time until the close of the century the energies of the people seem particularly to have been directed to founding and making some provision for the support of colleges; Dickinson College having been chartered in 1783, Franklin—since Franklin and Marshall—in 1787, and Jefferson in 1802. To preside over these men of great learning and erudition were tempted across the ocean. Notable among them were William Smith, LL. D., President of the University of Pennsylvania, and Charles Nisbet, LL.D.,

President of Dickinson College. The pupils of these men gave a great impulse to liberal education in the next generation, the Rev. Doctor Brown, a pupil of Nisbet, becoming President of Jefferson.

But the colleges, while they gave a high degree of culture to a few of the favored, failed to reach directly the masses. The population was as yet far too sparse to admit of a general system of common schools. Hence, to meet the difficulty so far as practicable, County Academies were chartered, and direct appropriations of money varying from two to five thousand dollars for the erection of buildings at the county seats, and grants of lands for their support, were secured. Academies in forty-one counties were established during the first thirty years of this century. As the population increased, and spread over a wider area, it became necessary, in order to carry out the wise design of the founder, that more enlarged provision for instruction should be made. The colleges and county academies answered well the purpose of their foundation; but that class which was most in need of instruction, and which if allowed to increase generation after generation without any facilities for learning would become dangerous to society, was still unprovided for. Hence, in 1809, a law was enacted providing for the "education of the poor gratis." The assessors in their annual valuations of property were required to enroll the names of indigent parents and the number of children. The tuition of all such was paid out of the county treasury. But this was only a partial remedy; for many parents, possessed of the natural pride and spirit of freemen, were unwilling to allow their names to be recorded among the most abject class. Besides the adoption of even this system was not general, it being in many places entirely disregarded, and in others complied with only upon the application of societies or individuals. Emigrants from the nationalities of Europe settled in colonies, and continuing to speak their native tongue, insisted on having their children taught in that language. German newspapers were published, for this was the language most prevalent among continental emigrants; but there were few books, and in the midst of constant and harassing labor in clearing away the forests and establishing for themselves abiding places, education was attended with many difficulties.

The consequence was that the number of those who could neither read nor write rapidly increased. A mental lethargy was sinking down upon the people which was alarming. The generation which succeeded had far less culture than that which had emigrated from the old world.

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During the administration of George Wolf, that sturdy Governor, by the earnest appeals of his messages, aided by the efforts of broad-minded legislators, prominent among whom were Thaddeus Stevens, Samuel Breck, and Dr. George Smith, succeeded in arousing public sentiment, and in securing the passage of a law, in 1834, providing for the establishment of a general system of common schools. This law was amended and vastly improved in 1836, under the administration of Governor Joseph Ritner, a man no less determined in his purpose, or warm in his support of the system than his predecessor. He was greatly aided in this by the counsel of his eminent Secretary and *ex-officio* Superintendent of Common Schools, Hon. Thomas H. Burrowes; and from that period dates an era of general awakening upon the subject of popular education, which has not abated to this day. At first the people were allowed to vote on the adoption or rejection of the law, that it might in reality be popular, and might win its way to favor by its intrinsic merits. In the first year, of 907 districts, only 536 adopted it. But the number steadily increased, and in 1841, out of 1072 districts, it was in successful operation in 917. It is at present universal, with 16,305 schools, and an aggregate of 834,020 scholars.

About the year 1850, County Teachers' Institutes were commenced, and two years later the State Teachers' Association. In 1854, the school law was revised, and the County Superintendency engrafted upon it. An elaborate School Architecture was prepared and published at the expense of the State, and presented to each district. The *Pennsylvania School Journal* was made the organ of the School Department, and sent at the expense of the State to each School Board. In 1857, the office of State Superintendent, which had previously been exercised by the Secretary of the Commonwealth, was established, giving it far greater power and efficiency. In 1859, a law providing for the foundation of twelve Normal schools, for the training of teachers, in as many

districts into which the State was divided, planned upon the most enlarged and liberal basis, was enacted.

All these various agencies for training and instructing the rising generation are in full play. Not a nook nor a corner of this great Commonwealth now exists where these are not felt, and their humanizing and benignant influence is not exerted. There is no excuse for a single child throughout its broad domain growing up to man's estate without being instructed in reading and writing, and all the common branches of education.

The original frame of government, drawn by the hand of Penn, and discussed and amended in Council from time to time, was most liberal and just. In his first communication to the colonists after receiving his charter, he had said: "You are now fixed at the mercy of no Governor who comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious people. I shall not usurp the right of any or oppress his person. God has furnished me with a better resolution, and given me his grace to keep it." What Penn here promised, he faithfully kept; for it was not in the power of human nature to be more tender of his people, or more willing to listen to their advice in moulding and perfecting a form of government for their just guidance.

That Penn should be a feudal lord, and at the same time the executive of a democracy, seems incongruous. It was a defect in the system, which resulted in no evil while he governed; for he always appeared in the character of the executive of a democracy, voluntarily yielding all the claims of a feudal sovereign. But when he was no more, it was the occasion of endless bickerings between the proprietary Governors and the Council, the popular legislative branch.

On the 15th of July, 1776, the Provincial Convention which had been chosen to frame a new Constitution, met and elected Benjamin Franklin President. It at once assumed the government of the colony, and vested it until the new Constitution should be completed, and power organized under it, in a Council of Safety, composed of twenty-five members, of whom Thomas Rittenhouse was chairman. The American Revolution was in progress, and it was dangerous to attempt to stem the tide of

popular will. The proprietary Government remonstrated against the action of the Convention, but submitted to what it had no power to control, and soon found its authority, which, for nearly a century had borne sway, at an end. The new organic law was completed in September, and on the 4th of March, 1777, the elections having been held in the meantime, was put in operation. It provided for the election of an annual Assembly, and a Supreme Executive Council, to consist of twelve persons, the President of which was virtually Governor. Thomas Wharton, Jr., who had presided in the Council of Safety, was chosen first President, and was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies, amidst the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon. In 1790, a new Constitution was framed, which provided for the election of a Governor by the people, and two deliberative bodies—a House and Senate. It was again revised in 1838, during the administration of Governor Ritner, and while this is being written, another revision, made during the year 1873, is being promulgated for a popular vote in December. To break up "omnibus legislation" was one of the chief objects in the revision of '38, and that now before the people is understood to be to prevent special legislation, curtail the power of great corporations, and to secure to the people of the Commonwealth immunity from unjust and exorbitant charges for transportation on railroads and canals.

The founder of Pennsylvania was a Quaker, sincerely devoted to the cause of peace and amity among men and nations. His mild and gentle manners, the benignity of his countenance, and sincere benevolence manifested towards the Indians, secured the infant colony from their savage attacks, from which other colonies suffered unutterable horrors. During the early years of its history the peace element was predominant, though the great prosperity of the city of Philadelphia and the colony at large attracted men of all religious beliefs, many of whom cared little whether a peace or a war policy prevailed, provided it insured safety to the State. Hence the peace party had frequent struggles to maintain its ascendancy in later years, the Governor being against it. Even during Penn's lifetime Governors were appointed who were opposed to the principles of the Quakers, and strange as it may seem, of all his sons and grandsons who, after his death, came

to rule in the colony, not one preserved the religion of the founder. In several instances the Governors attempted to coerce the Assembly into their policy; but the Quaker party, which controlled in it, had their revenge by refusing to vote money to carry on the government, or even for the Governor's salary. Indeed, the withholding of appropriations became their favorite weapon.

In 1744, war was declared between France and Great Britain, and the wave of hostilities soon reached the colonies of the two nations, planted side by side in the New World. The Indians were nominally a neutral party between them, but generally inclined to the side which could show the highest and most valuable pile of presents, and ready at any time to take up the hatchet upon small provocation. War had no sooner broken out, than like the wild beast, aroused by the taste of blood, the Indian became troublesome. Governor Thomas, then in the gubernatorial chair, called out the militia, who came to the number of ten thousand men, of one regiment of whom Franklin was made Colonel. They were obliged to arm themselves at their own expense. The dominant party in the Legislature would vote no money except to the Crown of England, to which it looked for protection and safety.

In October, 1748, peace was concluded by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, between France and England; but the peace there declared did not reach the New World, the French covertly striving to connect the Mississippi Valley with the Canadas, by a chain of forts stretching along the Ohio river, up the Allegheny and the Venango, to Le Bœuf, where the French commandant had taken post, and was secretly inciting the Indians to hostilities against the English. The policy of Pennsylvania towards the Indians had always been one of conciliation. But the mild and peaceful sway of Penn had been gradually obliterated, and in place of it had come a system of subsidy, which in time grew to be burdensome. Other colonies spent money in large amounts to fight the savages; but Pennsylvania employed the means that would have been used in repelling hostile attacks in providing for their physical comfort, and the gratification of their taste for trinkets and showy apparel. The Indians had early asked to

meet the agents of the Government to brighten the chain of friendship, which meant that presents would be acceptable to them. Finding the Government willing in that way to purchase peace and amity, they found frequent occasions for brightening the chain. Indeed, the links of that chain must have been composed of imperishable stuff, to have endured for the hundred years that it was wrought upon. At a council held at Albany, in 1747, in which Maryland and Virginia were induced to join, Pennsylvania alone distributed goods to the amount of one thousand pounds.

When it was finally discovered from the report of Washington, who had been sent in the fall of 1753, by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, to remonstrate with the French, at Fort Le Bœuf, near Lake Erie, for encroaching upon English territory, that the colonies and military forces of that nation were designing to take and hold the entire Valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, the British Ministry determined to resist. Prevented now by the proprietary instructions from appropriating money, the Assembly resolved to borrow five thousand pounds on its own account, for the support of the troops, of whom three thousand had been called from Pennsylvania. General Braddock was sent with two regiments of the line from Cork, Ireland, to Alexandria, Virginia, and having been joined by the colonial forces and a wagon train secured in Pennsylvania through the enterprise of Franklin, moved across the country early in March, 1755, towards the present site of Pittsburg, where the French, under Contrecœur, had fortified the year before, and were now in forcible possession. When arrived within seven miles of that place, Braddock was attacked by the French and Indians, who awaited their approach in ambush, and after a sanguinary struggle, in which Braddock was killed, and more than three-fourths of his officers and half his men were killed or wounded, his command was completely routed. Washington, who accompanied Braddock as an aid, showed the greatest coolness and courage, having two horses killed under him, and four bullet holes through his coat, but himself escaped unharmed, and brought off the column.

The frontier now lay all exposed, and the Indians, incited and supported by the French, pushed the work of devastation. A

chain of forts and block houses was erected and manned along the line of the Kittatinny hills, under the direction of Franklin, in January, 1756. Governor Morris, seeing his people powerless, and the work of slaughter going on, declared war against them, though in opposition to a vigorous protest from the Quakers in the Assembly, who, going among the savages, by mild and inoffensive modes, finally won their hearts and induced them to bury the hatchet. But the quiet was only temporary, the English being determined to dispossess the French, and the Indians being easily drawn into the conflict. So aggravating had their conduct become, and so sickening their butcheries, that Governor John Penn, son of Richard, and grandson of the founder, in July, 1764, was induced to offer the following rewards, far removed from the spirit of his revered grandfather, but the more excusable from the terrible exigences of the occasion: "For every male above the age of ten years, captured, $150; scalped, being killed, $134; for every female Indian enemy, and every male under the age of ten years, captured, $130; for every female above the age of ten years, scalped, being dead, $50."

When the Revolution came, in 1775, the pacific influence of the Quakers, as well as that of the proprietors, was overborne. Though some, in their religious zeal, adhered to the royalist cause, yet there was as stern and just a patriotism in the breasts of certain members of that Society as of any other in the Province; and when the soldiers of Washington, half starved and indifferently clad in wintry weather, were shivering upon the plains of Trenton, or by the banks of Delaware, it was the hard money of the provident Quakers of Philadelphia that brought comfort to those heroic men. General Mifflin, one of the foremost in the patriot army, was a Quaker. Washington, having been driven from Long Island, from Harlem, and from White Plains, retired through New Jersey and across the Delaware. Suddenly recrossing this stream, now at flood tide, and filled with floating ice, on the night of the 25th of December, 1776, he struck a heavy blow at Trenton, and followed it up at Princeton. This boldness and vigor on the part of the American leader, caused Lord Howe to pursue a cautious policy, and put an end to his project of crossing the Delaware and occupying Philadelphia. It also enabled

Congress, which, in expectation of that event, had, on the 20th of December, assembled at Baltimore, to return to Philadelphia.

On the 11th of September, 1777, Lord Howe, who had gone in transports to the mouth of the Delaware with a large army, but who had entered the Chesapeake instead, and debarking, had commenced the march across the country, was met upon the Brandywine by Washington, and after a severe battle, which lasted nearly the entire day, the Americans were defeated, the youthful Lafayette, who had just joined the army, receiving there his first wound. Nine days after, on the 20th, a detachment of the British army, led by General Grey, under cover of profound darkness, stole noiselessly upon an encampment of the Americans, under General Anthony Wayne, near Paoli, Chester county, and having silenced the guards, put the soldiery to the sword. This is known as the Paoli massacre. On the following morning fifty-three of the patriots were buried in one grave, over which a neat marble monument was erected forty years later by the Republican Artillerists of Chester county. Howe now occupied Philadelphia, Congress moving first to Lancaster, and subsequently to York, where it passed the winter. Washington attacked the enemy's forces at Germantown, on the 3d of October, but was too weak to effect his purpose, and withdrew. Howe settled down in winter quarters in a luxurious city, while Washington, at Valley Forge, during a winter remarkable for the intensity of its cold, endured all the hardships and sufferings which privation in every form could entail. The fortunate result to the American forces under Gates, in September and October, at Saratoga, whereby Burgoyne, with his whole army, was forced to lay down his arms and surrender, greatly strengthened the hope of the patriots, and induced the French to form an alliance with the colonies, which brought a powerful French fleet to American waters. The English Government, discovering that its destination was the mouth of the Delaware, dispatched a fast sailing vessel, bearing orders for the British army to immediately evacuate Philadelphia, which was accomplished before the arrival of the French.

On the day following the departure of the enemy, a regiment of veterans, under General Arnold, entered the city, and the

population, who had been driven out, soon returned to their homes. "The damage done by the enemy," says Westcott, "had been as wanton as it was extensive. The royal troops found Philadelphia a cleanly and handsome city; they left it reeking with filth, ruinous, and desolate." Congress now came back from York, and the State Legislature from Lancaster, where the session of 1777–8 was held, and occupied their old quarters in the city.

Early in July, fiendish tories, with bands of Indians whose ferocity they had whetted, under the lead of one John Butler, entered the Wyoming Valley and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. Most of the young men and the strong were absent in the army of Washington; but a small force under Colonel Zebulon Butler, a Butler of other blood, composed of boys and aged men, with a few veteran soldiers, went out to meet them. The Indians, under skilful leaders, were in superior numbers, and were triumphant, scattering the patriot band, which retired to Forty Fort, at Wilkes-Barre, where a stout resistance was made. Finally, they agreed to surrender on condition of being assured of safety, and at evening the entire company, men, women, and children, who had gathered in for miles, departed to their homes in fancied security. But the shades of night had no sooner settled down upon that beautiful valley than the sound of the war-whoop was heard, and the dusky savages were at their trade of blood. The shrieks of women and children as they were mercilessly slaughtered pierced the midnight air, and the lurid flames of burning cottages told that the work of devastation was complete. The few who escaped betook themselves to the mountains, and perished miserably of hunger and fatigue.

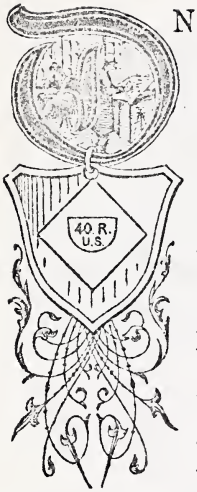
After the close of the war, the Quaker element disappeared almost entirely from politics, being no longer known as a distinctive party either in the State or in the Legislature. Even during the Revolution, Pennsylvania, with the exception of two States, furnished a greater number of men in proportion to its enrolled population than any other. In the war of 1812, the volunteers from Pennsylvania swelled the ranks of the army, and were foremost in constructing and manning the little fleet upon Lake Erie,

which, under the gallant Perry, won the most complete victory of the war, and enabled him to send forth the message which thrilled the heart of every American—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours!" In the war with Mexico, the number of soldiers required of Pennsylvania was promptly supplied, and many who sought a place in the ranks of the departing regiments were denied.

Such has been the martial character and attitude of Pennsylvania, in the perilous days of the Republic; and yet no people are more ready, yea anxious, to return to peaceful pursuits, and the ordinary avocations of life. The teachings of the founder have not been lost upon the men who have come to occupy the land he gave to freedom, the land he loved so well, thought and labored for so earnestly, and for which he so devoutly prayed. They have at times been slow to move; but, like the giant, when aroused, making mighty strides. Though the State is traversed by immense mountain chains, which, like the vast billows of the sea, seem interminable, and by rugged rolling lands reaching out beyond, apparently locking the east from the west by any system of artificial water or rail communication, yet by the skill of her engineers, the faith of her capitalists, and the patient toil of her denizens, the canal has ploughed its way to her remotest bounds, and the locomotive has scaled even the summits of the Alleghenies. Trunk lines of railway, the equal if not the superior of any in the land, extend from east to west, from north to south. For coal and iron the whole country is tributary to her, and the products of her soil are unsurpassed. Nor are her energies confined to the development of her material resources. Of her native born population of the present generation, few are unable to read or write, and her system of public instruction is universally acknowledged to possess unexampled vitality and power. The erudition of her bench, the purity of her pulpit, the elegance and refinement of her cultivated classes, and the social relations of her people throughout all her border, will compare favorably with an equal population selected in any part of the civilized world.

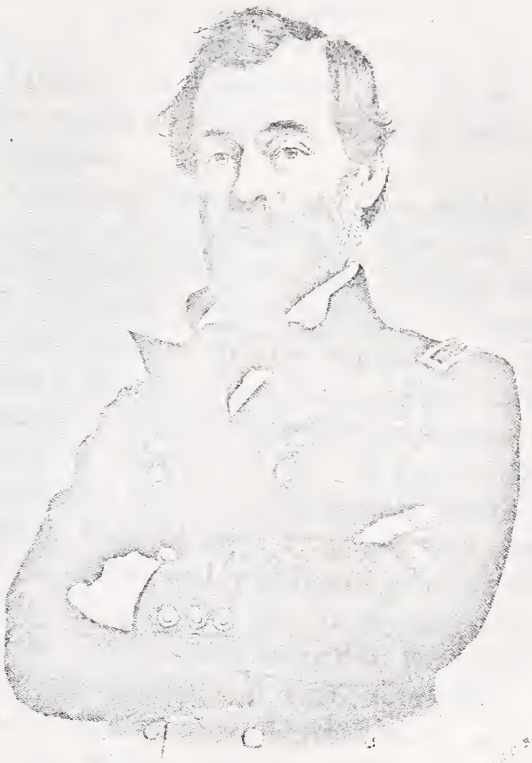
## CHAPTER II.

### ORIGIN OF REBELLION.




IN the 15th of April, 1861, the State of Pennsylvania contained a population of three millions, sedulously devoted to the arts of peace, having no hatreds nor animosities towards the people of any other section of the common country, contented and happy under the common government, and unwilling to believe, or even think, that the quiet which reigned would be disturbed. But on that day a proclamation from the Executive of the nation, declaring that a little body of seventy soldiers garrisoning a fort of the United States in Charleston Harbor had been attacked and forced to surrender, and calling for men to defend and preserve the national integrity, rung like a clarion note throughout its borders. So long as differences which arose were fairly discussed, and left to the peaceful decision of the ballot-box, they were content. To that decision, whether for them, or against them, they quietly bowed. But when the flag of the nation, the emblem of freedom and justice, known and honored on every sea, in every land, under which was peace and prosperity and happiness, was fired upon, the feeling of condemnation was aroused in every patriot breast.

What men were called, with alacrity went, and many more stood ready to follow at the lightest word. The torch fires of civil discord, once enkindled, spread with marvellous rapidity. Fields ran red with the blood of contending hosts. Herald after herald was sent forth, until 366,000 of Pennsylvania's bravest and best had gone. Death held high carnival, and for four long years the wasting and bloody work went on. Many a hearthstone was made desolate, and in every household were breasts wrung with anguish. The widow and the orphan



Photograph by Sarony

Engraved by Sartain

T. C. Sherman

MAJOR GENERAL U.S.A.

mourned, and parents endured the bereavement of sons lost; and when, at length, a peace was conquered, but a fragment of all that host that went forth in strength and beauty returned.

What principle was involved in this mighty struggle? What were the differences which enlightened statesmanship and the mild influences of Christianity were unable to settle? What was the question at issue that demanded so costly a sacrifice? At the beginning of the dispute it was thought impossible that a collision could occur. As it progressed, the civilized world stood amazed that the people of a common country could be led into a struggle so desperate.

When the American Colonies were first settled, they were entirely independent of each other, and were only subordinate to the Crown of England. The first idea of union originated in the necessity of protecting themselves against a common enemy in the French and Indians. At the suggestion of the English Government, that a system of taxation, uniform throughout all the colonies, should be adopted to provide for defence, a Congress was called to meet at Albany in 1754. Franklin was a delegate from Pennsylvania, and went with his pockets loaded down with a scheme of union, that he had, as usual, been cogitating in advance, which he offered, and which was adopted substantially as he presented it. It provided for the appointment of a President General by the Crown, and a council of forty-eight delegates to be chosen by the colonies. It came to nothing, as it was distasteful to both parties, each desiring more power than it conferred. But the meeting had the effect of making known to each other the leading statesmen in the several colonies, and preparing the minds of the people for a general Congress

The next subject which secured united effort, was opposition to an act of Parliament to impose a uniform tax throughout the American Colonies. It was known as the Stamp Act, and a Congress was called, which met at New York in 1765, to protest against its imposition. The subject of taxing America continued at issue until 1774, when the first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia, and after having framed suitable petitions and addresses, adjourned to meet again on the follow-

ing year, provided the British Government refused to heed their requests. The king turned a deaf ear, and the meeting was held. In the meantime, war was opened upon the colonies, and at the session of the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted, which resulted in the final severance of the colonies from the mother country by the treaty of peace of 1783. The authority previously exercised by the crown passed in a measure to the Congress, with this difference, the king and parliament had power to enforce their edicts, but the Congress had none. It could pass acts, but unless they were approved by the Legislatures of all the colonies they had no effect; a single colony, even the most insignificant, having in its power to defeat the most important legislation. Congress in one instance endeavored to provide for the payment of the interest on the debt contracted in support of the Revolutionary armies, by laying moderate duties on imports, which the voice of Rhode Island defeated. While the war continued, this inconvenience and weakness was less felt, as the people were united in the feeling of patriotism, and the consent of all to wholesome legislation for meeting a common enemy was easily obtained. But when peace was secured and the varied interests of the several States came in collision, the articles of Confederation, adopted by Congress in 1777, but not approved by all the States until 1781, were seen to be entirely inadequate to the government of the new nation. Indeed, with the exception of a few subjects, over which Congress was supreme, there were thirteen independent nationalities.

To remedy this, the present Constitution of the United States was framed by a convention of delegates which met in Philadelphia in 1787. That convention was called to revise the old Articles of Confederation; but so defective were they found to be that an entirely new frame of government, providing for executive, legislative, and judical departments, independent of the States and supreme over all, was framed and submitted for ratification. In nearly every State it encountered violent opposition. It was objected, that the individual States would be shorn of their sovereignty, if this Constitution were adopted, and the National Government, thus set up, would be supreme. The pre-

amble of the Constitution, which sets forth the object of the instrument, opens with the expression, "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union." In the Virginia Convention, Patrick Henry opposed the adoption, in the most determined manner, and with his characteristic impassioned eloquence. "That this is a consolidated Government," he said, "is demonstrably clear. . . . But, sir, give me leave to demand what right had they to say 'We, the people?' . . . Who authorized them to speak the language of 'We, the people,' instead of 'We, the States?' *States* are the characteristics and soul of a *Confederation*. If the States be not the agents of this compact, it must be one great, consolidated, National Government of the people of all the States. . . . Have they made a proposal of a compact between States? If they had, this would be a Confederation: it is, otherwise, most clearly a consolidated Government. The whole question turns, sir, on that poor little thing, the expression, 'We, the people,' instead of, 'the States of America.'"

The opponents of a consolidated Government clearly perceived that the only remedy for the establishment of such a power was in the rejection of this Constitution; that when it was once adopted, it became the supreme law of the land, and could never be revoked or broken up, save by revolution. But the friends of the new code, in order to sugar-coat the pill which they found distasteful to its opponents, suggested that, in case the rights of a State were infringed, that State could recall its delegated powers, and thus become once more sovereign. "We will assemble in convention," said Mr. Pendleton, the President of the Virginia Convention, "wholly recall our delegated powers, or reform them so as to prevent such abuse, and punish our servants." This was the first breathing of the doctrine of Secession, in 1788, before the Constitution itself had been adopted. But Mr. Henry scouted the idea that a State, when once this Constitution was accepted, could recall its delegated powers, and showed, most clearly, that the language of the instrument gives no such authority, and that, on the contrary, it provides, in the most ample manner, for meeting such a contingency. "What resistance," he exclaimed, "could be made? The attempt would be madness."

The theory of Secession, founded upon the idea that a State

had the ability to withdraw the powers delegated to the National Government after the adoption of the Constitution, and again become sovereign, was from time to time revived. The Alien and Sedition Laws—the former empowering the President to send out of the country foreigners who were found endeavoring to draw the nation into European complications, and violate the principles of neutrality which the Government had adopted, and the latter providing for the prosecution and punishment of persons found publishing matter abusive of the members of the Government—were both strongly opposed, and gave rise to the noted resolves of 1798. These resolves were first passed by the Kentucky Legislature, and subsequently reaffirmed, in substance, by Virginia, and asserted that these laws are unauthoritative, void, and of no force, and concluded by calling on the other States of the Union to "concur in declaring these acts void and of no force, and each take measures of its own, in providing that neither these acts, nor any others of the General Government, not plainly and intentionally authorized by the Constitution, shall be exercised within their respective territories." "None of the States," says Victor, "responded favorably to the resolutions; but, on the contrary, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, disavowed the doctrine set up, of a right in the State Legislatures to decide upon the validity of acts of Congress." These resolutions embodied the doctrines of Secession in a more compact and imposing form than they had ever before assumed, and constitute nearly the entire faith of the disciples of that school since.

The Embargo Act of 1809, and later, the Declaration of War against Great Britain, the alleged neglect of the General Government to protect certain sections, and the devises adopted for raising men to fill the ranks in the War of 1812, all excited strong opposition. The discontent culminated in the Hartford Convention, whose utterances were similar in tone to the resolutions of 1798. "In cases of deliberate, dangerous, and palpable infractions of the Constitution," is the language of the report, "affecting the sovereignty of a State and the liberties of the people, it is not only the right, but the duty of such State, to interpose its authority

for the protection in the manner best calculated to secure that end." As in the case of the Kentucky resolutions, the several States were invited to unite in enforcing the principles enunciated. To this call no State responded, and the proceedings were regarded with marked disfavor by the mass of the people, even in that section where the convention had originated. So strong was the almost universal regard for the Union, that no greater odium could attach to a man than that of having been a member of the Hartford Convention, or of having countenanced its proceedings. The *Richmond Enquirer*, of November 1st, 1814, said, in noticing this Convention: "No man, no association of men, no State or set of States, has a right to withdraw itself from the Union of its own account."

The tariff laws of 1828, which Pennsylvania and the other middle States had been instrumental in enacting, were the next subjects of opposition. Louisiana, on account of the protection afforded to the production of sugar, favored a tariff. But the cotton States opposed it; and the New England States, especially those upon the seaboard, being largely engaged in foreign commerce, regarded with disfavor any policy which should encourage home manufactures. The principal opposition to this measure, however, came from the politicians of South Carolina. The Legislature of that State issued a manifesto, known as the South Carolina Exposition, which asserted the unconstitutionality of a protective tariff, and claimed Nullification as a reserved right of the State. This document became the text of that memorable discussion in which those Titans of eloquence, Calhoun, Hayne, and Webster wielded the bolts of argument. The whole debate hinged upon the question, if the National Government should enact a law that the Legislature of a State should declare to be unconstitutional, could it be enforced? Mr. Hayne argued that it could not, because the State would be robbed of its sovereignty. Mr. Webster by an ingenious illustration, drawn from the very measure in dispute, showed the futility of this position. "Sir," he said, "the human mind is so constituted, that the merits of both sides of a controversy appear very clear and very palpable to those who respectively espouse them; and both sides usually grow clearer as the controversy advances. South Carolina sees

unconstitutionality in the tariff; she sees oppression there also; and she sees danger. Pennsylvania, with a vision not less sharp, looks at the same tariff and sees no such thing in it; she sees it all constitutional, all useful, all safe. The faith of South Carolina is strengthened by opposition, and she now not only sees, but *resolves*, that the tariff is palpably unconstitutional, oppressive, and dangerous; but Pennsylvania, not to be behind her neighbors, and equally willing to strengthen her own faith by a confident asseveration, resolves also, and gives to every warm affirmative of South Carolina a plain, downright Pennsylvania negative. South Carolina, to show the strength and unity of her opinion, brings her assembly to a unanimity, within seven voices. Pennsylvania, not to be outdone in this respect, any more than in others, reduces her dissentient fraction to a single vote. Now, sir, again I ask the gentleman, What is to be done? Are these States both right? If not, which is in the wrong? or, rather, which has the best right to decide? And if he, and if I, are not to know what the Constitution means, and what it is, till those two State Legislatures, and the twenty-two others, shall agree in its construction, what have we sworn to when we have sworn to maintain it?"

In addition to the absurdity of allowing twenty-four separate arbitors, which was the number of States at that time, to construe and pass upon acts of the General Government, he pointed to the provision of the Constitution itself, which explicitly describes the manner in which the disputed validity of law should be decided: "The Constitution," he says, "declares that the laws of Congress, passed in pursuance of the Constitution, shall be the supreme law of the land. No construction is necessary here. It declares also, with equal plainness and precision, that the judicial power of the United States shall extend to every case arising under the laws of Congress. This needs no construction. Here is a law then which is declared to be supreme; and here is a power established which is to interpret that law."

On the 19th of April, 1832, a convention of the people of South Carolina passed an ordinance declaring the tariff laws of the General Government void, and prohibited the payment of duties to United States revenue officers. This ordinance was to be confirmed by the State Legislature, and if the national authorities

should attempt forcibly to collect the revenues, a further provision was made that, "The people of the State would thenceforth hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain or preserve their political connection with the people of the other States, and will forthwith proceed to organize a separate government, and do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent States may of right do." Andrew Jackson, who was then President, perceiving that forcible resistance to the laws would be attempted, quietly ordered General Scott to Charleston Harbor accompanied by a military and naval force, with instructions to assist the regular agents of the Government, if necessary, in collecting the revenues, and then issued his famous proclamation showing the futility of the doctrine of Nullification, commanding all persons to obey the laws of the General Government, and expressing his determination to execute them. In the iron hand of Jackson, Nullification, which was another word for Secession, was crushed.

The final attempt to thwart the General Government in the exercise of its powers, and to break up the Union, occurred in 1860–61. It was undertaken under the specious name of Secession, because it was easier to carry the masses of the people into the mad scheme with this plea, than by the direct and real designation of revolution, which was its true character. The enactment of no objectionable law, as in former cases, was awaited; but the election of a President, legally and rightfully chosen, the principles of whose supporters were distasteful, was seized as the occasion. The real cause, however, lay far back of that event.

When the colonies were originally settled, that section which was occupied by the States that joined in the Rebellion had a prospect of predominance. While the North, and especially New England, had a thin and rockbound soil, which yielded its increase only after patient and well-directed toil, and lay beneath a cold, bleak sky, icebound for nearly half the year, the sunny South, the land of the cane and the cotton, possessed of a deep, luxuriant soil, and a soft, balmy atmosphere, produced plentiful harvests with little labor. For a time that predominance was maintained. At the opening of the American Revolution the population of Virginia was nearly double that of either of the

other Colonies.* When the Articles of Confederation were adopted, and later, when the Constitution was framed, there seemed a certain prospect that the South would remain in the ascendancy. The census of 1790 showed that its population was considerably above that of the North, the former being 2,618,901, and the latter only 1,968,455. The exports and imports of Maryland and Virginia alone, at that period, were many times greater than those of all the New England States, and for nearly fifty years, commencing with 1797, were larger than those of all the Northern States combined. Of the first five Presidents four, each for two terms, a period of thirty-two years, were from Virginia, while only one, for a period of four years, was from the North.

But the two sections finally settled down into the employment of widely diverse systems of labor. In the North, manual labor was performed by instructed, white freemen; in the South, by ignorant, negro slaves. In the North, the laboring man could in time become a freeholder, acquire an independent competence, and his son, perchance, arrive at fortune and eminence. In the South, the slave was sold in the shambles, like a beast of burden, with often a hard lot for the present, and no hope of betterment for the future.

The effect of these two systems upon society was soon apparent. Free labor stimulated enterprise. Success in husbandry, which was at first the occupation of the greater portion of the inhabitants, could only be attained by the practice of the strictest habits of temperance, industry, and economy. The habits imposed by the necessities of the soil were carried into other avocations, and were everywhere the fruitful elements of success. To their quickening influence is due the rapid rise of commerce and manufactures, and the vast proportions which they have subsequently assumed. It extended even to letters. The same enterprise which gave triumph to the husbandman, to the merchant, to the manufacturer, rewarded the scholar. It originated systems of

*New Hampshire, 80,000; Massachusetts, 360,000; Rhode Island, 50,000; Connecticut, 200,000; New York, 180,000; New Jersey, 130,000; Pennsylvania, 300,000; Delaware, 40,000; Maryland, 220,000; Virginia, 560,000; North Carolina, 260,000; South Carolina, 180,000; Georgia, 30,000.—*Tucker's United States*, vol. i. p. 96.

public instruction which are the marvel of the age which produced them. It founded colleges and professional schools, gave birth to a literature that has won the favor of the learned in every country, and nurtured a statesmanship, which, tried by the standard of success, must place it in the very front rank, the nation under its guidance having come, in a comparatively short time, to be a first-class power.

The system of slave labor, whose products could in no way enrich or contribute to the happiness of the laborer, was one of drudgery, eked out under the eye of a taskmaster. With a soil of unsurpassed fertility, abundant harvests were secured with the most indifferent and unskilled labor. But slavery did little towards repairing the wastes engendered by repeated harvests. To secure the largest present return was the most that was anticipated. Skilled husbandry was unattempted, and its improved implements were unsought. When old fields were worn out, new ones were turned to. The most fertile lands were gradually absorbed by the most prosperous planters, and the increase in the number of slaves kept pace with that of domain. The staple products of the soil brought large income, and there was, consequently, little inducement to engage in manufactures, where labor was unskilled, and where ventures would be hazardous; nor was there greater encouragement to tempt the seas in the pursuit of commerce. Little or no attention was given to popular education. Ignorance was considered a prime quality in a slave, and was secured by law. The poor white population were so scattered, except in the towns, that a public system was for the most part impracticable, and this class came in time to set little value upon mental culture. The children of the planters were instructed by the governess and the family tutor, and were often sent to the boarding-schools and colleges of the North.

Of the effect of Slavery upon society, Mr. George M. Dallas, Vice-President of the United States in the administration of Mr. Polk, and one of the most worthy and esteemed of the sons of Pennsylvania, in a speech delivered in the Senate, on the 27th of February, 1832, said: "I refer, sir, to the character of Southern labor, in itself, and in its influence on others. Incapable of adaptation to the ever-varying changes of human society and

existence, it retains the communities in which it is established in a condition of apparent and comparative inertness. The lights of Science and the improvements of Art, which vivify and accelerate elsewhere, cannot penetrate, or if they do, penetrate with dilatory inefficiency among its operatives. They are not merely instinctive and passive. While the intellectual industry of other parts of this country springs elastically forward at every fresh impulse, and manual labor is propelled and redoubled by countless inventions, machines, and contrivances, instantly understood and at once exercised, the South remains stationary, inaccessible to such encouraging and invigorating aids. Nor is it possible to be wholly blind to the moral effect of this species of labor upon those freemen among whom it exists. A disrelish for humble and hardy occupation; a pride adverse to drudgery and toil; a dread that to partake in the employments allotted to color may be accompanied also by its degradation, are natural and inevitable. The high and lofty qualities which, in other scenes, and for other purposes, characterize and adorn our Southern brethren, are fatal to the enduring patience, the corporal exertion, and the painstaking simplicity by which only a successful yeomanry can be formed. When in fact, sir, the Senator [Mr. Hayne] asserts that 'slaves are too improvident, too incapable of that minute, constant, delicate attention, and that persevering industry which are essential to manufacturing establishments,' he himself admits the defect in Southern labor by which the progress of his favorite section must be retarded. He admits an inability to keep pace with the rest of the world. He admits an inherent weakness; a weakness neither engendered nor aggravated by the Tariff—which, as societies are now constituted and directed, must drag in the rear, and be distanced in the common race."

In one respect, however, this system of labor gave the dominant class a great advantage. The large wealth accumulated, afforded abundant leisure for travel, and for social and intellectual culture. Whatever could pamper the appetite and gratify the taste, was at their command. Rarely has the world seen a state of society in which such advantages have been enjoyed. Mr. Buckle, in his History, places this as the measure of civilization, declaring that the progress of a people is dependent in the first

instance upon the accumulation of wealth, as without it there can be little leisure.

An idea early prevailed among the Southern leaders, borrowed doubtless from the crooked diplomacy of Europe, that a balance of power must be preserved between the North and the South. Instead of regarding the whole as one great, common country, with common interests and common privileges, opportunities were sought for arraying one section against the other, and of pressing the question, "In the interest of which section shall the General Government be administered?" The baneful influence of this attempt to maintain a balance of power has been manifest in all the subsequent internal troubles of the country. When the Constitution was adopted, the subject which created the greatest diversity of opinion was that of representation, the political status of the slave coming in question in settling the organic law. It was claimed by the public men of the South that slaves were chattels, and should not be allowed the right of suffrage; but that they should be counted as population in determining representation. It was contended on the part of the North that, if slaves were chattels and had not the right of suffrage, they should not be allowed representation in the National Government, as the Constitution expressly forbids property representation. This was one of the first practical issues between the two sections. The long and impassioned discussion upon this issue in the Convention which framed the Constitution, was finally settled by a compromise, practically identifying the slave with two natures, in part chattel and in part man, whereby three-fifths of a slave was allowed to count as human in determining representation in Congress and the number of votes in the electoral college, and the remaining two-fifths as chattel, but giving neither the three-fifths nor the two-fifths element the right of suffrage, thus yielding to a ballot in the South a preponderance of power over a ballot in the North.

As the old States increased in population, a disposition was manifested to push forward into the new and unsettled territories. The free laborer of the North did not desire to emigrate to a territory which would eventually become a slave State, nor would the planter from the South settle upon lands which could by any

possibility become free. The occupation of the territories constituted a second issue between the two sections.

The cession to the General Government by the old States, which claimed vast stretches of country to the westward of their limits under their charters from the British Crown, of their right to such territory, brought a vast virgin domain to the common use. In 1784, immediately after the deed of cession had been executed, Mr. Jefferson introduced an ordinance for the government of the territory northwest of the Ohio, one article of which prohibited slavery. It failed of passage at that session; but three years after, an ordinance drawn by Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, founded upon the draft of Mr. Jefferson, was enacted. This postponed the conflict for a score of years, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, in the meantime, filling up with population and being admitted as free States, and Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana being settled and organized in the interest of slavery.

When the wave of emigration crossed the Mississippi river, and entered upon territory over which there was no principle regulating settlement, the issue of freedom or slavery was again presented. On the soil of Missouri the two classes of settlers met. Previous to the acquisition of the vast territory called Louisiana from the French in 1803, Saint Louis had become a trading post of considerable importance, having been settled by French Creoles from New Orleans. The nucleus of a slaveholding population had thus been formed before the soil had become a part of the United States. Accordingly, a Territorial Government was organized in the interest of slavery. Geographically, Missouri extends considerably to the north of any of the older slave States. Many of its inhabitants were emigrants from the North, whose interests would be in a measure sacrificed by its becoming a slave State. When the question of admission as such came up for consideration in Congress, it was violently opposed. The dominant party, however, favored the measure, and it was admitted accordingly, though its admission was coupled with another measure, called the Missouri Compromise, which provided that slavery in all territory north of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes of north latitude, commencing upon the western boundary of Missouri, and extending through to the eastern boundary of Mexico, should be forever

prohibited. This was supposed to settle the troublesome question for all time to come.

But the population of the North increased much more rapidly than that of the South. The preponderance which had prevailed in the South began from the opening of the present century to change in favor of the North. There seemed little affinity between free and slave labor. The free, skilled laborer of the North, and of Europe, the never-failing element of national power, could see little to tempt to emigration in a country where the habits and institutions of the people were based upon the degradation of labor. Hence, the principal source of increase in the South, beyond the natural one by birth, was the clandestine importation of negro slaves from Africa, and from the neighboring Antilles. The free institutions of the North, on the contrary, were peculiarly fitted to attract emigration. Abundance of food, cheap land, taxation only nominal, no standing army, free schools, a free press, the manhood of every class respected, to every one accorded a fair opportunity in the race of life,—were golden prospects towards which the oppressed in all lands turned with longing eyes. The emigrant who sought and secured a home in the land of freedom, wrote to his friends and neighbors whom he had left behind in the Fatherland, such glowing accounts of his fortunes and prospects, that many were induced to follow him. Thus, in addition to the increase of population by birth, there was a tide of emigration pouring into the free States, comprising the young and hardy and enterprising, and contributing the best elements of vitality and power. The intelligence and independence born of the free institutions of the North attracted attention in all lands. Dr. Franklin, the son of a tallow-chandler, and early the hard-working apprentice to a Philadelphia printer, when finally he appeared at the Court of St. James, and the Palace of Versailles, was a living demonstration of the excellence of the institutions of which he was the representative and the constant reminder.

The census of 1810 showed an excess of population in the free States of 278,008; in 1820, 667,453; in 1830, 1,159,997; in 1840, 1,399,487; in 1850, 3,825,491; and in 1860, 6,813,046. The census of 1830, and again that of 1840, notwithstanding the

rich rewards of cotton-growing after the invention of the cotton-gin, and the consequent tendency to multiply population, showed so unmistakably the increasing preponderance of numbers in the free States, that the advocates of an equality of power between the two sections became alarmed. Until 1840 the number of States had remained very evenly balanced, as will be seen by the following table:

| | 1800 | 1810 | 1820 | 1830 | 1840 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Number of Free States | 11 | 13 | 13 | 13 | 15 |
| Number of Slave States | 9 | 11 | 13 | 14 | 14 |

In the Senate, therefore, where each State had two members, equality was substantially preserved; but in the popular branch, power had steadily gravitated to the side of the North. The admission of Iowa and Wisconsin into the enumeration of 1840, and the certain prospect that before another census would be taken, Minnesota would be included, made the Southern leaders restive, and eager to devise some scheme by which their theory of a balance of power could be maintained.

Stretching away to the southwest from the Sabine river, the boundary of the United States, was the vast territory of Texas, rich in physical resources, with a small white population, mostly emigrants from the United States, and with boundaries unsettled or only partially defined. Nominally, it was under the control of Mexico. Towards this virgin country the longing eyes of Southern leaders were turned. Various projects and overtures were made for its purchase, but without success, until in March, 1836, its independence was declared, and in 1845, upon the eve of President Tyler's administration, it was annexed to the United States. One of the terms of annexation was that new States of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to Texas, might be formed out of this acquired territory. Attempts made to exclude slavery from a portion of this acquisition were fruitless, the provision for extending the Missouri Compromise line being gratuitous, as no part of the new territory extended so far north. The door thus opened for slavery expansion seemed to promise the restoration of the long contended for balance of power.

The annexation of Texas involved the country in a war with Mexico, which resulted in its occupation by United States armies, and in a treaty of peace, whereby a large extent of additional domain was acquired. When the bill providing for the settlement of the terms of the treaty was under consideration in Congress, David Wilmot,* member of the lower House, from the Bradford district of Pennsylvania, offered a proviso, afterwards widely known as the Wilmot Proviso, forever excluding slavery therefrom. In all former acquisitions of territory, as that of Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, slavery already existed. But Mexico had abolished it in her domain some twenty years before, and it came to the United States free. The Wilmot Proviso was defeated; but its discussion in Congress, upon the stump, and in the newspaper press, occasioned a large development of the sentiment that the newly acquired territory, being already free by the laws of Mexico, should remain free when it came under the flag of the Union, and that slavery should be restricted to the domain in which it was already legalized. This sentiment finally culminated in the formation of the Republican party.

The immediate result of the annexation of Texas was the acquisition of a vast area of fertile soil, and the flattering prospect to the South of its speedy settlement entirely in the interest of slavery.

But an event soon transpired which suddenly clouded the roseate view so complacently regarded, verifying the oft-repeated sentiment of the poet:

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang aft a-gley."

Gold was discovered in California. Attracted by the glittering prospect, thousands flocked to this new El Dorado. To mine gold required skilled labor, and a class who could endure great hard-

* On the tomb of Wilmot, in the cemetery at Towanda, where his remains lie buried, is this inscription:

DAVID WILMOT,
Born January 20, 1814;
Died March 16, 1868;
Aged 54 years.

"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist in any part of said territory, except for crimes whereof the party shall first be duly convicted."

ship. Neither of these conditions could be met by the employment of slaves. Again was the superiority of the labor of the North over that of the South apparent. Thus, a law of nature determined the character of the population, in defiance of the laws of politicians. Attempts to establish a territorial government over the northern part, under the name of California, and the southern under that of New Mexico, the latter to be open to slavery, were overborne by the demand for a State organization rendered absolutely necessary by its vast and rapidly accumulating population. In June, 1849, a convention assembled, at the call of the military Governor of the Territory, and a State Constitution was framed, wherein slavery was prohibited; and in August, 1850, California was admitted as a free State, with a population of 165,000.

The territory of the new State extended north to the forty-second parallel, which forms the northern boundary of Pennsylvania, and south to the thirty-third parallel, which cuts the central part of Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. The largest part of the State is thus seen to lie south of the line of the Missouri Compromise. Its admission with these boundaries was strenuously opposed, because it infringed with a free population upon domain claimed for slavery, and gave to the North another powerful new State, already excelling in number of States. So strong was this opposition, that, had the advice of a party at the South, under the leadership of General Quitman, a United States Senator from Mississippi, been heeded, violent measures would then have been adopted to convulse the Union and rend it in twain; but, the conservative people of that section, headed by Henry Clay, were still too much attached to the national unity to give the advocates of violence promise of success.

The admission of California was a part of a series of measures which together were known as the Compromise Measures of 1850, of which Mr. Clay was the author and advocate. California was to be a free State with boundaries as proposed; the compact with Texas, for the admission of new slave States, was to be faithfully executed; territorial governments were to be established over Utah and New Mexico, without the Wilmot Proviso; the boundaries of Texas were to be fixed excluding New Mexico from its domain, receiving as compensation therefor $10,000,000 from

the national treasury; a more efficient law for the rendition of fugitive slaves escaping into the free States was to be enacted; and slavery was to remain undisturbed in the District of Columbia, though the slave-trade in the District was to be prohibited under a heavy penalty. Upon these conditions, the leaders of the two great political parties, the Whig and the Democratic, united; and they were proclaimed as the final settlement of the Slavery question.

But this vexatious matter, so often settled, would not remain settled. The next field of conflict was on the plains of Kansas. A proposition, presented in Congress, abolishing the Missouri Compromise, and legislating slavery into all the Territories of the United States, caused intense excitement throughout the North. Finally, on the 24th of May, 1854, after eliciting the most earnest discussion, and the violent denunciation of the press of the free States, a bill somewhat modified, providing that the people of the Territories should be left free to form and regulate their institutions in their own way, subordinate only to the Constitution of the United States, that the titles to slaves, and the right to personal freedom, should be referred to the local tribunals, subject to appeal to the Supreme Court of the Nation, was passed.

Thus was the work of 1820 undone, and the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty substituted. The winds were let loose. The status of the proposed new State of Kansas was to depend upon its settlement by free or slave labor. The race of colonization was commenced by emigrants from the neighboring slave State of Missouri, aided by parties from several of the States of the far South. It was followed up by a large emigration from the North, of men seeking a permanent home in the new territory. The two parties met; and, though the territory was wide enough for all, yet the presence of free labor threatened the ultimate permanence and security of slavery, and collisions and deadly encounters followed. Jealousy and hatred ripened into bitter animosity and well meditated revenge. Pillage and arson and murder were of frequent occurrence. Through the long dreary years of the early settlement, the inhabitants were kept in a constant ferment, while a most harassing petty warfare was persevered in, with the hope that the one party or the other would achieve a triumph. The

revolting details of these struggles form one of the blackest pages in territorial history. Finally, overborne by numbers, the slave party was obliged to yield, and Kansas and Nebraska were in due time admitted as free States.

While these scenes of violence were passing in the territory, the two sections of the country were rocking with excitement as in the throes of an earthquake. The press teemed with highly wrought descriptions of the horrors perpetrated on either side, and with appeals to the passions and prejudices of the people, against the wrongs to which the unhappy settlers were subjected. Before this maelstrom of sectional strife the solid foundations of political parties, which from the origin of the Government had been preserved throughout the entire length and breadth of the nation, were rapidly being swept away.

With the Presidential canvass of 1852, wherein a Free Soil party headed by Martin Van Buren, in addition to the Whig and the Democratic, made its appearance, the Whig party disappeared from the arena of politics. Upon its ruins arose a new organization, at first called the Anti-Nebraska, and subsequently the Republican party. In 1856 Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Fremont were the candidates respectively of the Democratic and Republican parties, and Mr. Fillmore of the American, joined by the remnants of the old Whig party. Mr. Buchanan was successful; but so strong was the voice of the opposition that it was plainly seen that at the next election it would undoubtedly be triumphant. Accordingly the Southern leaders busied themselves during the four years to elapse before that event would occur, in preparations for founding a Southern Confederacy,—"A great slave-holding Confederacy," was the language of the address put forth by South Carolina.

The defeat of their favorite theory of a balance of power, and the prospect of seeing the Government pass into the hands of a party bent on confining slavery to its then limits, induced them to seek independence. They called their method Secession, but it was in effect violent revolution. Mr. Lincoln, in his message of July 4th, 1861, says of this: "At the beginning, they knew they could never raise their treason to any respectable magnitude by any name which implies violation of law. They knew their

people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in, and reverence for, the history and Government of their common country, as any other civilized and patriotic people. They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly, they commenced by an insidious debauching of the public mind. They invented an ingenious sophism, which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps, through all the incidents, to the complete destruction of the Union. The sophism itself is, that any State of the Union may, consistently with the national Constitution, and therefore lawfully and peacefully, withdraw from the Union, without the consent of the Union, or of any other State. The little disguise that the supposed right is to be exercised only for just cause, themselves to be the sole judge of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice. With rebellion thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years; and until, at length, they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government, the day after some assemblage of men have enacted the farcical pretence of taking their State out of the Union, who could have been brought to no such thing the day before."

The sentiment of pride in the Government and reverence for its history here referred to was deep rooted even in the minds of those who eventually aided to destroy it. Alexander H. Stephens, who afterwards became Vice-President of the Confederacy, in an elaborate address at Milledgeville on the 14th of November, 1860, after denouncing Secession, and pleading most earnestly for delay and deliberation, said: "My countrymen, I am not of those who believe this Union has been a curse up to this time. True men, men of integrity, entertain different views from me on this subject. I do not question their right to do so; I would not impugn their motives in so doing. Nor will I undertake to say that this Government of our fathers is perfect. There is nothing perfect in this world, of a human origin—nothing connected with human nature, from man himself to any of his works. You may select the wisest and best men for your judges, and yet how many defects are there in the administration of justice? And it is so in

our Government. But that this Government of our fathers, with all its defects, comes nearer the objects of all good governments than any other on the face of the earth is my settled conviction. . . . Where will you go, following the sun in its circuit round our globe, to find a government that better protects the liberties of its people, and secures to them the blessings we enjoy? I think that one of the evils that beset us is a surfeit of liberty, an exuberance of the priceless blessings for which we are ungrateful. . . . When I look around and see our prosperity in everything, agriculture, commerce, art, science, and every department of education, physical and mental, as well as moral advancement, and our colleges, I think in the face of such an exhibition, if we can, without the loss of power, or any essential right or interest, remain in the Union, it is our duty to ourselves and to posterity to—let us not too readily yield to this temptation—do so. I look upon this country with our institutions as the Eden of the world, the paradise of the universe. It may be that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous, but I am candid and sincere in telling you, that I fear if we rashly evince passion, and without sufficient cause shall take that step, that instead of becoming greater or more peaceful, prosperous, and happy—instead of becoming gods, we will become demons, and at no distant day commence cutting one another's throats. . . . I believe in the power of the people to govern themselves when wisdom prevails and passion is silent. Look at what has already been done by them for their advancement in all that ennobles man. There is nothing like it in the history of the world. Look abroad from one extremity of the country to the other—contemplate our greatness. We are now among the first nations of the earth. Shall it be said, then, that our institutions, founded upon principles of self-government, are a failure?

"Thus far it is a noble example, worthy of imitation. The gentleman, Mr. Cobb, the other night, said it had proven a failure. A failure in what? In growth? Look at our expanse in national power. Look at our population and increase in all that makes a people great. A failure? Why, we are the admiration of the civilized world, and present the brightest hopes of mankind. Some of our public men have failed in their aspirations; that is true,

and from that comes a great part of our troubles. No, there is no failure of this Government yet. We have made great advancement under the Constitution, and I cannot but hope that we shall advance higher still. Let us be true to our cause."

But while there were a few men at the South not entirely carried away with the madness of the hour, the great body of the leaders were intent on establishing a new Government whose ruling interest should be Slavery. "Its corner-stone," they said, "rests upon the great truth, that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. . . . This stone, which was first rejected by the first builders, 'is become the chief stone of the corner' in our new edifice." Slavery made the South a homogeneous people. A system of labor like this, pervading all parts, and a condition of society and habits of life which are its inevitable result, bound the dominant race to a common interest. The lack of general education among the masses of the poor whites made them fit subjects to be duped by a comparatively small number of landed aristocrats, rejoicing in their retinues of slaves. Hence, any enterprise which could command the united support of the slave-holders, was sure to have the concurrence of the combined white population. Of the 12,000,000 of people in the South, a careful estimate made for 1850, showed that there were less than 170,000 men who owned more than five slaves. The influence of these was everywhere supreme, and so skilfully had their views been made to permeate and leaven the entire mass, that the very class who were most degraded by slavery, and whose highest interests would have been conserved by universal freedom, were most clamorous for, and even mad with the desire for Secession. For a score or more of years, they had been made familiar with the theme. They had been told that the poverty and wretchedness of the South was due to the tariff laws, the fishing bounties, and the navigation policy of the General Government; and so effectually had these ideas been dinned into their ears, that they had come to look upon Secession as the panacea for all ills, and that if adopted, a golden sunshine would dawn upon all that beclouded and abused region. The stump and the bar had long echoed with the call, and even the pulpit

had taken up the refrain. From the day Jackson crushed attempted rebellion, in 1832, and summarily silenced the cry of Nullification, the leaders seem to have cherished a hatred of the National authority, and secretly labored for its overthrow. A republican form of government was not the one best suited to Southern society. To a small but powerful aristocracy, holding a vast laboring population as their slaves and vassals, a monarchy was better adapted. This, the foremost of their writers were not backward in proclaiming. Mr. Garnett, member of Congress from Virginia, declared: "Democracy, in its original philosophical sense, is indeed incompatible with Slavery, and the whole system of Southern society." Mr. Lossing, in a note to his "History of the Civil War in America," has quoted the following paragraphs from *De Bow's Review*, a leading Southern magazine, in confirmation of this truth:

"The right to govern resides in a very small minority; the duty to obey is inherent in the great mass of mankind."

"There is nothing to which the South [the ruling class] entertains so great a dislike, as of universal suffrage. Wherever foreigners settle together in large numbers, there universal suffrage will exist. They understand and admire the levelling democracy of the North, but cannot appreciate the aristocratic feeling of a privileged class, so universal at the South."

"The real civilization of a country is in its aristocracy. The masses are moulded into soldiers and artisans by intellect, just as matter and the elements of nature are made into telegraphs and steam-engines. The poor who labor all day are too tired at night to study books. If you make them learned, they soon forget all that is necessary in the common transactions of life. To make an aristocrat in the future, we must sacrifice a thousand paupers. Yet, we would by all means make them—make them permanent, too, by laws of entail and primogeniture. An aristocracy is patriarchal, parental, and representative. The feudal barons of England were, next to the fathers, the most perfect representative government. The king and barons represented everybody, because everybody belonged to them."

"The real contest of to-day is not simply between the North and the South; but to determine whether for ages to come our

Government shall partake more of the form of monarchies or of more liberal forms."

To accomplish their purpose, the advocates of these doctrines were busy in fomenting sectional strife, and in nurturing in the minds of the masses of the Southern people a deep-seated hatred of the North and its institutions. So successful were they that even the slaves came to share it. The people of the North had no conception of the bitterness of this feeling previous to the breaking out of the Rebellion. Hence, up to the very last moment, they could not be induced to believe that a civil war was possible; for the feeling towards the people of South Carolina and Louisiana was the same among them as between the inhabitants of New York and Pennsylvania. Indeed, a warmer feeling of friendship seemingly existed in Pennsylvania for the dwellers in the neighboring States on the south, than for those on the north. Not so at the South. The whole section was knit together as by a common tie, and their hatred of the North was intense.

The evidence that such feeling existed is now beyond question. William H. Russell, a distinguished correspondent of the London *Times*, was travelling in the South during the early stages of the war, and on the 30th of April sent a communication to that journal, of which the following are extracts:

"Nothing I could say can be worth one fact which has forced itself upon my mind in reference to the sentiments which prevail among the gentlemen of this State. I have been among them for several days. I have visited their plantations. I have conversed with them freely and fully, and I have enjoyed that frank, courteous and graceful intercourse which constitutes an irresistible charm of their society. From all quarters have come to my ears the echoes of the same voice. . . . That voice says, 'if we could only get one of the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content.' Let there be no misconception on this point. That sentiment, varied in a hundred ways, has been repeated to me over and over again. . . . The admiration for monarchical institutions on the English model for privileged classes, and for a landed aristocracy and gentry, is undisguised and apparently genuine. . . . An intense affection for the British connection, a love of British habits and customs, a respect for British sentiment,

law, authority, order, civilization and literature, preëminently distinguish the inhabitants of this State, who, glorying in their descent from ancient families on the three islands, whose fortunes they still follow, and with whose members they maintain, not unfrequently, familiar relations, regard with an aversion of which it is impossible to give an idea to one who has not seen its manifestations, the people of New England and the populations of the Northern States. . . . There are national antipathies on our side of the Atlantic which are tolerably strong, and have been, unfortunately, pertinacious and long-lived. The hatred of the Italian for the Tedesco, of the Greek for the Turk, of the Turk for the Russ, is warm and fierce enough to satisfy the prince of darkness, not to speak of a few little pet aversions among allied powers, and the atoms of composite empires; but they are all mere indifference and neutrality of feeling compared to the animosity evinced by the 'gentry' of South Carolina for the 'rabble of the North.'

"The contests of Cavalier and Roundhead, of Vendean and Republican, even of Orangeman and Croppy, have been elegant joustings, regulated by the finest rules of chivalry, compared with those which North and South will carry on if their deeds support their words. 'Immortal hate, the study of revenge' will actuate every blow; and never in the history of the world, perhaps, will go forth such a dreadful *væ victis* as that which may be heard before the fight has begun. There is nothing in all the dark caves of human passion so cruel and deadly as the hatred the South Carolinians profess for the Yankees. That hatred has been swelling for years, till it is the very life-blood of the State. It has set South Carolina to work steadily to organize her resources for the struggle which she intended to provoke, if it did not come in the course of time. 'Incompatibility of temper' would have been sufficient ground for the divorce, and I am satisfied that there has been a deep-rooted design conceived in some men's minds thirty years ago, and extended gradually year after year to others, to break away from the Union at the very first opportunity."

Having thus whetted the minds of the people, and prepared them for sudden enterprise; having emptied the arsenals of the North, and filled those of the South with arms and ammunition;

having condemned large quantities of good percussion muskets and sold them to militia companies forming all over the South, and to private parties there, at a merely nominal price; having dispersed the small fragment of a standing army which the nation had, and sent its ships of war to the ends of the earth, the leaders stood ready when the time arrived for another presidential election, to set their craft afloat. To effect the disruption and division of the political party with which they had for a long time acted, in the nominating convention, was easy. When that was done there was certainty of the election of a Republican President, and as soon as the popular voice had pronounced in favor of Mr. Lincoln, that circumstance was seized as the pretext for the formation of a Southern Confederacy, and the call to arms for its defence.

It was but a pretext; for had they not held a controlling influence in the Government from its foundation, and might they not still have continued to do so had they been united? Mr. Stephens said, in the Secession Convention of Georgia:

"What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you to-day name one governmental act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the Government of Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer. . . . When we of the South demanded the slave-trade, or the importation of Africans for the cultivation of our lands, did they not yield the right for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our slaves, was it not granted? When we asked and demanded the return of any fugitive from justice, or the recovery of those persons owing labor or allegiance, was it not incorporated in the Constitution, and again ratified and strengthened by the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850? But do you reply that in many instances they have violated this compact, and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individuals and local communities, they may have done so; but not by the sanction of Government; for that has always been true to Southern interests. Again, gentlemen, look at another act; when we have asked that more territory should be

added, that we might spread the institution of Slavery, have they not yielded to our demands in giving us Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, out of which four States have been carved, and ample territory for four more to be added in due time, if you, by this unwise and impolitic act do not destroy this hope, and, perhaps by it lose all, and have your last slave wrenched from you by stern military rule, as South America and Mexico were; or by the vindictive decree of a universal emancipation, which may reasonably be expected to follow?

"But again, gentlemen, what have we to gain by this proposed change of our relation to the General Government? We have always had the control of it, and can yet, if we remain in it, and are as united as we have been. We have had a majority of the Presidents chosen from the South, as well as the control and management of most of those chosen from the North. We have had sixty years of Southern Presidents to their twenty-four, thus controlling the Executive Department. So of the Judges of the Supreme Court; we have had eighteen from the South, and but eleven from the North; although nearly four-fifths of the judicial business has arisen in the Free States, yet a majority of the Court has always been from the South. This we have required so as to guard against any interpretation of the Constitution unfavorable to us. In like manner we have been equally watchful to guard our interests in the Legislative branch of the Government. In choosing the presiding Presidents *pro tem.* of the Senate, we have had twenty-four to their eleven. Speakers of the House we have had twenty-three, and they twelve. While the majority of the Representatives, from their greater population, have always been from the North, yet we have generally secured the Speaker, because he, to a great extent, shapes and controls the legislation of the country. Nor have we had less control in every other department of the General Government. Attorney-Generals we have had fourteen, while the North have had but five. Foreign Ministers we have had eighty-six, and they but fifty-four. While three-fourths of the business which demands diplomatic agents abroad is clearly from the Free States, from their greater commercial interests, yet we have had the principal embassies, so as to secure the world markets for our

cotton, tobacco, and sugar, on the best possible terms. We have had a vast majority of the higher offices of both army and navy, while a larger proportion of the soldiers and sailors were drawn from the North. Equally so of clerks, auditors, and controllers, filling the Executive Department; the records show for the last fifty years that of the 3000 thus employed, we have had more than two-thirds of the same, while we have but one-third of the white population of the Republic."

After showing that three-fourths of the revenue collected for the support of the Government has been raised in the North, and that the revenue for carrying the mails at the North was in excess of expenditures by $6,000,000, while at the South there was a deficit of over $6,500,000, he concludes in the following impassioned strain: "Leaving out of view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North, with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle, and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of your ambition—and for what? we ask again. Is it for the overthrow of the American Government, established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and their blood, and founded on the broad principles of Right, Justice, and Humanity? And as such, I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that it is the best and freest Government, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most aspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of heaven ever shone upon. Now for you to attempt to overthrow such a Government as this, under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century—in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquillity accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed—is the height of madness, folly, and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote."

But in the face of such appeals as these, the South rushed wildly on. "Perhaps there never was a people," wrote a Southern man in the third year of the war, "more bewitched, beguiled, and

befooled than we were when we drifted into this rebellion." The election in November, 1860, resulted in the choice of Mr. Lincoln, in strict accordance with the prescribed forms of the Constitution. Without awaiting an unfriendly act, or even his inauguration, the Southern States, led by South Carolina, called Conventions, voted themselves out of the Union, and proceeded to establish independent State Governments, their Senators and Representatives in Congress withdrawing therefrom. The Ordinance of South Carolina was passed on the 17th of November, 1860, only a few days after the Presidential election, and by the 1st of February following, the Conventions of eight States had passed similar enactments. On the 4th of February, a Congress of delegates from these States met at Montgomery, Alabama, and having on the 8th adopted a Constitution, under the title of the Confederate States of America, on the following day chose Jefferson Davis President. The five border States, including North Carolina, subsequently followed, in one form or another, and sent representatives to that body. Thus was an independent Government set up without opposition, a month before the President-elect could be inaugurated.

This peaceful action was followed up by other, looking to the maintenance of the new authority *vi et armis*. The forts and arsenals of the General Government, filled with arms, ammunition, and heavy ordnance, and vast quantities of military stores, were seized by the State authorities, the guards, which had been reduced to a mere nominal force, turning over their charge without opposition. To these disgraceful acts were two notable exceptions. Major Anderson, at Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, and Lieutenant Adam J. Slemmer, at Fort Pickens, on the Alabama coast, resolutely preserved their honor, the latter defying his assailants and holding his post, and the former denying all authority of the State of South Carolina over him, and only yielding when destruction was inevitable. The public sentiment of the North stoutly condemned this unlawful and violent procedure, and the press called in loudest tones for its suppression. But the National Administration held that the Constitution delegated to Congress and the Executive no power to coerce a State into submission which was attempting to withdraw, or had actually with-

drawn from the Confederacy, and manifested a pusillanimity towards this whole momentous question, in strange contrast with the fiery zeal of Jackson.

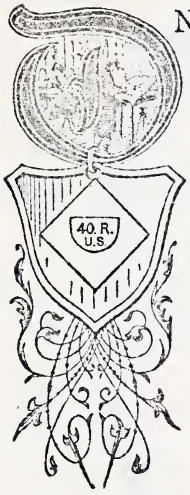
General Scott had proposed to throw large garrisons, with abundant supplies and ammunition to withstand a long siege, into the forts in the Southern States, before they should fall into the hands of the insurgents; but to this the objection was made that such a course would exasperate them and lead to violence, and the purpose was thwarted.

Disagreeing with his chief in the policy pursued, Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, resigned on the 12th of December, and was succeeded by Jeremiah S. Black. Two days before, Howell Cobb, of Georgia, resigned his position as Secretary of the Treasury, to follow the fortunes of the State he represented, and was succeeded by Philip F. Thomas, who was in turn succeeded on the 11th of January, 1861, by John A. Dix. For a like reason John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, and Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, both resigned in January, when Joseph Holt was entrusted with the War Department, Edwin M. Stanton was made Attorney-General, and Horatio King Postmaster-General.

These changes altered somewhat the complexion of the Cabinet; but the President adhered to his views as to the powers of the Government, and nothing was done to stay the progress of rebellion to the end of his term. In the meanwhile, the new Government, which had been set up at Montgomery, was daily acquiring greater strength, and the Legislatures of the revolting States having voted money freely to raise and discipline troops, everywhere warlike preparations went boldly on. The voice of the drill-master, and the tramp of recruits, were heard over the whole South, and when finally Mr. Lincoln came to power, he came with one half of his dominions in a state of revolt, provided with a well organized Government, and an army in preparation for its defence.

## CHAPTER III.

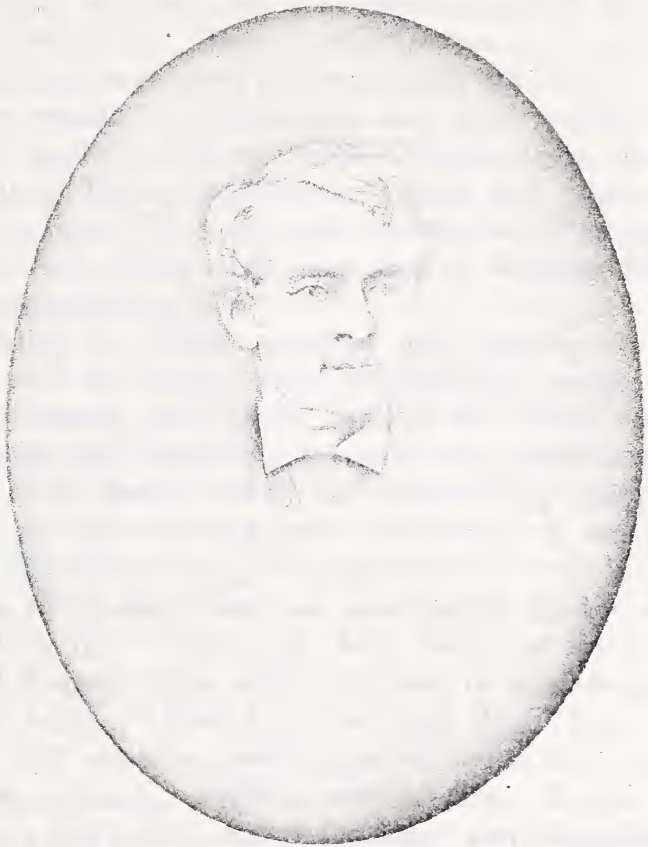
### OUT-LOOK AT THE OPENING OF THE REBELLION.




ON the morning of the 22d of February, 1861, the anniversary of the birth-day of WASHINGTON, a number of companies of volunteer militia appeared on parade in the principal streets of Harrisburg, mustered to receive and honor ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President elect of the United States, journeying from his home at Springfield, Illinois, to the National Capital. A similar display of the State Militia had been made a few weeks previous, to signalize the inauguration of ANDREW G. CURTIN as Governor of the Commonwealth.

This display, though represented to be the greatest ever before seen in the State Capital, was an index to the discipline and numbers of the militia force of the Commonwealth, and a real acknowledgment of its weakness. The dull and lustreless muskets, the varied and grotesque uniforms, the feathers and tinsel of officers, appeared in strong contrast to the complete equipments, and well burnished armor, of the full ranked regiments of a later day. Their presence proved their patriotism, and their willingness to serve, when in due time they should be called to the field; but it attested the lack of military spirit, and the almost total want of preparation for the desperate conflict which was so soon to follow.

The people of the State through all its borders had been earnestly devoted to the developmemt of its resources. They saw no occasion, and had no desire for war. Moralists had proclaimed the wrongfulness of the *Trial by Battle*, and had magnified the glories and the blessings of Peace; the Pulpit, imbued with the mild and gentle spirit of the Gospel, had constantly deprecated the arts of war; and some of the finest



A. G. Curtin

specimens of eloquence of the schools taught that the true grandeur of a nation consisted in cultivating and maintaining peace. "Iniquissimam pacem," says Sumner in his master plea, "justissimo bello anteferro, are the words of Cicero; and only eight days after Franklin had placed his name to the treaty of peace which acknowledged the independence of his country, he wrote to a friend: 'May we never see another war, for, in my opinion, there never was a good war, nor a bad peace.' . . . True greatness consists in imitating, as near as is possible for finite man, the perfections of an infinite Creator; above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, Justice and Love;—Justice, which like that of St. Louis, shall not swerve to the right hand, or to the left; Love, which like that of WILLIAM PENN, shall regard all mankind of kin."

Meditating no violent measures, and studying no cause of quarrel with her sister States, Pennsylvania sought by good offices to cement the integral parts of the Union, and by the well-directed and industrious habits of her people to contribute as well to its steady growth and prosperity in every material resource, as to its elevation and ennoblement in every spiritual grace. But while making no preparations for war, and seeking no cause for conflict, there was nurtured in the breasts of her people that vigor which kept them ready for manly warfare, and that Spartan virtue which led them to court danger in the hour of battle. "Walled towns," says Lord Bacon, "stored arsenals and armories, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordinance, artillery, and the like; all this is but a sheep in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike."

The impossibility of obtaining fixed ammunition at the moment of the most pressing need in the outbreak of the rebellion, is an evidence of the unexpectedness of war, and the almost total lack of preparation to meet it. The arsenals of the State were empty. When the President, immediately after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, called on the several States for men to defend the National Capital, and Sherman's Battery was ready to move forward from Harrisburg, a delay of several days was occasioned by the want of suitable ammunition. Communication with Wash-

ington had been cut off. It seemed probable that forces marching thither would be obliged to fight their way through an enemy's country. Hence this company was not allowed to depart without having a supply. Telegrams were sent to the commandants of arsenals at Philadelphia, Carlisle, and Reading, seeking it, but without success. It was finally obtained from a distant National Arsenal.

The maintenance of the national honor, and protection against foreign invasion, are, by the Constitution, left to the General Government. Hence this lack of preparation could not be imputed to the State as a fault. Having a strong aversion to intestine feuds, no warlike material had been laid up that might tempt to sudden enterprise. Slow to move and cautious in policy, her history has exemplified the principle that

> "Rightly to be great,
> Is not to stir without great argument."

The Constitution of the State provides that "the freemen of this Commonwealth shall be armed, organized, and disciplined for its defence, when and in such manner as may be directed by law." During the early part of the present century the organization of the militia was well preserved. Military drills and parades were popular. The *esprit du militaire* was respected and maintained. In 1824, the militia force was reported to be 162,988, of whom 28,439 were volunteers. From this date commences the decline of the military feeling. Public sentiment began to bear heavily upon the immoral tendencies of "trainings" and "musters," as the company drills and division parades were respectively termed. Thus in *Niles' Register* for September 5th, 1829, we find the following paragraph: "The State of Delaware has abolished its militia system altogether. The *Aurora* says, it is a creditable act, and we cherish the hope that Pennsylvania and other States will follow the example. It has been estimated that it costs the State of Pennsylvania and its citizens upwards of three millions of dollars annually to support the caricature of an army—to perpetuate a series of periodical nuisances; to scandalize and bring into contempt the military art." The Philadelphia *Aurora* here referred to, in an issue of the same year, in a severe strain of condemna-

tion, says: "It has been established by the concurrent testimony of most of the eminent military men of the country, that the militia laws, as universally enforced and observed, in place of promoting military science and discipline, produce a directly contrary result. No dispassionate person, who has ever witnessed our militia musters, trainings, and battalion days, will for a moment doubt the correctness of this conclusion. As military displays, they are a ridiculous burlesque—as schools of vice, deplorable; many a youth is there initiated into the practice of drunkenness, and the records of the county courts bear testimony to the violence done to morality."

Under the influence of similar denunciation and appeal public opinion was rapidly changed. In 1841, though the population had nearly doubled since 1824, the numbers of the volunteer militia had only slightly increased, being reported at 33,791. A few years later came the Mexican War, by which the military enthusiasm was suddenly set ablaze. But on the return of the veterans, after the close of that war, it seems to have been almost totally extinguished. A large class of citizens never cordially endorsed the purposes of that war. The indifference thus engendered, united with the general disposition to depreciate military glory, produced a feeling of apathy, and in the minds of many of derision towards the profession of arms. The stage sought no better subject of comedy than the trappings of a militia man. Officers, possessing professional skill, and sincerely desirous of preserving some creditable organization of citizen soldiery, who visited the Capitol to secure legislation to further the object of their wishes, were received with little favor.

The Presidential election of 1856, in which the Republican candidate, John C. Fremont, was barely defeated, had been preceded by an unusually active canvass, in which Southern leaders had talked loudly of violence in certain contingencies. The defeat of Fremont allayed excitement for a time; but the frequent declaration of an intention to attempt a forcible dissolution of the Union, and the evidence of preparation for such an event, induced reflecting men to consider the military weakness of the North. Moved by these considerations, the Legislatures of several of the Northern States enacted more efficient militia regulations.

A revised code was adopted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1858, drawn with much minuteness of detail. Commendable effort was made to organize new companies in compliance with its provisions. Encampments were ordered by the commander-in-chief, and were held at Williamsport, at Bellefonte, at Pittsburg, at Hollidaysburg, at Lancaster, at Johnstown, and at McConnellsburg. But notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts, the Adjutant-General's Report at the close of the year gives the number of volunteer militia at only about 13,000, out of an estimated number subject to military duty of 350,000. In the following year encampments were not ordered, and the number of the militia was reported at a slight increase over the previous year. The last exhibition of vitality by the old militia, previous to the breaking out of the Rebellion, was at an encampment held at York, in the fall of 1860.

The General Government had taken upon itself to manufacture and furnish the several States with arms, and consequently none had ever been purchased for Pennsylvania on its own account. By an act of Congress, passed in 1808, the sum of $200,000 was annually expended in the manufacture of arms, to be distributed among the States and Territories in proportion to the number of the enrolled militia in each. The method of distribution was amended in 1855, so as to make it in proportion to the representation in the popular branch of Congress. As the number of States was constantly increasing, and the population in the new States multiplying much faster than in the old, the portion which annually fell to the share of Pennsylvania was constantly decreasing, the number of muskets received in 1857 being 852 less than in 1847, in the former year the number being 1233. By reference to the Adjutant-General's Report of 1858, it will be seen that there were issued to Pennsylvania by the Ordnance Department at Washington, from the year 1812 to 1857,* upwards of 56,000 rifles and muskets, over 12,000 pistols, over 27,000 infantry accoutrements, 152 pieces of artillery, ranging from six to twenty-

*45,901 muskets, 10,202 rifles, 12,602 pistols, 9767 swords, 27,271 infantry accoutrements, 1829 cavalry, 77 bronze six-pound cannon, harness and carriages; 45 iron sixes, harness and carriages; 6 iron twelve-pounders, harness and carriages; 4 iron howitzers, 14 caissons, 2 six-pounders, 2 twelves, and 2 twenty-fours, with harness and carriages for each.

four-pounders, and other arms and accoutrements, costing in the aggregate $1,179,191. Of this considerable armament the Adjutant-General reports 519 muskets, and 15 brass cannons in Arsenal, and 8477 muskets, and 32 pieces, in the hands of the militia. The remainder, and by far the largest part, had disappeared, having been condemned, sold, or carelessly given out without taking and preserving the necessary vouchers. "It is a useless inquiry," says the Adjutant-General, Edwin C. Wilson, "to ask now what has become of so large an amount of arms and accoutrements. I am aware that many have been sold, but the bulk remains unaccounted for, and no books nor papers remain in this office to tell of their existence."

It was the policy of the National Government, in addition to these supplies annually distributed to the States, to keep its own arsenals well furnished. But during the last year of Secretary Floyd's administration, in 1859–60, there was an unusual movement of arms from Northern to Southern arsenals. An investigation, instituted by a committee of Congress, showed that 115,000 muskets had been transferred from the Springfield, Watertown, and Watervliet arsenals to arsenals in North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana; that over 30,000 had been sold at $2.50 apiece, and that 250,000 had been contracted for at $2.15—the contractor, one Belknap, alleging that they were for the use of the Sardinian Government; but this sale was not consummated, the successor to Mr. Floyd, Joseph Holt, refusing to recognize the contract. By the testimony of General Scott, it appears that eight States, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Kansas, received their quotas, by the order of the Secretary of War, for 1861, in advance. The Mobile *Advertiser*, in commenting upon this action, said: "During the past year 135,430 muskets have been quietly transferred from the Northern arsenal at Springfield alone, to those in the Southern States. We are much obliged to Secretary Floyd for the foresight he has thus displayed in disarming the North and equipping the South for this emergency. There is no telling the quantity of arms and munitions which were sent South from other Northern arsenals. There is no doubt but that every man in the South who can carry a gun

can now be supplied from private or public sources. The Springfield contribution alone would arm all the militiamen of Alabama and Mississippi."

But even this extraordinary action of the Secretary for depleting the arsenals of the North of small arms both by sale and transfer, was surpassed in effrontery by the attempt to move heavy guns. He ordered, without any report from the Engineer department, which is usual, that forty-two columbiads and four thirty-two pounders should be sent from the arsenal at Pittsburg to an unfinished fort on Ship Island on the coast of Mississippi, which could not be got ready for any part of its armament in less than a year, and that seventy-one columbiads and seven thirty-two pounders be sent to a proposed fort on the coast of Texas, work upon which had not been begun, and which could not be made ready for any part of its armament in less than two years, nor for the entire armament in less than five.

Unquestioning acquiescence in the action of the General Government has ever been the habit of the American people. At times political excitement is intense, especially in the canvass for the chief executive officer; but however earnest are their words, and energetic their exertions to help on their party to success, when the decision has once been made, it is the especial pride of even the most violent to submit gracefully and even good-naturedly to defeat. In the transfer of small arms, and the dispersion of the navy no interference had been attempted, nor even question made.

But when, on the 24th of December, 1860, it was heralded upon the streets of Pittsburg, that an order had been received by the commandant of the United States Arsenal at Lawrenceville, a short distance from the city, to ship nearly 700 tons of war material to points on the shores of the Gulf, and that the steamer "Silver Wave" was already at the wharf awaiting the enormous burden, a strong but smothered feeling of indignation was excited. That feeling was intensified, when it was known that the captain of this vessel, which was not valued at more than $11,000, had a contract with the Government for removing these guns, whereby he was to receive $10,000 for the service. The willingness of the Government to pay so exorbitant a price

seemed to indictate that the authors of the bargain were conscious of the impropriety, if not criminality of the act, and that they anticipated that trouble would be encountered in executing it.

The leading men of the city proved themselves, in this emergency, reliant and discreet. The temper of the people was such that it only needed slight encouragement to incite to acts of violence. This would have put them in the wrong, as being the assailants of the Government, and would have defeated the purpose which they sought. It was, accordingly, deemed advisable that the precise facts in the case should be ascertained before any public action or demonstration should be made. At an informal meeting held at the Controller's office, in which General William Robinson acted as president, and Ex-Governor Johnston, Judge Shaler, C. R. Simpson, and R. H. Patterson, as vice-presidents, the impropriety of stripping the arsenal of its ordnance was discoursed upon, and the following resolutions were adopted: "That the chairman appoint a committee to ascertain what number of small arms, accoutrements, munitions of war, etc., have been sent from the United States Arsenal within the last ninety days, and the number of cannon and small arms now ordered away, and their destination; and further to make inquiry as to when said cannon were cast, and if for any particular fort; and whether the number is not greater than the capacity of the forts to which the armaments are professedly sent; the number of cannon remaining on hand, and the probable time required to replace those ordered; and further, that said committee call on Major Taliaferro, and the contractor for removing and transporting the cannon, and request them to suspend operations until an opportunity has been afforded us to communicate with the authorities at Washington city."

In conformity with these resolutions, the following committee was appointed: Mayor Wilson, Hon. William Wilkins, G. W. Jackson, R. H. Patterson, Dr. A. G. Mc.Candless, and W. W. Hersh. Enquiries were prosecuted both at the arsenal and at the departments in Washington, the members of Congress from Allegheny district entering actively into the examination. It was ascertained that the appropriations for the purchase of these guns had been made some time before, and that they had been cast

accordingly. But the forts for which they were intended, not having been yet built, and one of them not even begun, it was apparent that the haste to get the guns below Mason and Dixon's line was for a purpose not legitimate, and that Secretary Floyd had given the order, just upon the eve of his departure from office, that the guns might be got within the bounds of the contemplated new Confederacy, before hostilities actually commenced, though he had coupled with his order the condition, which he knew his agents at the arsenal would disregard, that the guns were to be at Ship Island and Galveston by the time the defensive works at those points should be ready to receive them.

When these facts became known to the populace, the purpose of the order was so apparent, and the disguise so thin, that the excitement was greatly heightened. The volunteer companies were held in readiness to move at the tap of the drum; the antagonism of political parties had vanished, and the whole city was prepared, as with the impulse of one man, to rise up and arrest the disgraceful act. It was evident that public opinion would need to be led in the right direction, or it was liable to be carried off in the wrong. A call, numerously signed, was, accordingly, presented to the Mayor, requesting him to summon a public meeting. It was set for the afternoon of Thursday, the 27th, at two o'clock. At that hour a vast concourse, estimated at over 4000 men, assembled. Only a small part of the multitude could gain admission to the court-house, where the meeting was to be held, and it was proposed to adjourn to the City Hall, which was more commodious; but, failing in obtaining that, the crowd returned, and an organization was effected by calling General William Robinson to the chair and appointing ex-Governor William F. Johnson, R. H. Patterson, Hon. Charles Shaler, and Colonel Edward Simpson, vice-presidents. Addresses were made by Messrs. Shaler, Moorhead, and Swartzwelder, counselling peaceful measures, and an appeal to the President to purge his cabinet of men acting the part of traitors to their country.

That sentiment touched the loyal heart, and its ringing tones were heard at the capital. While the meeting was in progress, and speakers were denouncing the wrongs which the people of the North were suffering, a dispatch was received from Philadelphia,

and read from the stand, which greatly intensified the excitement and fanned anew the flames of patriotism. It was as follows: "Fort Moultrie has been abandoned, guns spiked, and Captain Anderson has retreated to Fort Sumter." Resolutions were adopted in harmony with the principles which had been advocated, deprecating interference with the removal of arms while being done under Government orders, however inopportune or wrongful the order might appear; deploring the administration of the Government in some of its departments, whereby the confidence of the people of the free States had been shaken; asserting the special duty of Pennsylvania to look to the fidelity of her sons, and in that view to call on the President as a citizen of this Commonwealth, that the public receive no detriment at his hands; urging him to rid his cabinet of every man known to give aid and comfort to, or in any way countenance the revolt of a State against the authority of the Constitution and the laws of the Union.

A committee was appointed to visit Washington, and seek the revocation of the order for the removal of the arms, before the shipment was effected. The Hon. Robert McKnight, and Hon. J. K. Moorhead, then members of Congress from Pittsburg, at once proceeded to Washington, and vigorously representing the iniquity of the act, urged the abandonment of the attempt. The fact that the forts could not be ready for the guns for years, and that the order for their removal contained the condition that they were to be delivered by the time the works were ready for their reception, gave the committee a good argument for their request. The great uprising of the people of Pittsburg, and the pointed resolutions they adopted, had a marked effect upon the mind of the President. Some of his life-long friends and supporters had participated in that meeting, and he was induced to listen to their voice. "Mr. Buchanan," says Mr. Moorhead, "could not resist the intensely loyal pressure that was brought to bear upon him by our citizens." A citizen of Pittsburg, Mr. Stanton, was then Attorney-General, and he interested himself warmly in the cause of the committee. "We were more indebted," says Mr. Moorhead, "to the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, who was the Attorney-General, for the revocation of the order, than to any other person or party." The order was revoked, Joseph Holt of Kentucky hav-

ing succeeded Mr. Floyd in the War office on the 29th, and the guns, several of which had already reached the city, were returned to the arsenal.

Thus was a question, which at one time threatened violence, and an issue violative of law, amicably and with dignity settled, and a scheme for rifling the North of heavy arms, and putting them in the hands of those who were already making war upon the Government, frustrated. Pittsburg, the Birmingham of America, upon which the Government was relying for much of its war material in case of an outbreak, from its nearness to the border, was exposed to attack. These guns, had they been removed, could not have been replaced for many months. The administration, too, was finally aroused from its lethargy, and was brought to realize that the people of the North, irrespective of creed or party, would not stand tamely by and submit to the dismemberment of the Government.

The sentiment respecting national affairs, which prevailed for a number of years previous to the Rebellion among the people of the State, may be gathered from the Messages of its Governors. They may be regarded as uttering the united voice. In his Inaugural Address, Governor Pollock said: "Pennsylvania, occupying, as she does, an important and proud position in the sisterhood of States, cannot be indifferent to the policy and acts of the National Government. Her voice, potential for good in other days, ought not to be disregarded now. Devoted to the Constitution and the Union, as she was the first to sanction, she will be the last to endanger the one, or violate the other. Regarding with jealous care the rights of her sister States, she will be ever ready to defend her own. To the Constitution in all its integrity, to the Union in its strength and harmony, to the maintenance in its purity of the faith and honor of the country, Pennsylvania now is, and always has been pledged—a pledge never violated, and not to be violated, until patriotism ceases to be a virtue, and liberty to be known only as a name." After recounting the leading principles of the State's organic law, he adds: "The declaration of these doctrines is but the recognition of the fundamental principles of freedom and human rights. They are neither new nor startling. They were taught by patriotic fathers at the watch-

fires of our country's defenders, and learned amid the bloody snows of Valley Forge, and the mighty throes of war and revolution. They were stamped with indelible impress upon the great charter of our rights, and embodied in the legislation of the best and purest days of the Republic; have filled the hearts and fell burning from the lips of orators and statesmen whose memories are immortal as the principles they cherished. They have been the watch-word and the hope of millions now, and will be of millions yet unborn."

In his message of 1857, he said: "Freedom is the great centre truth of American republicanism—the great law of American Nationality; Slavery is the exception. It is local and sectional, and its extension beyond the jurisdiction creating it, nor to the free territories of the Union, was never designed or contemplated by the patriot founders of the Republic. . . . The Union of the States, which constitutes us one people, should be dear to you, to every American citizen. . . . Pennsylvania tolerates no sentiment of disunion. She knows not the word."

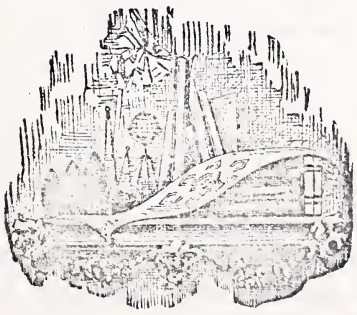
Governor Packer, in his message of 1859, said: "While I entertain no doubt that the great republican experiment on this continent, so happily commenced, and carried forward to its present exalted position, in the eyes of the world, will continue, under the Providence of God, to be successful to the latest generations, it is the part of wisdom and patriotism to be watchful and vigilant, and to carefully guard a treasure so priceless. Let moderate counsels prevail—let a spirit of harmony and good will, and a national and fraternal sentiment be cultivated among the people, everywhere—North and South—and the disturbing elements which temporarily threaten our Union, will now, as they have always heretofore, assuredly pass away. Pennsylvania, in the past, has performed her part with unfaltering firmness. Let her now, and in the future, be ever ready to discharge her confederate duties with unflinching integrity. Then will her proud position entitle her, boldly and effectually, to rebuke, and assist in crushing treason, whether it shall raise its crest in other States, in the guise of a fanatical and irrepressible conflict between the North and South, or assume the equally reprehensible form of nullification, secession, and dissolution of the Union. Her central

geographical position, stretching from the bay of Delaware to the lakes—with her 3,000,000 of conservative population—entitles her to say, with emphasis, to the plotters of treason, on either hand, that neither shall be permitted to succeed—that it is not in the power of either to disturb the perpetuity of this Union, cemented and sanctified, as it is, by the blood of our patriotic fathers—that at every sacrifice, and at every hazard, the Constitutional rights of the people and the States shall be maintained—that equal and exact justice shall be done to the North and the South, and that these States shall be forever United."

In his inaugural address, in 1861, Governor Curtin said: "No part of the people, no State nor combination of States, can voluntarily secede from the Union, nor absolve themselves from their obligations to it. To permit a State to withdraw at pleasure from the Union, without the consent of the rest, is to confess that our Government is a failure. Pennsylvania can never acquiesce in such a conspiracy, nor assent to a doctrine which involves the destruction of the Government. If the Government is to exist, all the requirements of the Constitution must be obeyed; and it must have power adequate to the enforcement of the supreme law of the land in every State. It is the first duty of the National authorities to stay the progress of anarchy, and enforce the laws, and Pennsylvania, with a united people, will give them an honest, faithful, and active support. The people mean to preserve the integrity of the National Union at every hazard."

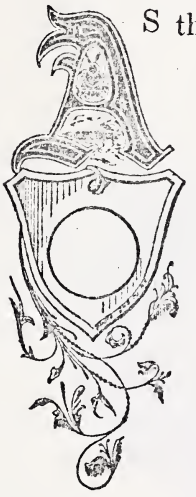
Finally, the Legislature of the State passed the following resolutions early in the session of 1861, upon the subject of secession, then being actively pushed in the Southern States, which were a fair index to the temper of the people, and which gave no uncertain sound as to the course which the State would pursue in the impending crisis: "*Resolved*, That if the people of any State in this Union are not in the full enjoyment of all the benefits to be secured to them by the said Constitution, if their rights under it are disregarded, their tranquillity disturbed, their prosperity retarded, or their liberties imperilled by the people of any other State, full and adequate redress can and ought to be provided for such grievances through the action of Congress, and other proper departments of the National Government. That we adopt the

sentiment and language of President Andrew Jackson, expressed in his message to Congress, on the 16th of January, 1833, 'that the right of a people of a single State to absolve themselves at will and without the consent of the other States from their most solemn obligations, and hazard the liberties and happiness of millions composing this Union, cannot be acknowledged, and that such authority is utterly repugnant, both to the principles upon which the General Government is constituted, and the objects which it was expressly formed to attain.' That the Constitution of the United States of America contains all the powers necessary to the maintenance of its authority, and it is the solemn and most imperative duty of the Government to adopt and carry into effect whatever measures are necessary to that end; and the faith and power of Pennsylvania are hereby pledged to the support of such measures, in any manner and to any extent that may be required of her by the constituted authorities of the United States. That all plots, conspiracies, and warlike demonstrations against the United States, in any section of the country, are treasonable in character, and whatever power of the Government is necessary to their suppression should be applied to that purpose without hesitation or delay."



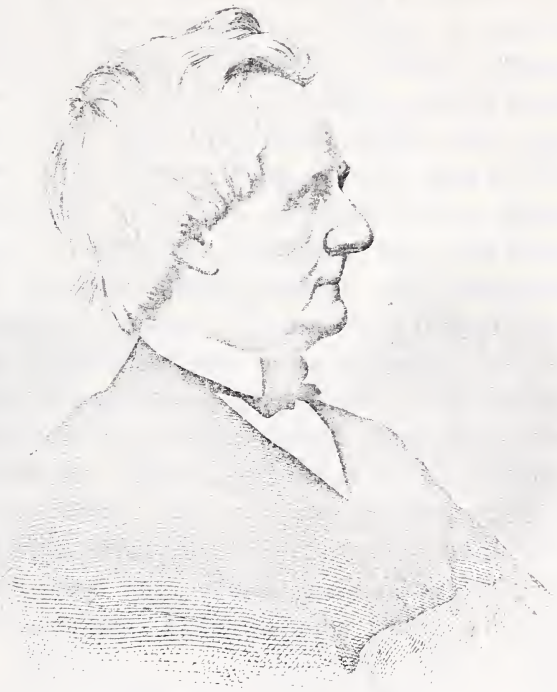
## CHAPTER IV.

ATTEMPTS AT PACIFICATION—THE PRESIDENT-ELECT IN PENNSYLVANIA.



AS the time approached for Mr. Lincoln to be inaugurated, and his advisers to be selected, great solicitude was felt to know the temper of the new administration and the policy it would pursue. The Congress which met in December, 1860, was busy with schemes of pacification. South Carolina had two weeks before passed an ordinance of Secession, and other States were preparing to follow its example. The special committee of thirteen, on the part of the Senate, and thirty-three of the House, to which was referred the all-engrossing subject, the state of the country, presented plans of settlement, chief of which was that prepared and warmly advocated by Mr. Crittenden. But his scheme was alike distasteful to the advocates of extreme views on both sides, and it came to nothing.

As a last resort, a convention of delegates of all the States was called to devise a plan for healing dissensions and preserving the Union. The idea was first suggested by the Legislature of Virginia, which passed a resolution on the 19th of January, 1861, recommending that such a convention be called for the 4th of February, to sit in the city of Washington. The President grasped at this last hope of adjustment, and made the Virginia resolve the subject of a message to Congress. The delegates assembled as was proposed, men eminent for wisdom and justice. James Pollock, William H. Meredith, David Wilmot, A. W. Loomis, Thomas E. Franklin, William McKennan and Thomas White represented Pennsylvania. Their action resulted in recommending certain amendments to the Constitution, which



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Simon Cameron

HON. SIMON CAMERON

SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA

were presented to the House and Senate, but were rejected by those bodies, as was every other device that was offered.

The party which had adopted principles deemed to be just, and had triumphed on that platform in the late election, was unwilling to yield everything that had been contended for. The leaders of the opposing party at the South, having long meditated a dissolution of the Union, did not now desire to listen to any terms of pacification. Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, a former representative in Congress, who had been sent to Charleston, South Carolina, in company with an aged citizen, Edmund Ruffin, who made himself notorious two days after by firing the first gun at Fort Sumter, on being serenaded and while surrounded by a great crowd, said: "Gentlemen, I thank you, especially, that you have at last annihilated this accursed Union, reeking with corruption, and insolent with excess of tyranny. Thank God! it is at last blasted and riven by the lightning wrath of an outraged and indignant people. Not only is it gone, but gone forever. In the expressive language of Scripture, it is water spilled upon the ground, and cannot be gathered up. Like Lucifer, son of the morning, it has fallen, never to rise again. For my part, gentlemen, if Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin to-morrow were to abdicate their offices, and were to give me a blank sheet of paper to write the condition of re-annexation to the defunct Union, I would scornfully spurn the overture. . . . I invoke you, and I make it in some sort a personal appeal—personal so far as it tends to our assistance in Virginia—I do invoke you, in your demonstrations of popular opinion, in your exhibitions of official intent, to give no countenance to this idea of reconstruction. In Virginia they all say, if reduced to the dread dilemma of this memorable alternative, they will espouse the cause of the South as against the interest of the Northern Confederacy. But they whisper of reconstruction, and they say Virginia must abide in the Union with the idea of reconstructing the Union which you have annihilated. I pray you, gentlemen, to rob them of that idea. Proclaim to the world that upon no condition, and under no circumstances, will South Carolina ever again enter into political association with the Abolitionists of New England. Do not distrust Virginia. As sure as to-morrow's sun will rise upon us, just as sure will Virginia be a

member of the Southern Confederacy. And I will tell you, gentlemen, what will put her in the Southern Confederation in less than an hour by the Shrewsbury clock,—Strike a blow! The very moment that blood is shed, old Virginia will make common cause with her sisters of the South. It is impossible that she should do otherwise."

On the 11th of February, 1861, Mr. Lincoln bade adieu to his home and his neighbors at Springfield, Illinois, and commenced his journey towards the Capital, to assume the duties of Chief Magistrate of the country. As he was about to turn away, he addressed a few words to the people, who had come out to bid him a regretful farewell, so full of pathos and Christian tenderness as to subdue every heart and soften every emotion. After expressing his sadness, he said: "Here I have lived from my youth, until now I am an old man. Here the most sacred ties of earth were assumed. Here all my children were born; and here one of them lies buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. All the strange, checkered past seems to crowd now upon my mind. To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God, who assisted him, shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same omniscient mind and Almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail—I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that, with equal sincerity and faith, you will invoke His wisdom and guidance for me."

The religious sentiment seemed always present in Mr. Lincoln's mind, and to find utterance at the proper moment and in the most delicate and affecting manner. His words were from the heart, and they touched the heart the nation over. This was the foundation of that confidence and trust which was felt for him as for no other man. It is related that as the train halted at Greencastle, Indiana, an aged and decrepit man, the Rev. Mr. Blair, was assisted into the car, and, approaching with tottering step, shielding his eyes with one trembling hand while he extended the other in greeting to the man whom he had made his weary pilgrimage to meet, he said: "I shake hands with the President of

the United States for the last time. May the Lord Almighty bless and guard you; may He sustain you through the trials before you, and bring you to His Heavenly Kingdom at last." The touching solemnity of the scene, language fails to depict. Tears filled the eyes of Mr. Lincoln and of those who stood by, as the old patriarch tottered back, and descending from the car journeyed towards his home. It was from such simple occurrences as these, that the millions of Americans came to know the worth of Abraham Lincoln.

As the multitudes flocked to meet him at every town and station on the way, he endeavored to gratify their curiosity by briefly addressing them. As his words were flashed over the whole North, and were scattered broadcast by the press, there was intense eagerness to catch the slightest intimation of his purposes. In his speech at Indianapolis he made this pertinent inquiry: "But if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts and other property, and collect the duties on foreign importations, or even withhold the mails from places where they were habitually violated, would any or all these things be invasion or coercion? . . . Upon what rightful principle may a State, being no more than one-fiftieth part of the nation in soil and population, break up the nation, and then coerce a proportionably larger subdivision of itself in the most arbitrary way?"

Mr. Lincoln touched Pennsylvania soil on the afternoon of the 14th, and arrived in Pittsburg at eight that evening, in the midst of a drenching rain, which prevented a demonstration of welcome of such proportions as would have otherwise been accorded him. A great concourse, however, hovered about him, to whom, after reaching the hotel, he addressed a few words. He said he would not give them a speech, as he thought it more rare, if not more wise, for a public man.

Until eight o'clock on the following morning the rain continued to descend, when it cleared away; and a half hour later he was waited on by the Mayor and Councils, who formally addressed him. In response, Mr. Lincoln said: "Mayor Wilson and citizens of Pennsylvania, I most cordially thank his Honor, the Mayor, and citizens of Pittsburg generally, for their flattering reception. I am the more grateful because I know that it is not given to me

alone, but to the cause I represent, which clearly proves to me their good will, and that sincere feeling is at the bottom of it. And here I may remark, that in every short address I have made to the people, in every crowd through which I have passed of late, some allusion has been made to the present distracted condition of the country. It is natural to expect that I should say something on this subject; but to touch upon it at all would involve a great many questions and circumstances, requiring more time than I can at present command, and would perhaps unnecessarily commit me upon matters which have not yet fully developed themselves. The condition of the country is an extraordinary one, and fills the mind of every patriot with anxiety. It is my intention to give this subject all the consideration I possibly can before specially defining in regard to it, so that when I do speak it may be as nearly right as possible. When I do speak I hope I may say nothing in opposition to the spirit of the Constitution, contrary to the integrity of the Union, or which will prove inimical to the liberties of the people, or to the peace of the whole country. And furthermore, when the time arrives for me to speak upon this great subject, I hope I may say nothing to disappoint the people generally throughout the country, especially if the expectation has been based upon anything which I have heretofore said. Notwithstanding the trouble across the river [pointing southward across the Monongahela], there is no crisis but an artificial one. What is there now to warrant the condition of affairs presented by our friends over the river? Take even their own views of the questions involved, and there is nothing to justify the course they are pursuing. I repeat, then, there is no crisis excepting such a one as may be gotten up at any time by turbulent men, aided by designing politicians. My advice to them, under such circumstances, is to keep cool. If the great American people only keep their temper both sides of the line, the troubles will come to an end, and the question which now distracts the country be settled, just as surely as all other difficulties of a like character, which have originated in this Government have been adjusted. Let the people on both sides keep their self-possession, and just as other clouds have cleared away in due time, so will this great nation continue to prosper as heretofore.

"Fellow Citizens, as this is the first opportunity I have had to address a Pennsylvania assemblage, it seems a fitting time to indulge in a few remarks upon the important question of the tariff, a subject of great magnitude and attended with many difficulties, owing to the great variety of interests involved. So long as direct taxation for the support of the Government is not resorted to, a tariff is unnecessary. A tariff is to the Government what meat is to the family; but this admitted, it still becomes necessary to modify and change its operations, according to new interests and new circumstances. So far, there is little or no difference of opinion among politicians, but the question as to how far imposts may be adjusted for the protection of home industry, gives rise to numerous views and objections.

"I must confess I do not understand the subject in all its multiform bearings; but I promise you I will give it my closest attention, and endeavor to comprehend it fully. And here I may remark that the Chicago platform contains a plank upon this subject which I think should be regarded as law for the incoming administration. In fact, this question, as well as all other subjects embodied in that platform, should not be varied from what we gave the people to understand would be our policy when we obtained their votes." Mr. Nicolay, Mr. Lincoln's private Secretary, read: "That while providing revenue for the support of the General Government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imposts, as will encourage the development of the industrial interest of the whole country; and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to workingmen liberal wages, to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufacturers adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence."

Mr. Lincoln continued: "Now, I must confess that there are shades of difference in construing even this platform; but I am not now intending to discuss these differences, but merely to give you some general idea of the subject. I have long thought that if there be any article of necessity, which can be produced at home with as little or nearly the same labor as abroad, it would be better to protect that article. Labor is the true standard of

value. If a bar of iron got out of the mines in England, and a bar of iron taken from the mines of Pennsylvania, be produced at the same cost, it follows that if the English bar be shipped from Manchester to Pittsburg, and the American bar from Pittsburg to Manchester, the cost of carriage is appreciably lost. If we had no iron here, then we should encourage shipments from a foreign country, but not when we can make it as cheaply in our own country. This brings us back to the first proposition, that if any article can be produced at home with nearly the same cost as from abroad, the carriage is lost labor."

In every speech which he delivered he gave new proof of the honesty of purpose with which he was actuated, and challenged anew the confidence of the people. When he uttered the sentence, "This question, as well as all other subjects embodied in that platform, should not be varied from what we gave the people to understand would be our policy when we obtained their votes," he showed that he remembered after election, and was determined to act upon what had been promised before, and gave a stinging rebuke to certain administrations which had preceded him. His exposition of protection to American industry is so clear and simple that the dullest mind cannot fail to understand and feel its force. The special correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing to that journal an account of the progress of this journey, moved by the universal enthusiasm, exclaimed: "Peace hath her victories, and the conqueror of hearts receives an ovation more brilliant than he who leads armies. If feeble words could convey to those who do not see the spectacle, anything like an accurately vivid picture of the scenes now accompanying the progress of Abraham Lincoln, the world of readers would say, with unanimous voice, that more appropriate honors to a worthy man have rarely been paid than those hourly showered upon the President elect of the United States."

From Pittsburg, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to Cleveland, and thence to New York *via* Buffalo and Albany, being everywhere received with the most unbounded enthusiasm, his progress being heralded and attended like the triumphal march of a conqueror. It had been so arranged that he should spend the 22d of February, the birthday of Washington, in Pennsylvania. He arrived at Phila-

delphia on the evening of the previous day, and on being welcomed by the Mayor, made a brief address, in which occurred this, in the light of subsequent developments, remarkable passage: "It were useless for me to speak of details of plans now; I shall speak officially next Monday week, if ever. If I should not speak then, it were useless for me to do so now. If I do speak then, it is useless for me to do so now. When I do speak, I shall take such ground as I deem best calculated to restore peace, harmony, and prosperity to the country, and tend to the perpetuity of the nation and the liberty of these States and these people." Had he some presentiment of the peril to his life, which was impending—for, as yet, no intimation had been conveyed to him of the meditated plans of the conspirators—and was this the unconscious expression of it?

Arrangements had been made for the ceremony of raising a flag over Independence Hall on the 22d, in which Mr. Lincoln was to assist. A great concourse had assembled. The memories of the day, and the associations of the place, impressed all, and pervaded every heart. He arrived upon the ground at eleven o'clock, and was received by Theodore Cuyler, who warmly welcomed him to the venerable walls, in an hour of national peril and distress, when the great work achieved by the wisdom and patriotism of the fathers seemed threatened with ruin.

Mr. Lincoln spoke as follows: "I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing here in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, and devotion to principle from which sprung the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated and were given to the world from this Hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here, and framed and adopted that Declaration of Independence. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that inde-

pendence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the mother land, but that sentiment in the Declaration which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I shall consider myself one of the happiest men in the world, if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed or war; no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course, and I may say in advance, that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the Government. Then it will be compelled to act in self-defence. My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called upon to say one word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something towards raising the flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. [No! no!] I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by."

Was ever a heart more apparently sincere? Was ever one whose utterances were more transparent? When he had said, "Then it will be compelled to act in self-defence," checking himself, and half conscious that he had in some sort revealed his intentions, as if deprecating his words, he exclaimed, "I may have said something indiscreet." But when, upon consideration, and in response to the plaudits of the crowd, he concluded with the words, "I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by," every heart beat responsive to that sentiment, and through the length and breadth of the country, every inhabitant who was moved by a feeling of patriotism, was ready to respond, Amen.

He had, the night before, been made aware by messages from the highest officer in the army and one eminent in the civil Gov-

ernment, that a plot had been formed to assassinate him as he passed through Baltimore. The utterance in the speech, "I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it," apparently inadvertent, discloses the conviction which that intelligence had fixed; that, conscious of rectitude in his intentions towards his country, he could, with more than Roman courage,

"Smile
At the drawn dagger and defy its point."

After the delivery of his address within the Hall he was conducted to the platform in front. His appearance was the signal for shouts of gladness and welcome from the sea of upturned faces that was spread out before him. Mr. Benton of the Select Council made a brief address, and invited Mr. Lincoln to raise the flag. In response, he said that it would afford him pleasure to comply with this request. He referred to the old flag with but thirteen stars. The number had increased, as time rolled on, and we had become a happy, powerful people, each star adding to our prosperity. The future was in the hands of the people. It was on such an occasion that we could reason together and reaffirm our devotion to the country and the principles of the Declaration of Independence. "Let us," he exclaimed, "make up our minds that whenever we do put a new star upon our banner, it shall be a fixed one, never to be dimmed by the horrors of war, but brightened by contentment, prosperity, and peace."

"Mr. Lincoln then threw off his overcoat," says a correspondent of the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, "in an off-hand, easy manner, the back-woodsman style of which caused many good-natured remarks. After an impressive prayer by the Rev. Mr. Clark, offered in the midst of profound solemnity and silence, the flag, which was rolled up in man-of-war style, was adjusted, the signal fired, and amid most excited enthusiasm, the President-elect hoisted the national ensign. A stiff breeze caught the folded bunting, and threw it out boldly to the winds. Cheer followed cheer, until hoarseness prevented their continuance."

In the meantime, extensive preparations had been made for his reception at Harrisburg, where he was expected to arrive early in the afternoon. The military had assembled from distant parts of the State, numerous civil societies and associations were repre-

sented, and the people had come out in their strength. The Legislature was in session, and had given itself that day to the entertainment of their distinguished guest. On that morning, the soldiers of the War of 1812, a few grey-haired old men spared of a former generation, under command of Captain Brady and Captain Krause, had borne in procession a new flag to the Capitol, where, amid the crowds that had gathered, and with much enthusiasm, it was run up upon the flag-staff just erected for the purpose upon the dome. While the flag was ascending, the Chief Clerk of the House, Mr. E. H. Rauch, commenced reading the Farewell Address of Washington, from the portico in front of the rotunda, which was listened to with profound attention by the assembled multitude. This ceremony of flag-raising had been repeated in several parts of the city; wreaths and triumphal arches had been thrown across important thoroughfares, and on every hand the town was decked in its gayest attire.

Mr. Lincoln arrived by special train at half past one, and at the intersection of the railroad with Second street, along which the military were drawn up, and a barouche with six white horses, gaily caparisoned, was in waiting, he alighted, and was received by Governor Curtin. Upon his arrival at the Jones House, he was conducted to the balcony overlooking the square, where the Governor addressed him in the following graceful terms:

"Sir, It is my pleasure to welcome you to the State of Pennsylvania, and to extend to you the hospitalities of this city. We have frequently heard of you since you left your home in a distant place; and every word that has fallen from your lips has fallen upon the ears of an excited, patriotic, but loyal people. Sir, as President-elect of the United States, you are called to the discharge of official duties at a period of time when animosities and distractions divide the people of this hitherto happy and prosperous country. You undertake, sir, no easy task. You must restore fraternal feeling. You must heal discord. You must produce amity in place of hostility, and restore prosperity, peace, and concord to this unhappy country, and future generations will rise up and call you blessed.

"Sir, this day, by act of our Legislature, we unfurled from the dome of the Capitol the flag of our country, carried there in the

arms of men who defended the country when defence was needed. I assure you, sir, there is no star or stripe erased, and on its azure field there blazons forth thirty-four stars, the number of the bright constellation of States over which you are called by a free people, in a fair election, to preside. We trust, sir, that in the discharge of your high office, you may reconcile the unhappy differences now existing, as they have heretofore been reconciled. Sir, when conciliation has failed, read our history, study our tradition. Here are the people who will defend you, the Constitution, the laws and the integrity of the Union.

"Our great law-giver and founder established this Government of a free people in deeds of peace. We are a peaceful, laborious people. We believe that civilization, progress, Christianity are advanced by the protection of free and paid labor. Sir, I welcome you to the midst of this generous people, and may the God who has so long watched over this country give you wisdom to discharge the high duties that devolve upon you, to the advancement of the greatness and glory of the Government, and the happiness and prosperity of the people."

To this, Mr. Lincoln replied: "Governor Curtin, and citizens of the State of Pennsylvania: perhaps the best thing that I could do, would be simply to endorse the patriotic and eloquent speech which your Governor has just made in your hearing. I am quite sure that I am unable to address to you anything so appropriate as that which he has uttered. Reference has been made by him to the distraction of the public mind at this time, and to the great task that lies before me in entering upon the administration of the General Government. With all the eloquence and ability that your Governor brings to this theme, I am quite sure he does not—in his situation he cannot—appreciate, as I do, the weight of that great responsibility. I feel that, under God, in the strength of the arm and wisdom of the heads of these masses, after all, must be my support. As I have often had occasion to say, I repeat to you, I am quite sure I do not deceive myself when I tell you I bring to the work an honest heart; I dare not tell you that I bring a head sufficient for it. If my own strength should fail, I shall at last fall back upon these masses, who, I think, under any circumstances, will not fail.

"Allusion has been made to the peaceful principles upon which this great Commonwealth was originally settled. Allow me to add my meed of praise to those peaceful principles. I hope no one of the Friends who originally settled here, or who have lived here since that time, or who live here now, has been or is a more devoted lover of peace, harmony, and concord than my humble self.

"While I have been proud to see to-day the finest military array I think that I have ever seen, allow me to say in regard to those men, that they give hope of what may be done when war is inevitable. But, at the same time, allow me to express the hope that in the shedding of blood their services may never be needed, especially in the shedding of fraternal blood. It shall be my endeavor to preserve the peace of this country so far as it can possibly be done consistently with the maintenance of the institutions of the country. With my consent, or without my great displeasure, this country shall never witness the shedding of one drop of blood in fraternal strife."

The utterance of this speech, to an audience that filled the square and choked the entrance to all the streets leading from it, was full of animation and earnestness. His countenance was lighted up with a fervor and a glow which, to one familiar with his pictures, or with his face in repose, which was almost habitually grave and reflective, reminded of the face of Him who was transfigured on the mount. The assertion that there should be no bloodshed by his consent unless required to maintain the institutions of the country, was made with an earnestness that seemed inspired by the convictions of a sincere and devoted heart.

From the hotel Mr. Lincoln was escorted to the Capitol, where in the presence of both Houses, the Governor, and heads of departments, he was formally received. The chair in which it was arranged for him to sit, was that in which Hancock sat when he signed the immortal Declaration—of antiquated form, stiff, high back and clumsily wrought, but made sacred in its associations. The Speaker of the Senate, Mr. Palmer, addressed him in suitable terms, expressing, in behalf of the people of Pennsylvania, their satisfaction in meeting him without distinction of party, and their especial gratification in the sentiments which he had previously

expressed upon the subject of protection to American industry. Mr. Davis, in behalf of the House, greeted him with an expression of concern for the safety of the country, but in a vein of profound respect for his prudence, wisdom, and patriotism. "There is no disguising the fact," he said, "that the ship of state is drifting in a dangerous and unknown sea. But we have every confidence in the steady hand and true heart of the Pilot of our choice."

Mr. Lincoln responded: "Mr. Speaker of the Senate, and also Mr. Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Gentlemen of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania: I appear before you only for a few brief remarks in response to what has been said to me. I thank you most sincerely for this reception, and the generous words in which support has been promised upon this occasion. I thank your great Commonwealth for the overwhelming support it recently gave—not me personally, but to the cause which I think a just one—in the late election. Allusion has been made to the fact—the interesting fact, perhaps we should say—that I, for the first time, appear at the Capitol of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, upon the birthday of the Father of his Country. In connection with that beloved anniversary connected with the history of this country, I have already gone through one exceedingly interesting scene this morning, in the ceremonies at Philadelphia. Under the kind conduct of gentlemen there, I was for the first time allowed the privilege of standing in old Independence Hall, to have a few words addressed to me there, opening up an opportunity to express something of my own feelings excited by the occasion, that had been really the feelings of my whole life.

"Besides this, our friends there had provided a magnificent flag of the country. I was given the honor of raising it to the head of its staff; and when it went up, I was pleased that it went to its place by the strength of my own feeble arm. When, according to the arrangement, the cord was pulled and it flaunted gloriously to the wind without an accident, in the glowing sunshine of the morning, I could not help hoping that there was in the entire success of that beautiful ceremony, at least something of an omen of what is to come. Nor could I help feeling then, as I

often have felt, that in the whole of that proceeding I was a very humble instrument. I had not provided the flag; I had not made the arrangement for elevating it to its place; I had applied but a very small portion of even my feeble strength in raising it. In the whole transaction, I was in the hands of the people who had planned it; and if I can have the same generous coöperation of the people of this nation, I think the flag of our country may yet be kept flaunting gloriously. I recur for a moment to what has been said about the military support which the General Government may expect from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in a proper emergency. To guard against any possible mistake do I recur to this. It is not with any pleasure that I contemplate the possibility that a necessity may arise in this country for the use of the military arm. While I am exceedingly gratified to see the manifestation upon your streets of your military force here, and exceedingly gratified at your promise to use that force upon a proper emergency; while I make these acknowledgments, I desire to repeat, in order to preclude any possible misconstruction, that I do most sincerely hope that we shall have no use for them—that it will never become their duty to shed blood, and most especially never to shed fraternal blood. I promise that, in so far as I may have wisdom to direct, if so painful a result shall in any wise be brought about, it shall be through no fault of mine.

"Allusion has also been made, by one of your honored speakers, to some remarks recently made by myself at Pittsburg, in regard to what is supposed to be the special interest of this great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. I now wish only to say, in regard to that matter, that the few remarks which I uttered on that occasion were rather carefully worded. I took pains that they should be so. I have seen no occasion since to add to them or subtract from them. I leave them precisely as they stand, adding only now that I am pleased to have an expression from you, gentlemen of Pennsylvania, significant that they are satisfactory."

Speaker Palmer then proceeded to deliver an elaborate oration upon the "Life and Character of Washington," in accordance with the previous request of the Legislature. Near the close of his

address he made the following allusion to Mr. Lincoln: "And may God protect and bless the President-elect of the United States, whom He has called to the performance of high and important duties at this solemn and difficult period in our history. The people of Pennsylvania, by their votes in favor of his election, have confided their interests and their honor to his keeping, and the vast destinies and future welfare of the Union are largely committed to his charge. And here, in behalf of the people of Pennsylvania, let me thank him for his recent public declarations of fraternal feeling and justice of intention towards the people of the Southern States—that 'they are to be treated as WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, and MADISON treated them—that their institutions are in no way to be interfered with—that he will abide by every compromise of the Constitution.' And further, that 'they are our fellow-citizens, friends, and brethren, equally devoted with ourselves to the Constitution, and that there is no difference between them and us, other than the difference of local circumstances.' These are the sentiments of WASHINGTON, and the sentiments and principles Pennsylvania meant to sustain, when her people voted for Abraham Lincoln."

The address of the President-elect before the Legislature of Pennsylvania was the last of that remarkable series which he delivered during his more than triumphal progress to the Capital. His words throughout were those of kindness and conciliation. He allowed no utterance to escape him that could by any possibility be construed into a menace, or an incitement to civil strife. On the contrary, he iterated and reiterated the sentiment of obedience to law and a devotion to the Constitution, with a frequency that, under other circumstances, would have been devoid of taste. The real effect of his words was, however, the reverse of that which he intended. It was at a time when the whole country, from the revolutionary attitude which the South had chosen to assume, was greatly excited, and every word which would throw light upon the solution of the vexed problem was eagerly sought. The kindly and humane tone of his utterances gave intense satisfaction, and his words were hailed as those of truth and soberness. Every one came to feel that if it was possible to avoid war, it was in the heart of Abraham Lincoln to do it. Every sentiment he

expressed, tended to mould and unite the North, and to make his cause their cause. How much soever he might disclaim the intention of inciting to war, and declare—

"I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,"

yet he succeeded, though unwittingly;—and when, finally, he was forced to call for men to defend the national honor, they were ready to go, and eager to flock to his standard.

Mr. Lincoln was accompanied on his journey by his wife and family, and a few personal friends, among whom were Judge Davis and Mr. Judd of Illinois, Colonel Sumner, Major Hunter, and Captain Pope. It had been arranged and widely published that the party would proceed by special train on the following morning over the Northern Central Railway to Baltimore, and thence to Washington. But intelligence communicated on the evening before caused that arrangement to be in part changed. Previous to the departure of Mr. Lincoln from his home, threats had been heard of his assassination; that he would never live to reach the Capital, and that the 4th of March would come and go without witnessing his inauguration. It is asserted on good authority, that an attempt was actually made to throw the train from the track on the first day of his journey, at a point where a wreck would have been disastrous, and the precaution was afterwards adopted of sending a pilot engine just ahead. A hand grenade was also found secreted in the car in which he was to travel, just as the train was leaving Cincinnati. So numerous and confident had the threats of bodily harm to Mr. Lincoln become, that detectives were employed to discover whence they originated, and if there was really any foundation for apprehension. It was ascertained that a plan had been formed to assassinate him at the Calvert-street Depot in Baltimore, while surrounded by the crowd. This information was so positive and circumstantial, and having come through two sources entirely independent of each other, so well confirmed the previous rumors, that it was deemed advisable by the friends of Mr. Lincoln under whose escort he was travelling, and by General Scott and Mr. Seward, who had ferreted out the plot and had sent a messenger to Philadelphia to warn him of his danger, to abandon the Northern

Central Road, and go by the way of Philadelphia, passing through Baltimore in the night time, thus avoiding change of cars in that city. The manner of that journey was the subject of sensational despatches and comments, many of them embodying the wildest exaggeration. Mr. Lincoln was represented as having fled from Harrisburg in disguise, dressed in a long military cloak and a Highland cap, and in rude fur garments, after the manner of a hunter. The illustrated papers, too, made his clandestine journey the subject of broad caricature. It is fortunate that amid so much misrepresentation we have from the mouth of Mr. Lincoln himself a plain statement of the event and all the attendant circumstances.

Early in December, 1864, Mr. Benson J. Lossing, the eminent historiographer and annalist, visited Mr. Lincoln, who, in reply to an inquiry made upon the subject, gave the following account, which was afterwards reduced to writing, nearly in his own words: "I arrived at Philadelphia on the 21st. I agreed to stop over night, and on the following morning hoist the flag over Independence Hall. In the evening there was a great crowd when I received my friends at the Continental Hotel. Mr. Judd, a warm personal friend from Chicago, sent for me to come to his room. I went, and found there Mr. Pinkerton, a skilful police detective, also from Chicago, who had been employed for some days in Baltimore, watching or searching for suspicious persons there. Pinkerton informed me that a plan had been laid for my assassination, the exact time when I expected to go through Baltimore being publicly known. He was well informed as to the plan, but did not know that the conspirators would have pluck enough to execute it. He urged me to go right through with him to Washington that night. I didn't like that. I had made engagements to visit Harrisburg, and go from there to Baltimore, and I resolved to do so. I could not believe that there was a plot to murder me. I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for my return to Philadelphia the next night, if I should be convinced that there was danger in going through Baltimore. I told him that if I should meet at Harrisburg, as I had at other places, a delegation to go with me to the next place, then Baltimore, I should feel safe and go on.

"When I was making my way back to my room, through crowds of people, I met Frederick Seward. We went together to my room, when he told me that he had been sent, at the instance of his father and General Scott, to inform me that their detectives in Baltimore had discovered a plot there to assassinate me. They knew nothing of Pinkerton's movements. I now believed such a plot to be in existence. The next morning I raised the flag over Independence Hall, and then went on to Harrisburg with Mr. Sumner, Major (now General) Hunter, Mr. Judd, Mr. Lamon and others. There I met the Legislature and people, dined, and waited until the time appointed for me to leave. In the meantime, Mr. Judd had so secured the telegraph that no communication could pass to Baltimore and give the conspirators knowledge of a change in my plans. In New York some friend had given me a new beaver hat in a box, and in it had placed a soft wool hat. I had never worn one of the latter in my life. I had this box in my room. Having informed a very few friends of the secret of my new movements, and the cause, I put on an old overcoat that I had with me, and putting the soft hat in my pocket, I walked out of the house at a back door, bareheaded, without exciting any special curiosity. Then I put on the soft hat and joined my friends without being recognized by strangers, for I was not the same man. Sumner and Hunter wished to accompany me. I said no; you are known, and your presence might betray me. I will only take Lamon, now Marshal of this District, whom nobody knew, and Mr. Judd. Sumner and Hunter felt hurt. We went back to Philadelphia and found a message there from Pinkerton, who had returned to Baltimore, that the conspirators had held their final meeting that evening, and it was doubtful whether they had the nerve to attempt the execution of their purpose. I went on, however, as the arrangement had been made. We were a long time in the station at Baltimore. I heard people talking around, but no one particularly observed me. At an early hour on Saturday morning, at about the time I was expected to leave Harrisburg, I arrived in Washington."

Mrs. Lincoln and the rest of the party remained until morning, when, after receiving a dispatch from Washington, stating that

Mr. Lincoln had arrived in safety, they departed by the train especially prepared, over the Northern Central Road, and passing unmolested through Baltimore, arrived at the Capital in due time. That a well-matured plan had been formed to take Mr. Lincoln's life, there was little doubt, and subsequent events confirm the belief. Mr. Raymond, in his Life of Lincoln, states that a notorious gambler, by the name of Byrne, left Baltimore soon after these events, and went to Richmond, where he fell under suspicion of disloyalty to the Southern Government, and was arrested. But at the hearing of his case, ex-United States Senator Wigfall testified that Byrne "was captain of a gang who were to kill Mr. Lincoln," which secured his instant release, it being sufficient evidence of his loyalty to a Government which could regard with favor, and lend its sanction to, such murderous practices. The headquarters of the assassins was at No. 66 Fayette street, near Calvert, in the Taylor Building, which was the place of meeting of the leaders of the mob, who did actually murder some of the Massachusetts troops shortly afterward.

One of the agents employed to trace out the parties to this conspiracy was under the direction of Samuel M. Felton, of Philadelphia, President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company. Having his own road to protect, the bridges of which were threatened with destruction, he was able the more easily to extend his investigation beyond his immediate charge, and to trace the source of the danger. At the request of the Librarian of Harvard University, Mr. Felton, whose brother was the President of that institution, prepared an account of the investigations that he instituted. It illustrates, in a most striking manner, this noted night journey of Mr. Lincoln through Pennsylvania, and the solicitude felt by its citizens for his safety; it serves, too, to show the diabolical nature of the rebellious spirit, even at that early stage.

"It came to my knowledge," says Mr. Felton, "in the early part of 1861, first by rumors and then from evidence which I could not doubt, that there was a deep laid conspiracy to capture Washington, destroy all the avenues leading to it from the North, East, and West, and thus prevent the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln in the Capital of the country; and, if this plot did not succeed,

then to murder him while on his way to the Capital, and thus inaugurate a revolution, which should end in establishing a Southern Confederacy, uniting all the Slave States, while it was imagined that the North would be divided into separate cliques, each striving for the destruction of the other.

"Early in the year 1861, Miss Dix, the philanthropist, came into my office on a Saturday afternoon. I had known her for some years as one engaged in alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted. Her occupation had brought her in contact with the prominent men South. In visiting hospitals, she had become familiar with the structure of Southern society, and also with the working of its political machinery. She stated that she had an important communication to make to me personally; and, after closing my door, I listened attentively to what she had to say for more than an hour. She put, in a tangible and reliable shape, by the facts she related, what I had heard before in numerous and detached parcels. The sum of it all was, that there was then an extensive and organized conspiracy throughout the South to seize upon Washington, with its archives and records, and then declare the Southern conspirators *de facto* the Government of the United States. The whole was to be a *coup d'état*. At the same time, they were to cut off all modes of communication between Washington and the North, East, or West, and thus prevent the transportation of troops to wrest the Capital from the hands of the insurgents. Mr. Lincoln's inauguration was thus to be prevented, or his life was to fall a sacrifice to the attempt at inauguration. In fact, troops were then drilling on the line of our own road, and the Washington and Annapolis line, and other lines; and they were sworn to obey the commands of their leaders, and the leaders were banded together to capture Washington.

"As soon as the interview was ended, I called Mr. N. P. Trist into my office, and told him to go to Washington that night, and communicate these facts to General Scott. I also furnished him with some data as to the other routes to Washington, that might be adopted in case the direct route was cut off. One was the Delaware Railroad to Seaford, and then up the Chesapeake and Potomac to Washington, or to Annapolis, and thence to Washington; another—to Perryville, and thence to

Annapolis and Washington. Mr. Trist left that night, and arrived in Washington at six the next morning, which was on Sunday. He immediately had an interview with General Scott, who told him he had foreseen the trouble that was coming, and in October previous had made a communication to the President, predicting trouble at the South, and urging strongly the garrisoning of all the Southern forts and arsenals with forces sufficient to hold them, but that his advice had been unheeded; nothing had been done, and he feared nothing would be done; that he was powerless, and that he feared Mr. Lincoln would be obliged to be inaugurated into office at Philadelphia. He should, however, do all he could to bring troops to Washington sufficient to make it secure; but he had no influence with the Administration, and feared the worst consequences. Thus matters stood on Mr. Trist's visit to Washington, and thus they stood for some time afterwards.

"About this time,—a few days subsequent, however,—a gentleman from Baltimore came out to Back River Bridge, about five miles this side of the city, and told the bridge-keeper that he had come to give information, which had come to his knowledge, of vital importance to the road, which he wished to communicate to me. The nature of this communication was, that a party was then organized in Baltimore to burn our bridges, in case Mr. Lincoln came over the road, or in case we attempted to carry troops for the defence of Washington. The party, at the time, had combustible materials prepared to pour over the bridges, and were to disguise themselves as negroes, and be at the bridge just before the train on which Mr. Lincoln travelled had arrived. The bridge was then to be burned, the train attacked, and Mr. Lincoln to be put out of the way. This man appeared to be a gentleman, and in earnest, and honest in what he said; but he would not give his name, nor allow any inquiries to be made as to his name or exact abode, as he said his life would be in peril were it known that he had given this information; but, if we would not attempt to find him out, he would continue to come and give information. He came subsequently, several times, and gave items of information as to the movements of the conspirators, but I have never been able to ascertain who he was.

"Immediately after the development of these facts, I went to Washington, and there met a prominent and reliable gentleman from Baltimore, who was well acquainted with Marshal Kane, then the chief of police. I was anxious to ascertain whether he was loyal and reliable, and made particular inquiries upon both these points. I was assured that Kane was perfectly reliable; whereupon I made known some of the facts that had come to my knowledge in reference to the designs for the burning of the bridges, and requested that they should be laid before Marshal Kane, with a request that he should detail a police force to make the necessary investigation. Marshal Kane was seen, and it was suggested to him that there were reports of a conspiracy to burn the bridges and cut off Washington; and his advice was asked as to the best way of ferreting out the conspirators. He scouted the idea that there was any such thing on foot; said he had thoroughly investigated the whole matter, and there was not the slightest foundation for such rumors.

"I then determined to have nothing more to do with Marshal Kane, but to investigate the matter in my own way, and at once sent for a celebrated detective who resided in the West, and whom I had before employed on an important matter. He was a man of great skill and resources. I furnished him with a few hints, and at once set him on the track with eight assistants. There were then drilling, upon the line of the railroad, three military organizations, professedly for home defence, pretending to be Union men, and, in one or two instances, tendering their services to the railroad, in case of trouble. Their propositions were duly considered; but the defence of the road was never intrusted to their tender mercies. The first thing done was to enlist a volunteer in each of these military companies. They pretended to come from New Orleans and Mobile, and did not appear to be wanting in sympathy for the South. They were furnished with uniforms at the expense of the road, and drilled as often as their associates in arms; became initiated into all the secrets of the organization, and reported every day or two to their chief, who immediately reported to me the designs and plans of these military companies. One of these organizations was loyal, but the other two were disloyal, and fully in the plot

to destroy the bridges, and march to Washington, to wrest it from the hands of the legally constituted authorities. Every nook and corner of the road and its vicinity was explored by the chief and his detectives, and the secret working of secession and treason laid bare and brought to light. Societies were joined in Baltimore, and various modes, known to and practised only by detectives, were resorted to, to win the confidence of the conspirators, and get into their secrets.

"The plan worked well; and the midnight plottings and daily consultations of the conspirators were treasured up as a guide to our future plans for thwarting them. It turned out that all that had been communicated by Miss Dix and the gentleman from Baltimore rested upon a foundation of fact, and that the half had not been told. It was made as certain as strong circumstantial and positive evidence could make it, that there was a plot to burn the bridges and destroy the road, and murder Mr. Lincoln on his way to Washington, if it turned out that he went there before troops were called. If troops were first called, then the bridges were to be destroyed, and Washington cut off, and taken possession of by the South. I at once organized and armed a force of about two hundred men, whom I distributed along the line between the Susquehanna and Baltimore, principally at the bridges. These men were drilled secretly and regularly by drill-masters, and were apparently employed in whitewashing the bridges, putting on six or seven coats of whitewash, saturated with salt and alum, to make the outside of the bridges as nearly fire-proof as possible. This whitewashing, so extensive in its application, became the nine days' wonder of the neighborhood. Thus the bridges were strongly guarded, and a train was arranged so as to concentrate all the forces at one point in case of trouble.

"The programme of Mr. Lincoln was changed, and it was decided by him that he would go to Harrisburg from Philadelphia, and thence over the Northern Central Road by day to Baltimore, and thence to Washington. We were then informed by our detective, that the attention of the conspirators was turned from our road to the Northern Central, and that they would there await the coming of Mr. Lincoln. This statement

was confirmed by our Baltimore gentleman, who came out again, and said their designs upon our road were postponed for the present, and unless we carried troops, would not be renewed again. Mr. Lincoln was to be waylaid on the line of the Northern Central Road, and prevented from reaching Washington; and his life was to fall a sacrifice to the attempt. Thus matters stood on his arrival in Philadelphia. I felt it my duty to communicate to him the facts that had come to my knowledge, and urge his going to Washington privately that night in our sleeping-car, instead of publicly two days after, as was proposed. I went to a hotel in Philadelphia, where I met the detective, who was registered under an assumed name, and arranged with him to bring Mr. Judd, Mr. Lincoln's intimate friend, to my room in season to arrange the journey to Washington that night. One of our sub-detectives made three efforts to communicate with Mr. Judd, while passing through the streets in the procession, and was three times arrested and carried out of the crowd by the police. The fourth time he succeeded, and brought Mr. Judd to my room, where he met the detective-in-chief and myself. We lost no time in making known to him all the facts which had come to our knowledge in reference to the conspiracy; and I most earnestly advised, that Mr. Lincoln should go to Washington privately that night in the sleeping car. Mr Judd fully entered into the plan, and said he would urge Mr. Lincoln to adopt it.

"On his communicating with Mr. Lincoln, after the services of the evening were over, he answered that he had engaged to go to Harrisburg and speak the next day, and he would not break his engagement, even in the face of such peril, but that, after he had fulfilled the engagement, he would follow such advice as we might give him in reference to his journey to Washington. It was then arranged that he should go to Harrisburg the next day, and make his address; after which he was to apparently return to Governor Curtin's house for the night, but in reality go to a point about two miles out of Harrisburg where an extra car and engine awaited to take him to Philadelphia. At the time of his retiring, the telegraph lines, east, west, north, and south from Harrisburg were cut, so that no message as to his movements could be sent off in any direction.

"Mr. Lincoln could not probably arrive in season for our regular train, that at 11 P. M., and I did not dare to send him by an extra, for fear of its being found out or suspected that he was on the road; so it became necessary for me to devise some excuse for the detention of the train. But three or four on the road, besides myself, knew the plan; one of these I sent by an earlier train to say to the people of the Washington Branch road, that I had an important package I was getting ready for the 11 P. M. train; that it was necessary I should have this package delivered in Washington early the next morning, without fail; that I was straining every nerve to get it ready by 11 o'clock, but, in case I did not succeed, I should delay the train until it was ready,—probably not more than half an hour; and I wished, as a personal favor, that the Washington train should await the coming of ours from Philadelphia before leaving. This request was willingly complied with by the managers of the Washington Branch; and the man whom I had sent to Baltimore so informed me by telegraph in cipher. The second person in the secret I sent to West Philadelphia, with a carriage, to await the coming of Mr. Lincoln. I gave him a package of old railroad reports, done up with great care, with a great seal attached to it, and directed in a fair, round hand to a person at Willard's. I marked it 'very important; to be delivered without fail by 11 o'clock train,' indorsing my own name upon the package. Mr. Lincoln arrived in West Philadelphia, and was immediately taken into the carriage, and driven to within a square of our station, where my man with the package jumped off, and waited till he saw the carriage drive up to the door, and Mr. Lincoln and the detective get out and go into the station. He then came up and gave the package to the conductor, who was waiting at the door to receive it, in company with a police officer.

"Tickets had been bought beforehand for Mr. Lincoln and party to Washington, including a tier of berths in the sleeping-car. He passed between the conductor and the police officer at the door, and neither suspected who he was. The conductor remarked as he passed, 'Well, old fellow, it is lucky for you that our president detained the train to send a package by it, or you would have been left.' Mr. Lincoln and the detective being

safely ensconsed in the sleeping-car, and my package safely in the hands of the conductor, the train started for Baltimore about fifteen minutes behind time.

"Our man No. 3, George ——, started with the train to go to Baltimore, and hand it over, with its contents, to man No. 1, who awaited its arrival in Baltimore. Before the train reached Gray's Ferry Bridge, and before Mr. Lincoln had resigned himself to slumber, the conductor came to our man George, and accosting him, said, 'George, I thought you and I were old friends; why did you not tell me we had Old Abe on board?' George, thinking the conductor had in some way become possessed of the secret, answered, 'John, we are friends, and, as you have found it out, Old Abe is on board; and we will still be friends, and see him safely through.' John answered, 'Yes, if it costs me my life, he shall have a safe passage.' And so George stuck to one end of the car, and the conductor to the other every moment that his duties to the other passengers would admit of it. It turned out, however, that the conductor was mistaken in his man. A man strongly resembling Mr. Lincoln had come down to the train, about half an hour before it left, and bought a ticket to Washington for the sleeping-car. The conductor had seen him, and concluded he was the veritable Old Abe.

"George delivered the sleeping-car and train over to William in Baltimore, as had been previously arranged, who took his place at the brake, and rode to Washington, where he arrived at 6 A. M., on time, and saw Mr. Lincoln, in the hands of a friend, safely delivered at Willard's, when he secretly ejaculated, 'God be praised!' He also saw the package of railroad reports, marked 'important,' safely delivered into the hands for which it was intended. This being done, he performed his morning ablutions in peace and quiet, and enjoyed with unusual zest his breakfast. At 8 o'clock, the time agreed upon, the telegraphic wires were joined; and the first message flashed across the line was, 'Your package has arived safely, and been delivered,' signed 'William.' Then there went up from the writer of this a shout of joy and devout thanksgiving to Him from whom all blessings flow; and the few who were in the secret joined in a heartfelt Amen.

"Thus began and ended a chapter in the history of the Rebellion, that has been never before written, but about which there have been many hints entitled, 'A Scotch Cap and Riding Cloak,' etc., neither of which had any foundation in truth, as Mr. Lincoln travelled in his ordinary dress. Mr. Lincoln was safely inaugurated, after which I discharged our detective force, and also the semi-military whitewashers, and all was quiet and serene again on the railroad. But the distant booming from Fort Sumter was soon heard, and aroused in earnest the whole population of the loyal States. The 75,000 three-months' men were called out, and again the plans for burning bridges and destroying the railroad were revived in all their force and intensity. Again I sent Mr. Trist to Washington to see General Scott, to beg for troops to garrison the road, as our forces were then scattered, and could not be got at. Mr. Trist telegraphed me that the forces would be supplied; but the crisis came on immediately, and all, and more than all, were required at Washington. At the last moment I obtained, and sent down the road, about 200 men, armed with shot guns and revolvers—all the arms I could get hold of at the time. They were raw and undisciplined men, and not fit to cope with those brought against them,—about 150 men, fully armed, and commanded by the redoubtable rebel, J. R. Trimble."

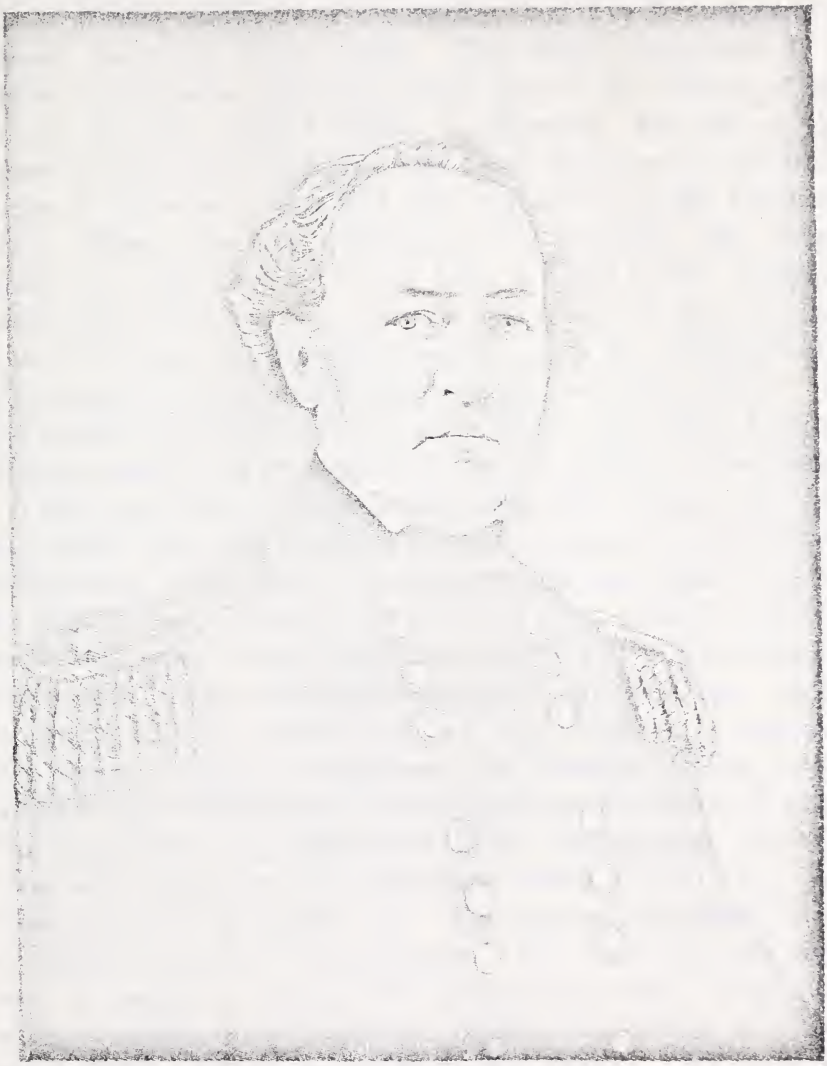
Mr. Arnold in his Life of Lincoln, in referring to this change in the route of travel, says: "From Baltimore there had reached him no committee, either of the municipal authorities or of citizens, to tender him the hospitalities, and to extend to him the courtesies of that city, as had been done by every city through which we had passed. He was, accordingly, persuaded to permit the detective to arrange for his going to Washington that night." Mr. Lincoln afterwards said to Mr. Arnold: "I did not then, nor do I now, believe I should have been assassinated, had I gone through Baltimore, as first contemplated; but I thought it wise to run no risk, where no risk was necessary."

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FIRST CAMPAIGN.

THE authors of the Rebellion, in their mad haste to fire the Southern heart, did not seem to realize that they were wielding a two-edged sword. Major Anderson, who, with his little garrison, had been shut up in Fort Sumter for many weeks, while the South Carolina Secessionists were preparing powerful batteries bearing upon it, had given notice that his provisions would be exhausted on the 15th of April, and that he would then be compelled to peacefully evacuate. But to allow him to depart without bloodshed, and they to take quiet possession, did not answer the fell designs of the conspirators. Edmund Ruffin, a suggestive name, who had been sent from Virginia to assist in inciting to action, declared, "The first drop of blood spilled on the soil of South Carolina will bring Virginia and every Southern State to her side." Mr. Gilchrist, a member of the Alabama Legislature, in addressing Mr. Davis and a part of his Cabinet, at Montgomery, said: "Gentlemen, unless you sprinkle blood in the face of the people of Alabama, they will be back in the old Union in less than ten days."

Accordingly, at midnight of the 11th, but four days before hunger would have obliged the garrison of Fort Sumter to withdraw, signal guns were fired, and soon afterwards a bombardment was opened upon the fort from heavy guns at Cumming's Point, Sullivan's Island, Fort Moultrie, and the whole circumference of works erected for its destruction. The fort was in no condition for defence, and after making such resistance as was possible, and suffering from the heat of the burning barracks, which had



MAJOR GEN: ROBERT PATTERSON U.S.A.

been fired by the insurgents' missiles, Major Anderson surrendered.

The first shot at Sumter may have had the effect designed—that of stirring the heart of the South—but it no less effectually aroused the heart of the North. The feeling expressed by a soldier by profession, who had grown grey in the service of his country, the late Colonel Seneca G. Simmons, who fell at the climax of the battle at Charles City Cross Roads, was a fair illustration of the effect which that shot produced upon the Northern mind. When the first intelligence was received, with much emotion, he exclaimed: "I have been a friend of the Southern people, and in the line of my duty would have lain down my life in their defence; but why did they fire upon the old flag?" and in his compressed lips and flashing eye was read the answer. In that resolute, grizzly-bearded, silent soldier, with bosom heaving with resentment, was personified the twenty millions of the North.

A little more than a month before this, Mr. Lincoln had been inaugurated, and in his address on that occasion, he had declared his intention, while neither having any right nor desire to interfere with Slavery in the States where it then existed, nevertheless, to take care, as the Constitution enjoined upon him, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. After expressing this, his sworn duty and determination, he appealed in a strain of pathetic tenderness and fraternal feeling rarely excelled, for an observance of the obligations resting on all alike. "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen," he said, "and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it.' I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies—though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely it will be, by the better angels of our nature."

When, therefore, in disregard of the warning and the appeal, the insurgents at Charleston fired upon the flag, and sought by every device known to modern warfare to destroy a fort of the nation, and slaughter its garrison, the President had but one recourse, and every citizen who regarded the National honor, felt a like obligation. Accordingly, on the 15th of April, he issued his proclamation calling out the militia of the several States, to the number of 75,000 men, and convening Congress in extra session on the 4th of July. The troops thus called, he stated, would be used probably to repossess forts, places, and property unlawfully seized.

But the insurgents, intoxicated by their first triumph, talked loudly of more considerable aggressions. "No man can foretell," said the rebel Secretary of War, Walker, in response to a serenade of Davis and his Cabinet, on the occasion of the fall of Sumter, "the events of the war inaugurated; but I will venture to predict that the flag which now floats on the breeze will, before the 1st of May, float over the dome of the old Capitol at Washington, and if they choose to try Southern chivalry, and test the extent of Southern resources, will eventually float over Faneuil Hall, in Boston." The Richmond *Examiner*, of the 13th, said: "Nothing is more probable than that President Davis will soon march an army through North Carolina and Virginia to Washington," and a few days later, in a strain of grandiloquent appeal, said: "From the mountain tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington City at all and every human hazard." Instead, therefore, of repossessing forts, places, and property unlawfully seized, or of coercing a State, as the seceders had cried out against, Mr. Lincoln was obliged, first of all, to defend himself, the Government, and its archives from the actual assaults of the enemy. Insurgent forces were drilling within sight of the Capitol itself, almost from the moment of his inauguration. Indeed, a skilfully arranged disposition of the military under the command of General Scott alone guaranteed safety for his induction into office.

The plan for the capture of the Capital was ingeniously laid. The rebellious element in Baltimore, which had been purposely

strengthened by a rushing thither of reckless and daring men from many parts of the South, was able, for the time, to control the city. Its local Government, and even the Executive of the State, were understood to be lukewarm in their support of the National authority, and openly hostile to the passage of troops from the North over Maryland soil in their march to the Capital. If, therefore, the means of communication could be cut, and troops moving southward delayed until a sufficient force had been quietly gathered, the National seat of Government, with all its public property, including vast stores of military weapons and material, would fall an easy prey. But, like many other schemes of Southern leaders, this proved abortive.

The defeat of the plans was largely due to the prompt arrival of Pennsylvania soldiers. As soon as the President's call, which was issued on the 15th of April, was received at Harrisburg, Governor Curtin made haste to repeat it throughout the Commonwealth, and soon a tide of messages was flowing in, from officers of companies tendering the services of their commands. The first thus to respond, which from their good state of discipline and readiness to move, could be made available, were the Ringgold Light Artillery of Reading, Captain James McKnight; the Logan Guards of Lewistown, Captain John B. Selheimer; the Washington Artillery, Captain James Wren, and the National Light Infantry, Captain Edmund McDonald, both of Pottsville; and the Allen Rifles, Captain Thomas Yeager, of Allentown. The first of these, the Ringgold Artillery, was remarkably well drilled and officered, and had been formed more than ten years previous. Its commander, Captain McKnight, had received intimations that his company would be called for in case of emergency. When the news came of the attack on Sumter, the company was drilling in a field at some distance from the city. The intelligence created intense excitement, and the call was loudly made to be led at once to the aid of the Government. At the request of the author of this volume, Captain McKnight prepared a full and very interesting account of the service of his command, from which extracts are presented: "The company," he says, "was armed with four six-pounder brass field-pieces and caissons, with the full equipments of artillerists, including sabres. The

men were very efficient in drill, and previous to the dread tocsin of actual war, had made several excursions, and lodged more than once upon the tented field. . . . Previous to the outbreak of hostilities, I deemed it prudent to get my company into the best possible condition. Indeed, as early as January, 1861, it was intimated to me, through General William H. Keim, that the services of the Ringgolds would probably be required before long. The General, I recollect, asked me how much time would be needed to get ready. My reply was, that we were ready at any moment, and, as he spoke in behalf of the State, though privately, not to occasion unnecessary alarm, from that time the Ringgolds considered their services offered to the Government. Therefore frequent, almost daily drills were practised. When the news came that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, with the unanimous consent of the company, I held it in instant readiness for the service of the General Government. This was before President Lincoln made his call for 75,000 men.

"It was a memorable day for us when the dispatch, announcing the attack on Fort Sumter, reached us. We were at drill about a mile and a half from the city, at about half past eleven A. M. The effect was electrical. All were impatient to start at once. This was on the 15th. Next day, the 16th, marching orders reached us from Harrisburg, from Governor Curtin himself. I immediately got my men together, read the communication, and on the same afternoon at 2 o'clock, was ready to start; but by the advice of the General Superintendent of the Reading Railroad Company, G. A. Nicholls, instead of taking the special train offered, we waited for the regular evening train which started at 6 o'clock. At 8 o'clock P. M., we arrived in Harrisburg, and reported 152 men to the Secretary of State, Colonel Slifer, the Governor being absent in Washington."

Mr. Slifer telegraphed for orders to the Secretary of War, and received an immediate response directing that the company be forwarded at once. An order to this effect was issued to Captain McKnight, but was soon after countermanded, that other troops then on the way might join him, and all proceed in a body. Had this order been executed the Ringgolds would have reached Washington at three o'clock on the morning of the 17th. But

they were compelled instead to remain in Harrisburg. The four other companies named above arrived early on the morning of the 17th, and on the morning of the 18th company H of the Fourth Artillery, under command of Lieutenant Pemberton, afterwards General Pemberton of the Rebel Army, came in from the West, having been ordered to Fort McHenry in Baltimore. The six companies, accordingly, moved by the same train over the Northern Central Railroad. By direction of the Secretary of War Captain McKnight's company left its guns, caissons, and equipments, except sabres, at Harrisburg, to the sore displeasure of the men. The Regulars, to the number of some forty or fifty, had their muskets, as had also a part of the Logan Guards. With the exception of these, and the sabres of the Ringgolds, the party was entirely unarmed. They arrived in Baltimore at half past three in the afternoon.

Of their progress, Captain McKnight gives the following account: "At Baltimore it was necessary for us to march a distance of about two miles to the Washington depot, and we proceeded in the following order; first was company H, Fourth United States Artillery, and then followed in succession the Logan Guards, Allen Rifles, Washington Artillery, National Light Infantry, and the Ringgold Light Artillery. It will thus be seen that my company occupied the second post of honor, the Regulars having the first. The detail of our march through Baltimore I cannot give in more truthful or forcible language than that employed by my friend, Captain E. L. Smith, in a letter addressed to his brother-in-law, the Hon. J. Depuy Davis, State Senator from this county (Berks), bearing date Washington, April 20th, 1861. Captain Smith, it is but proper to say, left his position as a leading lawyer and rising public man in the community, and joined my company as a private; but before the expiration of our company's service he received his commission as Captain in the Regular Army. He says: 'We were under strict orders to say nothing to any one about our reception at, and march through Baltimore. It was feared, that if all the circumstances of our reception in that city were made public, the effect would be to alarm and intimidate. The attack of the mob on the Massachusetts volunteers yesterday (19th) has removed the injunction of secrecy, and I proceed to

give you an account of our passage. We were accompanied from Harrisburg by a body of regulars from the West, numbering some forty or fifty, and the volunteers from Schuylkill, Lehigh, and Mifflin counties, in all some 400 strong. A large force of police met us, upon our landing at the depot, to escort us on our march of about two miles to the Washington Railroad terminus. We were greeted by the mob, which I judged from their appearance to be of all classes, with loud cheers for Jeff. Davis and Secession, and the display of disunion badges accompanied with groans for Lincoln and the Wide-Awakes, with whom it was our misfortune to be at once identified. The Secessionists are, as yet, evidently of the opinion, that no one but a Republican of the North will fight for the Government. This delusion, which, in their situation is, perhaps, natural enough, encourages them, as much as anything else, to hold out against us, in the hope of a reaction in the North in their favor, on the part of the Democrats. The mob hemmed us in on every side, outnumbering ourselves by at least a hundred to one. I must do the rowdies of Baltimore the justice to say, that they proved themselves the most accomplished of their class. To tell you that they indulged in the vilest billingsgate conveys not the slightest idea of the Baltimore vocabulary, which is *sui generis*, abounding in taunt so remarkable in its ingenuity, that it was next to impossible not to reply to it, accompanied by appropriate gesticulations, superior to anything I have ever seen in the whole range of the theatre. . . . Without the most positive orders from our Captain under no circumstances to utter a word, it would not have been in my nature to have remained silent or passive. The first insult I heard was from a person, who, from his dress, *et cetera*, might have passed for a gentleman: "You ugly ——," said he, close to the Captain's face, "but you can't help it, poor devils, you didn't make yourselves." "The whole lager-beer posse," said another, "will hardly make manure enough for one little cotton-plant; their sour-krout carcasses aren't guano nohow." Sometimes they would pitch into some particular individual with the vilest personal allusions, which, if the matter had not been so serious, would have provoked deserved laughter. "Do you see that tall four-eyed monster?" said one, pointing to a spectacled private, "Jeff. Davis will ventilate his window-panes in

nine days." It would fill a volume to detail their smart and opprobrious sayings which were levelled at us all along the route, so near to our ears indeed, that it required the resolution of veterans to bear them. Fists were brandished close to our noses, and the most fearful menaces used. The regulars who accompanied us were our main reliance in case of an attack. The police did good service; but it was plain, from the smiles of many of them at the jests of the crowd, that they were acting from a sense of duty only, and were not in sympathy with us. The regulars by their example did much to keep us from giving rein to the anger and indignation with which every breast was swelling. They marched like so many statues of bronze, seemingly deaf to the din and uproar about them. You will be surprised to learn that not a man of our company was armed except with his sabre. Our swords indeed were formidable enough in their way, but would not have deterred the mob had they known we were without other weapons. They evidently supposed us to be well prepared for any emergency, and our soldierly bearing assisted the delusion. Competent military men, who saw and have heard of our conduct, have expressed surprise that volunteers, and, indeed, many of us the rawest recruits, were so well equal to the critical condition of affairs. The slightest response, upon our side, to the insult of the mob, would have precipitated one of the bloodiest street fights imaginable. What made this ordeal the more trying to us was the fact, that we did not apprehend any molestation. We were fortified in this idea by our reception at every way-station on the road. The enthusiasm in the rural districts of Maryland for us, the display of the old Union banner, the approving smiles of the ladies, and the waving of handkerchiefs from every country mansion, showed that the Union feeling in Maryland was no less strong than that of our own State. Even in the very suburbs of Baltimore, these Union manifestations were observable, and in the city itself, many were the quiet spectators, who looked as if they longed to approach, but thought it wise to refrain. At some points shouts for the Union were given with a will, responded to by the execrations of the mob. One little fellow, an Irishman, at the Washington depot, told us not to fear, that our friends outnumbered the mob, and in case of need would stand by us. He

was at once surrounded by the frantic crowd, and it was a spectacle worth beholding and never to be forgotten, to see him alone, maintaining himself and his sentiments against thousands. He would speedily have been overwhelmed, but the police rescued him. Having endured this terrible ordeal of threatening and abuse, we were thrown pell-mell into cattle cars for Washington. But no sooner were we placed aboard than an attempt was made by the mob to detach the engine from the train and run it away. This was only prevented by the engineer and his assistants drawing revolvers, and threatening to shoot any who dared make the attempt. At length we were dismissed for the Capital, amid the yells and execrations of the hellish ruffians; while incessant showers of stones, brickbats, and other missiles from their infuriated hands saluted the cars. Yet by remarkable good fortune, not a man was hurt, and we arrived here at 7½ o'clock of the same day, and were assigned quarters in the Hall of the House of Representatives. . . .'"

The arrival of these companies caused great rejoicing at the Capital, as the city was entirely destitute of defences or defenders, and there was hourly expectation of the approach of the enemy. It was a matter of congratulation that they had escaped a collision with the turbulent element which raged and seethed around them in the streets of Baltimore. The company of regulars that headed the column had filed off to go to Fort McHenry, their destination, while on the march through the city, and had left the volunteers to pursue their way alone. This was the signal for renewed insults and intensified shoutings; but the Logan Guards, who were left at the head of the column, were uniformed and armed very nearly like the regulars, and by preserving a bold front and passions immovable, they escaped harm. They had had no food since leaving Harrisburg, and were worn out with fatigue and hunger; but their wants were speedily supplied, and the Capitol was warmed and lighted up, at once transforming its dismal and almost mournful aspect into one of comfort and cheer. As the brilliant lights shone forth, the rumor spread through the city that a large force of Northern troops, armed with Minié rifles, were quartered in the Capitol. Mr. Lossing gives the following account of the origin of this rumor, which, by creating

the impression that a much larger force had arrived than was actually there, may have saved it from capture: "This rumor was started by James D. Gay, a member of the Ringgold Light Artillery, who was in Washington City, on business, at the time of their arrival. He was already an enrolled member of a temporary home-guard in Washington, under Cassius M. Clay, which we shall consider presently, and was working with all his might for the salvation of the city. After exchanging greetings with his company at the Capitol, he hastened to Willard's Hotel to proclaim the news. In a letter to the writer, he says: 'The first man I met as I entered the doors was Lieutenant-Colonel Magruder [who afterwards abandoned his flag, and was a General of the Confederate army]. I said, "Colonel, have you heard the good news?" "What is it," he asked. I told him to step to the door. He did so. Pointing to the lights at the Capitol, I said, "Do you see that?" "Yes," he answered, "but what of that?" "Two thousand soldiers," I said, "have marched in there this evening, sir, armed with Minié rifles." "Possible! so much!" he exclaimed, in an excited manner. Of course, what I told him was not true, but I thought that, in the absence of sufficient troops, this false report might save the city.' Mr. Gay's 'pious fraud' had the desired effect."

These five companies, the van of the great army which followed, were immediately supplied with arms and accoutrements, and were put to barricading the Capitol with barrels of flour and cement, and large sheets of boiler iron. Their arrival was opportune, and the promptitude and courage which they displayed was made the subject of the following resolution, unanimously passed by the House of Representatives: "That the thanks of this House are due, and are hereby tendered to the 530 soldiers from Pennsylvania, who passed through the mob of Baltimore, and reached Washington on the 18th of April last, for the defence of the National Capital."

On the following day, with kindred zeal General William F. Small, of Philadelphia, who had early in the year recruited and organized a body of troops known as the Washington Brigade, acting under orders of the Secretary of War, also attempted to pass through Baltimore. General Small had started on the even-

ing of the 18th, with instructions to have the train bearing him taken through Baltimore before daylight, so as to avoid the mob; but through treachery or culpable negligence, he was delayed, and did not reach that city until noon. The Massachusetts Sixth, under command of Colonel Jones, had arrived in Philadelphia on the evening of the 18th, on its way from Boston to Washington, and had encamped for the night, intending to proceed on the following day; but intelligence having been received at midnight that violence would probably be offered at Baltimore, Colonel Jones ordered the long roll beaten, and at one o'clock on the morning of the 19th, started by special train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, hoping to pass through the hostile city before its population should be astir. Mr. Felton, President of this road, says: "I called the Colonel and principal officers into my office, and told them of the dangers they would probably encounter, and advised that each soldier should load his musket before leaving, and be ready for any emergency." This advice was acted on; but the train did not reach that place until near noon, having joined General Small on the way, and come in ahead of him. The track extends through the city, but for nearly two miles the cars have to be drawn by horses. Before reaching the city, Colonel Jones had issued the following order to his men: "The regiment will march through Baltimore in columns of sections, arms at will. You will undoubtedly be abused, insulted, and perhaps assaulted, to which you must pay no attention whatever, but march with your faces square to the front, and give no heed to the mob, even if they throw bricks, stones, and other missiles; but if you are fired upon, and any one of you is hit, your officers will order you to fire. Do not fire into any promiscuous crowds, but select any man whom you may see aiming at you, and be sure you drop him."

As soon as the engine was detached, five cars, containing seven companies, were drawn by horses rapidly through the city, and reached the Washington depot without molestation. It was sometime before the car containing the next company moved; but when it did, it was taken along singly, and was very soon thrown from the track, and the men were attacked by the mob with bricks and stones, and finally with pistols. The fire was

returned by the company, and the fight continued with unabated fury until it rejoined the seven companies which had preceded it. The remaining three companies, with the band, had been detained on the road. When they finally reached the depot, they found the track demolished and the rails carried away. Their only alternative was then to march through the city. They had scarcely started when they were assailed by every imaginable taunt and insult, and soon by missiles of every description, a pile of paving stones having been purposely loosened, ostensibly to repair the street. Finally fire arms were brought into use; but not until two of the soldiers had been killed and a number wounded did this courageous band of only about two hundred heed the insults and deadly attacks of the thousands of mad men by whom they were surrounded. They then received orders to fire, and under their well-directed aim, numbers of the mob began to drop and give way before them. They finally reached their destination, and with their comrades, moved off for Washington. Five of the soldiers were killed and thirty-six were wounded. It is a circumstance worthy of mention, that this was the 19th of April, the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, where the first blood was shed in the War of Independence, and the first victims at Baltimore in the new war were from the county of Middlesex, Massachusetts, in which are Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, and some of the attacked were the descendants of the men who contended on those historic fields.

In the meantime, General Small had arrived, and finding the track demolished, saw at once that all hope of being taken through in cars was gone. His men were ununiformed and unarmed, but with the true spirit of a soldier he determined to brave every peril, and march through the city. The mob, having done with the Massachusetts men, now returned maddened by the taste of blood, to wreak their vengeance upon the Pennsylvanians. For a time, General Small was able to breast the storm, but finding the tumult thickening and his men unarmed, after having one killed and a number wounded, he decided to withdraw and return to Philadelphia. Not satisfied with its victory, the mob followed up the defenceless soldiers and pelted them with stones and clubs, pursuing the train so long as a missile

could be made to reach them. Before this determination had been taken by General Small, and while his men were still struggling in the street, the Mayor of the city and Police Commissioners sent the following telegram to Mr. Felton at Philadelphia: "Withdraw the troops now in Baltimore, and send no more through Baltimore or Maryland." Bethinking himself of the Seaford and Annapolis route, which would avoid Baltimore, and feeling confident that the bridges by way of Baltimore would be burned in any event, Mr. Felton answered: "I will withdraw the troops now in Baltimore, and send no more through the city till I first consult with you," being careful to say nothing about sending over other parts of Maryland; in fact, having already taken measures to secure the ferry-boat at Perryville.

During the night following the 19th, a consultation was held at the house of General Patterson, Governor Curtin, Mr. Felton, Mr. Thompson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, Mr. Hazlehurst, and Mayor Henry being present, at which it was decided, after considerable discussion, to adopt the Perryville route, and means were adopted to procure boats to ply between Perryville and Annapolis. As was anticipated, the bridges on the Baltimore road were burned that night, as were also those on the Northern Central; the telegraph wires were cut, and all communication with the North was severed. Hon. Morrow B. Lowry, who for nine succeeding years was State Senator from the Erie district, had the day before visited Harrisburg to offer his services to the Government, and had been sent by Governor Curtin to Baltimore to watch the progress of events, and keep the State authorities informed of what was transpiring. He arrived on the 19th, the day of the passage of the Massachusetts troops, and was witness to the wild storm and tumult of the dangerous elements in that turbulent city. "No pen," he says, "can describe the horrors of that scene. Upon the pavement at my feet flowed the first blood that was shed in the slaveholder's rebellion. I telegraphed to the authorities at Harrisburg and Philadelphia to send no more troops, as ample preparations existed at Baltimore to send them to bloody graves. Towards evening the railroad bridges on the Northern Central, as well as the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad were fired, and I was thankful to see the flames which would

prevent the approach of more victims. Late in the evening I succeeded in getting a carriage, and went to make a personal examination of the destruction which had been done to these roads, and satisfy myself that no more troops could be taken over them. I then drove to the Washington depot, where I found a car would leave at midnight. I availed myself of the opportunity and reached the Capital at daylight, glad to part company with the roughs who had accompanied me, and who appeared to be there for no good purpose. I drove immediately to the residence of General Cameron, then Secretary of War. His servant informed me that he had not been at home that night. We then drove to the War Office. There was no sentinel on the outside, and I found no one upon the first floor except a colored man sleeping in his chair in the hall, whom I did not disturb, but proceeded to the Secretary's room on the next story. Upon opening the door of the Secretary's private room, I found him sleeping soundly upon a lounge, being exhausted with a hard night's work. I awoke him, when he sprang to his feet, and, calling me by name, demanded by what means I came there. In a few words I communicated to him the condition of the bridges and telegraph lines, and in general the state of things in Baltimore. He at once said: 'Come with me and we will find General Scott.' His residence, a small brick house near the War Office, was soon reached. An old colored woman answered our call. We entered very unceremoniously, and proceeded to General Scott's room, a little bed place upon the floor above. General Cameron aroused him, and communicated the information I had brought. General Scott said: 'Do you know Mr. Lowry? Is he a reliable man?' On being assured of my reliability, turning to Mr. Cameron, he said: 'Call a meeting of the Cabinet at the President's house in the shortest possible time.' Mr. Cameron started at once to find Secretary Seward, and I proceeded to the White House.

"It was now broad daylight. A servant admitted me, whom I prevailed upon, after some hesitation, to call President Lincoln, and say to him that Mr. Lowry of Pennsylvania had startling intelligence to communicate. The President made his appearance half-dressed, and I related to him the story of the Baltimore mob, and the cutting off of communication North. Mr. Lincoln

realized the situation at once. Seeing my exhausted condition, he ordered refreshments for me, of which I stood greatly in need, having eaten nothing since noon of the previous day. It was evident that the salvation of Washington depended upon the Government being able to prevent the destruction of the bridges and road between Perryville and Philadelphia, so as to keep the Annapolis route open. It was also evident that it must repair the bridges of the Northern Central, and the Philadelphia and Wilmington roads and force a passage for Northern troops through Baltimore. To further this it was determined that I should return, as best I could, to Philadelphia and Harrisburg. A slip of paper was given me, signed by Abraham Lincoln, and Simon Cameron, which read: 'Morrow B. Lowry has the confidence of the Government, and all its officers to whom he wishes to communicate must give him every facility in their power.' Concealing this about my person, at about ten o'clock, Saturday morning, I started back to Baltimore. I found a rougher set of men than I had gone over with, though some of them were the identical ones. The train was delayed, and we did not reach Baltimore until half-past three in the afternoon.

"I did not like the attentions I received from some of those who had been my fellow-passengers, so, as they left the cars on the north side, I took the south, and continued my journey on foot heading for Philadelphia. I had a farm about two miles north on the Philadelphia road, and there was living on the place a man by the name of Shunk. I went to his house. He was absent on my arrival, but soon returned. He was not a Northern man in sentiment. I told him that it was important that I should reach Philadelphia that night, and that if he would put me through to Perryville, I would give him $100. He said he could not do it. The truth was, he was afraid to be seen with a Northern man. I then walked out through a lane, leading from my own premises to the Philadelphia Pike. I had hardly entered it, before I was arrested by a half dozen men, some on horseback, who took charge of me as being a suspicious character. Every lane and avenue out of Baltimore appeared to be guarded. I invited my captors to a neighboring saloon, and supplied them plenteously with whiskey, assured them that I was all right, and

took them back to Shunk, who vouched for me and satisfied them. After they left I arranged with Shunk to wait until midnight, when he said he would smuggle me through to the headquarters of an abolitionist named Felix Von Rueth, who lived in the direction of Philadelphia, about ten miles out. Soon after midnight we started on horseback through fields and by-ways, he being familiar with the country. We did not reach our destination until after daylight on Sabbath morning.

"Von Rueth received me kindly. At his house I found three or four wounded soldiers, who had been beaten back from Baltimore. I acquainted him with the great necessity which existed of my arriving early in Philadelphia, for I had learned that it was the intention of the conspirators that evening to burn some bridges east of Perryville, which would break up communication with Annapolis. Von Rueth gave me breakfast, and placing me in an old-fashioned gig, sent his son Flavius (a dashing young man) to drive me. We proceeded a few miles, when we came to a tavern where there were four or five hundred men assembled, armed with every conceivable weapon, to head back the Northern horde, whom they had been told would attempt to pass to Baltimore on the Philadelphia turnpike. When we came in sight of the house, it was evident that we could not pass unmolested. So we made a virtue of necessity, and drove boldly up to the door. Before we could alight, my name and business were demanded. Von Rueth told them I was a clergyman, whom he was taking to preach at Perryville that night. After satisfying them that I belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church South, we were allowed to go on our way unmolested. I might not have had any trouble in crossing at Perryville, but feared to make the attempt, and kept south a mile or two, where Von Rueth left me. The river is wide at this point, but a man was induced to set me across in a crazy old skiff. I then walked through the marshy ground to the depot. I went at once to the telegraph office, and my heart was rejoiced to find, by the click of the instrument, that I could communicate with Philadelphia. It was about two o'clock Sabbath afternoon, when I telegraphed to General Patterson that I had important communications from the Government, and orders for him to send a strong force of men to guard every bridge between there

and Philadelphia. A special locomotive arrived in an incredibly short space of time, and I was not only in Philadelphia, but Harrisburg, before ten o'clock that night. I returned to Washington with General Butler on the first train over the road that had thus been so providentially saved for the Northern troops."

On the 16th of April, Governor Curtin had appointed Major-Generals Robert Patterson and William H. Keim to the command of the troops called out by the Proclamation of President Lincoln of the preceding day, and shortly after, General Patterson was appointed by Lieutenant-General Scott, then General-in-chief, to command the Department of Washington, embracing the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, and the District of Columbia, with headquarters at Philadelphia. Before the route to Washington through Baltimore had been closed, General Patterson, acting upon the advice of Mr. Felton, had selected the Annapolis route, and had sent his aide, Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, to Washington, to recommend it to the attention of the Government. The dispatches brought through by Mr. Lowry gave him authority to act, and he immediately took measures to make it abundantly secure, placing General Butler with the Massachusetts Eighth, and Colonel Lefferts with the New York Seventh, upon the road, who not only held it, but proceeded to repair the track and disabled engines, skilled mechanics being readily found in the ranks.

The number of troops required from Pennsylvania under this first call was sixteen regiments of infantry, afterwards reduced to fourteen. When several of the border States refused to furnish men, the number from the States willing to contribute was increased, and twenty-five regiments were finally accepted. "Such was the patriotic ardor of the people," says Adjutant-General Russell, "that the services of about thirty regiments had to be refused, making in all more than one-half the requisition of the President." When the communication with Washington was severed, which remained so for several days, General Patterson was left without orders, and was obliged to act upon his own judgment. Foreseeing the desperate nature of the contest upon which the country was entering, and convinced that the small force called for three months would be unable to effect the pur-

pose for which they were summoned, and fearful that at the expiration of their term no troops would be in readiness to take their places, he assumed the responsibility of authorizing the formation of an additional force in the following words, addressed to the Governor of Pennsylvania: "I feel it my duty to express to you my clear and decided opinion that the force at the disposal of this Department should be increased without delay. I, therefore, have to request of your Excellency to direct, that twenty-five additional regiments of infantry and one regiment of cavalry be called for forthwith, to be mustered into the service of the United States." Steps were immediately taken to raise this force, and considerable progress had been made, when communication with the Capital was restored, and the Government, not feeling itself warranted in calling more troops, revoked the General's order, accompanying the notice of revocation with the statement "that it was more important to reduce than enlarge the number" already ordered.

The first duty after securing the Annapolis route, was to open that by way of Baltimore, and as soon as the troops were organized and sufficiently in hand, it was promptly undertaken. The forces selected for this purpose were the Seventeenth Pennsylvania regiment, known in the militia as the First Artillery, T. W. Sherman's Light Battery, and five companies of the Third Regular Infantry, all under command of Colonel Francis E. Patterson, son of the General. By this time, however, the rebellious element in Baltimore had lost strength and daring, and the Union sentiment had assumed a power and a vitality which made itself felt. Colonel Patterson's force, therefore, marched in without opposition. The National authority thus established was maintained, and the tide of volunteers, which soon after began to flow towards the Capital, was not again interrupted.

From the first dawning of the Rebellion, it was seen that Pennsylvania, by its long line of border contiguous to rebellious territory, was exposed to the invasion, or sudden sallies of the enemy. Pittsburg was a city of great wealth, and here were cast the heavy guns for the navy, siege guns for the army, and here much of the material for the war was manufactured. It lay, too, upon the track of a great thoroughfare for the passage of troops

to the Eastern army. It would, at any time, have been an important strategic point for the enemy to have held. But West Virginia proved true to the flag, thus interposing loyal territory, and the city was too far away from the eastern rebellious armies to tempt them to make a difficult campaign to reduce it.

But the Shenandoah Valley, of Virginia, leads naturally into the Cumberland Valley, of Pennsylvania. Indeed, one is but a continuation of the other. A heavy Union force was kept to guard the approaches to the Capital, and consequently the enemy sought to avoid exposing himself to a flank attack from that direction in moving for the invasion of the North, by interposing a great mountain range. The Shenandoah Valley, therefore, became the great natural highway for a hostile advance. How best to shut its mouth, and secure it against egress, was the first care of the Union leaders. Hence, when upon Virginia soil, the armies of Rebellion began to gather, General Patterson was sent into the Cumberland Valley to establish a camp and organize a force to guard the frontier, or if need be, drive back the enemy. His camp was formed at Chambersburg. With the exception of the Fourth and Fifth regiments, which were sent to Washington, the Twelfth, which was employed on the line of the Northern Central Railroad, and the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twenty-second, which were stationed at Baltimore and vicinity, the entire twenty-five Pennsylvania regiments were gathered in Patterson's column. Upon his staff, and of his brigade and division commanders, were some of the ablest of the Union soldiers, who subsequently achieved a world-wide reputation. George H. Thomas, Abner Doubleday, David B. Birney, James S. Negley, and J. J. Abercrombie were among his subordinates, while Fitz John Porter and John Newton served upon his staff, and Keim, Cadwalader, and Stone led his divisions.

Beauregard, who commanded the rebel army being marshalled on the plains of Manassas, early sent a force into the Shenandoah Valley, under the afterwards famous Stonewall Jackson, who was subsequently superseded in chief command by General Joseph E. Johnston, Jackson remaining with him in a subordinate capacity. Johnston posted his forces at Harper's Ferry, and from that point, as headquarters, held the Valley in his firm grasp. Patterson's

first care was to drive Johnston back, and after opening the Baltimore and Ohio Railway and Canal, to push forward towards Winchester. When Johnston discovered that it was the intention of Patterson to cross and offer battle, he evacuated Harper's Ferry. So soon as General Scott learned this, he discouraged an advance by Patterson, apprehending that Johnston would be forced back and form a junction with Beauregard, thus increasing the complications in front of Washington. He accordingly ordered all the available field artillery, Regulars, and General Burnside's fine Rhode Island regiment, to Washington. When this order came, Patterson was already across the Potomac, and advancing confidently. Without artillery he could do nothing, and much to his chagrin, he was obliged to retire to the Maryland shore, at the same time remonstrating vigorously against being thus stripped of artillery and trained troops, and pleading earnestly to have them returned to him; but the order was imperative. Referring to this action, Hon. John Sherman, in a letter to General Patterson, said: "The great error of General Scott undoubtedly was, that he gave way to a causeless apprehension that Washington was to be attacked before the meeting of Congress, and therefore weakened you when you were advancing. No subsequent movement could repair that error." And General Patterson, in commenting upon this, says: "This, I venture to say, will be the conclusion of any one who dispassionately examines the subject. I was mortified and humiliated at having to recross the river without striking a blow. I knew that my reputation would be grievously damaged by it; the country could not understand the meaning of this crossing and recrossing, this marching and countermarching in the face of the foe, and that I would be censured without stint for such apparent vacillation and want of purpose."

A few days after this, on the 20th of June, General Scott requested General Patterson to submit a plan of operations. This the latter did on the following day, just one month before the battle of Bull Run, and it was, in substance, to fortify and garrison Maryland Heights, transfer the depot of supply and reserve force to Hagerstown, and then move with the whole remaining force, horse, foot, and artillery, across the Potomac to Leesburg,—then to threaten the enemy in the Valley should he attempt to

advance to or cross the Potomac,—or join McDowell at Manassas the moment needed. This plan was rejected, and Patterson was ordered on the 25th to remain in front of the enemy, and if, in superior or equal force, to cross and attack him. As soon as his troops could be put in order he did cross, came up with Stonewall Jackson at Falling Waters, fought and defeated him, and pushed forward to Martinsburg and Bunker Hill. Patterson was ordered to hold Johnston in the Valley by making a demonstration on the day of the contemplated battle at Manassas. General Scott gave notice that the battle would be fought by McDowell on Tuesday, the 16th of July, and accordingly General Patterson made an active and noisy advance towards Winchester, causing Johnston, who was well entrenched there, to be reinforced from Strasburg, and who, as subsequently ascertained, was expecting an attack, and had his entire force in battle array. General Patterson had received, on the 13th, a telegram from General Scott, in these words: "I telegraphed you yesterday, if not strong enough to beat the enemy early next week, to make demonstrations so as to detain him in the Valley of Winchester; but if he retreats in force towards Manassas, and it be hazardous to follow him, then consider the route *via* Keyes' Ferry, Leesburg, etc." Well knowing that he was vastly inferior to Johnston in numbers, who, in addition to being well entrenched, had abundance of field and siege artillery, supposing that the contemplated battle at Bull Run was being fought on the 16th and 17th of July, as he had been advised it would be, and as he had been informed by telegram it had actually been begun on the latter day,* having seen his demonstration successful, he commenced on the 18th moving towards Keyes' Ferry, as he had been directed to do, and as the best officers in his column, in council of war, had advised.

But the battle of Bull Run was not fought until the 21st, and Johnston, thus left free to join Beauregard, having a direct route open, and a railroad upon which to move, abandoned Winchester, and arrived upon the field of Bull Run in time to take an active

* McDowell's first day's work has driven the enemy beyond Fairfax Court-House. The Junction will probably be carried to-morrow.—*Telegram of General Scott to General Patterson, of July* 17.

part in the fight. It resulted disastrously to the Union arms, and General Patterson was blamed, and charged with the defeat. It was claimed that he should have attacked Johnston, or followed him, or reinforced McDowell, each of which was impracticable. General Abercrombie, a regular army officer, who commanded a brigade in Patterson's column, in March, 1862, rode over the ground occupied by Johnston, at Winchester, and thus wrote to General Patterson: "I rode over the ground occupied by Johnston in July, and after a careful examination, I found that I had no reason to change my opinion as to the course you adopted. The works themselves were of no great strength, but the judicious disposition made of them, the favorable character of the ground, size, and number of guns, and numerical strength of force, ought to have defeated double the number. I think you may rely on this: Johnston had 26,000 volunteers that were mustered into the service, and between 6000 and 7000 of what they call militia, making some 32,000 or 33,000 men. The trenches extend some four or five miles. They commence at the turnpike leading to Charlestown, due east from Winchester, and run to the base of the hills west of the town, and at every few hundred paces we found platforms for heavy pivot guns, some of them rifled, so I am told. On the hills alluded to, some very heavy guns were admirably arranged, and commanded the whole valley. These, also, were made to traverse in every direction. Most of the earth-works were constructed with regard to the Martinsburg route. On the 16th, Johnston had his whole force under arms in battle order, and waited some hours, under the impression that you were approaching from Bunker Hill to attack him, and has since said he regrets not having attacked you. General Johnston had not less than 32,000 men, a very strong position, and between sixty and seventy guns, eleven of them pivot and of heavy calibre. I have conversed with a number of intelligent persons on the subject, and all agree very nearly as to the strength of Johnston's force and number of guns, and my own observations and personal inspection of the abandoned earth-works satisfy me of the correctness of their statements."

On the other hand, General Patterson was operating with a force much inferior, deficient in cavalry, artillery and transporta-

tion, a considerable body of men ordered to him, for some cause having failed to reach him. "I was," General Patterson says, "probably operating with a force less by twelve regiments than the General-in-chief intended; a fact sufficient to explain his exaggerated ideas of the strength of my command. My largest force was accumulated at Martinsburg, about 18,200 men. When I marched from there, I had to leave two regiments, taking about 16,800 men with me, and deducting from them the sick, the rear, and wagon guards, I could not have gone into action with more than 13,000 men, and at the time Johnston marched from Winchester I could not have taken into action 10,000 men."

Under these circumstances, to have attacked would have been fool-hardy, and sure to have entailed defeat. To have remained and made more determined demonstrations would have availed nothing, as Johnston could have left his militia to man the intrenchments, and have moved away the moment he was needed, and Patterson would have been powerless to prevent it. It would have been equally impossible for the latter to have attempted to follow, for he could not have known when the movement would take place. Indeed, the advance of so weak a force in the face of one powerful as was that of Johnston, who could at any moment have been strongly reinforced from Manassas, was a most hazardous one, and one which the Government and country should have regarded itself well out of when Patterson brought off his forces in safety to Harper's Ferry. Another circumstance which made the situation of the Union commander all the more delicate was, that the term of service of nearly his entire command had either fully expired or would expire in a few days. So great was the difficulty of maintaining himself until he could be reinforced by fresh troops to supply the place of those retiring, that he was obliged to appeal to the latter to remain in the field, which they did. But instead of bestowing upon these troops the meed of praise, which by their patriotism they richly merited, and regarding their commander with gratitude, the vials of denunciation and wrath were opened upon them in unstinted measure.

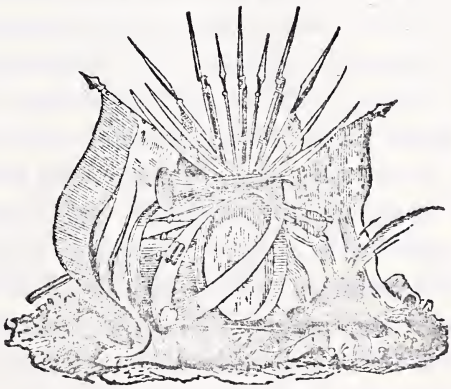
General Patterson, in 1865, after the war was over, prepared

a narrative of the campaign, with all the correspondence which passed between himself and the General-in-chief. In one of the opening paragraphs he says: "The arms of the country had recently met with a severe disaster at Bull Run, and the public, whose expectation of success had been of the most sanguine character, were correspondingly depressed. Although conscious that I had executed, as far as lay in my power, every order that I had received, and was in no degree responsible for a disaster that I could not prevent, I was not surprised that I, as well as every other officer holding any command of importance at the time, should be the object of popular clamor. I was quite satisfied, however, to await the returning sense of the people, and to abide by their decision, when the natural passion and disappointment of the hour should pass away, and the full knowledge of the facts should enable them to form an intelligent and dispassionate judgment. . . . It was of course desirable for those who had directed the movements at Bull Run to refer their defeat to an occurrence for which they were not responsible, and not allow it to be attributed to any want of foresight or military skill on their part."

The fault of the positions of Patterson's and McDowell's armies in that first campaign of the war is now generally recognized. A hostile army cannot be confined and guarded like a flock of sheep. Instead of stationing forces at various points to check its motion, the true theory is to keep all the guarding forces in one compact body in readiness to move and fight as exigences may require. To get the most power out of an army depends upon bringing the greatest accumulation of strength to bear upon the point of impact. If a stone mason desires to break a tough rock, he selects a hammer of sufficient weight to effect the purpose, and brings it to bear with the requisite force at some one point, instead of employing the same weight of metal in a number of small hammers, and applying them in futile attempts in several opposite directions.

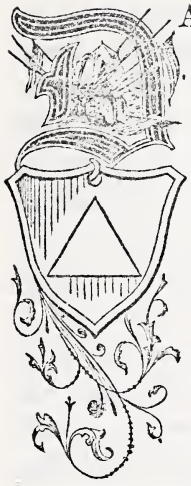
The two armies of Patterson and McDowell were separated by the two armies of Beauregard and Johnston, so posted, however, as to be practically one. The latter could, therefore, choose either of the opposing forces for attack, unite their

strength, and defeat that one, and then turn upon and demolish the other. This is precisely what happened at Bull Run. Beauregard and Johnston formed a junction, and defeated McDowell, and would then have turned upon Patterson, had he not opportunely withdrawn. For this separation of force in the plan of the campaign, neither Patterson nor the troops of Pennsylvania, who served under him, were responsible.



# CHAPTER VI.

## THE GREAT UPRISING.



DANGERS now rapidly multiplied, and complications hourly thickened. On the 20th of April, 1861, the day following that in which the Massachusetts soldiers and General Small's Brigade of Pennsylvanians were attacked in Baltimore, Governor Curtin, recognizing the gravity of the dangers with which the State was threatened, issued the following Proclamation: "Whereas, an armed rebellion exists in a portion of the States of this Union, threatening the destruction of the National Government, perilling public and private property, endangering the peace and security of this Commonwealth, and inviting systematic piracy; and Whereas, adequate provision does not exist by law to enable the Executive to make the military power of the State as able and efficient as it should be for the common defence of the State and General Government, and Whereas, an occasion so extraordinary requires prompt legislative power, Therefore, I, by virtue of the power vested in me, do hereby convene the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, and require the members to meet at their respective Houses at Harrisburg, on Tuesday, April 30th, at noon, then to take into consideration and adopt such measures in the premises as the present exigences may demand." The seriousness of the situation was greatly enhanced by the fact that on the night previous to the issue of this call, all the lines of telegraph, and also all the great railroad thoroughfares leading to Washington, had been destroyed. The State was thus left open to attack, the General Government being unable to defend even its own Capital.

In his Message at the opening of this extra session, the Governor said: "The insurrection must now be met by force of arms; and to re-establish the Government upon an enduring basis by asserting its entire supremacy, to repossess the forts and other Government property so unlawfully seized and held, to ensure personal freedom and safety to the people and commerce of the Union, in every section, the people of the loyal States demand, as with one voice, and will contend for, as with one heart, and a quarter of a million of Pennsylvania's sons will answer the call to arms, if need be, to wrest us from a reign of anarchy and plunder, and secure for themselves and their children, for ages to come, the perpetuity of this Government and its beneficent institutions. . . . It is impossible to predict the lengths to which the madness that rules the hour in the rebellious States shall lead us, or when the calamities which threaten our hitherto happy country shall terminate. . . . To furnish ready support to those who have gone out, and to protect our borders, we should have a well-regulated military force. I, therefore, recommend the immediate organization, disciplining, and arming of at least fifteen regiments of cavalry and infantry, exclusive of those called into the service of the United States. As we have already ample warning of the necessity of being prepared for any sudden exigency that may arise, I cannot too much impress this upon you."

A bill was accordingly drawn, which after being duly considered and matured, was passed on the 15th of May, that gave the Governor the means and the authority to put the State in attitude to defend its southern border against the sudden incursions of the enemy, and to fly to the aid of the General Government in an emergency. By its terms the borrowing of $3,000,000 on the faith of the Commonwealth was authorized; the appointment of one Major-General and two Brigadier-Generals, and a grand staff; the terms of service of the Adjutant, Quartermaster, and Commissary-Generals were fixed for three years; soldiers were forbidden to leave the State to volunteer, and troops were prohibited from moving beyond the limits of the Commonwealth until fully armed and equipped; Associate Judges and County Commissioners were constituted a Board to meet monthly

and provide relief at the expense of the county, for any in destitute circumstances dependent upon soldiers called into the military service, to meet which demands the Commissioners were empowered to make temporary loans; pensions were granted to the widow or minor children of one falling in the service; county and municipal officers who wished to enlist were allowed to appoint deputies; and the establishment of a military professorship in universities, colleges, and academies of the Commonwealth was authorized. These provisions indicate the earnestness which, at that early period, the Legislature manifested, and the enlarged and humane views by which it was swayed.

But the most important provision of the law was that, in compliance with the recommendation of the Governor, which authorized the formation of the Reserve Volunteer Corps of the Commonwealth, that eventually achieved a wide reputation as the Pennsylvania Reserves. The duty of raising this corps was entrusted to the Commander-in-chief, and the officers of the grand staff. It was to consist of thirteen regiments of Infantry, one of Cavalry, and one of Light Artillery, to serve for three years unless sooner discharged, to be liable to be called into the service of the State to suppress insurrection or to repel invasion, and further, to be liable to be mustered into the service of the United States at the call of the President. The Governor was to establish camps of instruction, and armories, and was to designate the time when the soldiers should attend upon instruction. When not in camp, nor in the field, they were to hold themselves in readiness to rendezvous upon the instant of warning.

The plan as provided in this bill would have given the Commonwealth the advantage of the instant service of a body of 15,000 picked troops, trained and disciplined by frequent and efficient drills, had it been executed as intended. Camps were established at West Chester, at Easton, at Harrisburg, and at Pittsburg, and George A. McCall, an experienced soldier, was appointed Major-General, under whose direction the corps was rapidly organized. Under the order of General Patterson for twenty-five regiments, while he was in command of the Department of Washington, and while cut off from communication with the Government, considerable progress had been made in recruiting, and when

that order was countermanded, the work was not arrested, as there seemed a certain prospect that more troops would be needed; and when on the 15th of May, three weeks after the order of Patterson, the act providing for the Reserve Corps was passed, many troops were in readiness to enter it. To make it really the representative of the entire State, the Commander-in-chief made an estimate of the number, apportioned according to population, which could be received from each county.

But an event was soon to occur which eclipsed in pressing necessity the immediate defence of the southern border of the State. On the 21st of July was fought the first battle of Bull Run, in which the Union arms suffered a disastrous defeat. The field was within hearing of the National Capital, and the beaten army was largely composed of troops whose time had already ended, or would soon expire. Great consternation prevailed lest the foe, animated by victory, should immediately march upon the Capital, while few troops were left to defend it, and capture or disperse the officers of the Government. In this extremity the President called for the Reserve Corps, which, thanks to the intelligent policy of Pennsylvania, was in readiness to march. It arrived upon the front at a moment of dire extremity, and entered the breach, assuring safety to the city and Government. Having thus been taken into the service of the United States, and incorporated with the National army, it never again returned to the exclusive service of Pennsylvania; and during the three years of its duty, whether upon the march, or on the field of carnage, wherever hardships were to be borne or danger met, it maintained a reputation for courage and gallantry unsurpassed, the name of Reserves carrying gladness to friend and terror to foe.

Thus the enterprise of the authorities of Pennsylvania in providing for State defence, was circumvented upon the very threshold of its inception, and the border was left unprotected, except by the enrolled militia and volunteers who came at the Executive's call. Previous to the passage of the act for the organization of the Reserves, the President had called for thirty-nine regiments of infantry and one of cavalry to serve for three years or the war, and under this requisition four regiments were recruited and organized from Pennsylvania, which were mustered into the

United States service in advance of the Reserves. Hence, in numbering the new levies after the twenty-five regiments of three months' troops, these four were interposed, which caused the First of the Reserves to be the Thirtieth of the line. The Thirteenth of the Reserves was a rifle regiment known also as the Bucktail, which was consequently the Forty-second of the line, the artillery, the Fourteenth Reserve, the Forty-third, and the cavalry, the Fifteenth, the Forty-fourth. This duplicate numbering occasioned some confusion and was the source of numberless mistakes. To add to the complication, there were two of the three months' regiments, the Eleventh and the Twenty-third, which, when they came to be organized and recruited for three years, though composed for the most part of new men, like a knife with a new blade and a new handle, retained their old designations. Hence when the Eleventh regiment was spoken of, there was always doubt whether the Eleventh three months', the Eleventh three years', or the Eleventh Reserve, Fortieth of the line, was meant, and there was a possibility that the Eleventh cavalry, One Hundred and Eighth of the line, or the Eleventh militia, might be intended. In making up the records of the men belonging to the several regiments, frequent errors were discovered in official documents traceable to this cause, and some instances occurred in which it was impossible, with the data at hand, to decide with certainty to what regiment they belonged. To render this subject intelligible a table is given in which a statement of the entire force of the Commonwealth is exhibited, to which the reader is referred.

In a message addressed, on the 8th of May, to the Legislature at its extra session of 1861, the Governor informed that body that the Society of the Cincinnati of Pennsylvania had presented to him the sum of $500 to be used towards arming and equipping its volunteer troops, and asked that the manner of its use should be directed by statute. That Society was one whose original members were the representatives of the most exalted patriotism. They were the surviving soldiers of the Revolutionary army, who, when they saw the great work to which they had addressed themselves accomplished, when a long and sanguinary struggle, borne by a people meagre in numbers and with insignificant

resources, finally had terminated triumphantly, gathered themselves together and pledged lasting friendship, and hearts responsive to the woes and wants of any who should be left destitute, or his widow, or his orphans. WASHINGTON was at its head, and MIFFLIN, and WAYNE, and REED, and CADWALADER, sainted names, were of them. That gift, though small in amount, was like a voice from patriot tombs, conjuring the soldiers of the present to fidelity to their trust. It was appropriately devoted to the purchase of flags to be carried at the head of the regiment, an inspiration in battle, and a perpetual reminder of the heroism of the men to which it allied them.

The following resolutions were passed on the 16th: "Whereas, in the present unprecedented circumstances of the country, suffering under a treasonable assault upon our constitutional liberties, this expression of patriotism, by a society founded by Washington and the illustrious chiefs of the Revolution, and embracing in its present organization their immediate and lineal descendants, and which is so honorably, closely associated with the hallowed memories which cluster around the early struggles and checkered history of our Republic, demands special recognition and approval, therefore, *Resolved*, That the Governor be and is hereby directed to expend the said money in the purchase of regimental flags having the coat-of-arms of the State. . . . That the Governor be authorized and directed to convey to the patriotic donors the acknowledgments of this Legislature, for the generous contribution thus spontaneously made towards the preservation of that Union which was established by the labors and sacrifices, and cemented by the blood of the gallant founders of their honored Association."

That the gift might be made the more significant, and might be a perpetual witness to all the soldiers of the State of its origin, a joint resolution was adopted instructing the Governor to ascertain how the regiments from Pennsylvania, during the war of the Revolution, of 1812, and of Mexico, were numbered, among what divisions of the service they were distributed, and where they distinguished themselves in action, and to procure regimental standards for troops now in the field or that may hereafter be recruited, and have them inscribed with the numbers of the afore-

time regiments, have painted thereon the arms of the Commonwealth, and the names of the actions in which those regiments had won renown, and providing that all these standards, "after this unhappy Rebellion is ended, shall be returned to the Adjutant-General of the State, to be further inscribed, as the valor and good conduct of each particular regiment may have deserved, and that they then be carefully preserved by the State, to be delivered to such future regiments as the military necessities of the country may require Pennsylvania to raise."

When, at the conclusion of the war, these flags were returned to the hands of the Governor, their condition gave little hope that this last provision would be executed. On that bright May morning, in 1861, when this resolution was discussed and moulded into form, the actors in the scene had little conception of the countless multitude, making the solid earth tremble with their tread, who were to be called to the field, of the roar of battle, filling the heavens with sulphurous smoke, which was to resound from one end of this broad continent to the other, for the space of four long years, of the whole land filled with mourning for the myriads who, on the one side or the other, were to fall, or that these same flags would be rent and seamed with the hail of battle, and wrapt in the fiery billows of the conflict until many of them should be unrecognizable, and have not a shred left whereon to emblazon their story.

The attempt to hold the Shenandoah Valley by detached troops posted at Winchester or at Harper's Ferry, even though numbered by many thousands, to prevent the advance of the enemy across the Potomac, as in the case of Patterson in 1861, proved fruitless whenever an invasion of Maryland was attempted in force, and disasters of the most startling character to the Union arms were of frequent occurrence there throughout the greater portion of the war. On the 25th of May, 1862, a force of the enemy under Generals Ewell, Edward Johnson, and Stonewall Jackson, advancing down the valley, attacked General Banks who had been left at Winchester with about 4000 men. Spirited actions were maintained with the rebel vanguard, but from paucity of numbers the Union troops were speedily compelled to give way. Banks had with him a train of 500 wagons. These

he struggled to save, and finally succeeded in crossing the Potomac with about 450, the remainder having been destroyed to keep them from the enemy's hands, but with the loss of nearly a quarter of his force in killed, wounded, and missing. The moment this concentrated attack of the enemy was discovered at Washington, presuming that the movement was for invasion, the President called on the Executive for the militia of Pennsylvania to meet the threatened danger. An order was promptly issued to the Major-Generals, and other officers of the State forces, and with alacrity and promptitude the citizen soldiery came flocking to the standard. But before they could be brought together at the camp of rendezvous, it was ascertained that the enemy's column had been checked by movements upon either flank by the forces under Fremont and McDowell, and that the necessity for immediate aid from the militia was past, when, on the 27th, the order was countermanded, and an acknowledgment of the patriotic zeal which had been shown was tendered.

But early in September, the rebel Army of Virginia in all its force, having beaten McClellan upon the Peninsula, and routed Pope upon the plains of Manassas, did cross the Potomac, and the danger of a protracted invasion of Pennsylvania, and the making it the seat of war, seemed imminent. As threatened twice before, the passage of the Potomac was made from the Shenandoah Valley. The rebel Commander-in-chief, General Robert E. Lee, had no sooner planted his army on Maryland soil, than he addressed a proclamation to the people of that State, in which he said: "The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties. They have seen with the profoundest indignation their sister State deprived of every right, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province. . . . Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a Government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this *foreign yoke*, to enable you to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore independence and sovereignty to your State. In obedience to this

wish, our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been despoiled."

From the tenor of this proclamation it will be seen that a general uprising by the people of Maryland was anticipated, and the purpose of a permanent occupation foreshadowed. For how could they hope to "throw off the foreign yoke," and "restore independence and sovereignty," that is the independence and sovereignty of the rebel Government, unless a force of arms was maintained in their midst sufficient to repel any power which could be brought against them? But though the rebel leader was supreme in the State, and for many days held absolute sway, there was no rallying to his support, as he had anticipated. No foreign yoke was felt which they desired to throw off, as they already enjoyed that independence and sovereignty which was their choice. They gave him unmistakably to understand that his offer was gratuitous, and the grey-haired Barbara Fritchie, of "Fredericktown," whose courage the poet Whittier has immortalized in song, dared even to shake the Union flag in the leader's face.

A force of nearly 14,000 Union troops, under Colonel Dixon H. Miles, had been occupying the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, which retired, as the enemy advanced, to Harper's Ferry, where they were shut up and the place invested by an army under Stonewall Jackson, and General Hill, estimated at 35,000 men. After a feeble resistance Miles surrendered, and, at the very moment of yielding, was instantly killed by the explosion of a shell. By this act, commonly regarded as one of disgraceful cowardice, or worse, nearly 12,000 men were surrendered prisoners of war, involving a loss of 11,000 stands of small arms, 1800 horses, and seventy-three pieces of artillery. Again was the futility of attempting to hold this highway of invasion by detached force demonstrated.

As soon as the result of the second battle of Bull Run was known, attention was at once directed to the defenceless condition of Pennsylvania. It was an hour of gloom for the whole country, and especially so to this State. The drain upon the population by the frequent and heavy calls for troops to fill the national

armies, had left but a small part of the men fit for military duty to carry on the ordinary avocations of life. On the 4th of September, the day following that on which the combined Union forces fell back to the defences of Washington, Governor Curtin issued his proclamation, calling upon the people throughout the Commonwealth to rally for organization and drill, and to hold themselves in readiness to move at the moment of need. He recommended the formation of squadrons and companies, and that there might be opportunity for regular and systematic drill, advised that all business be suspended after three o'clock of each day, and that all classes, irrespective of rank or condition, should unite in the work of preparation.

To the counsel of the Executive good heed was given. The lawyer left his briefs, the judge the bench. The voice of wisdom was hushed in the schools. The furrow stood half turned. The water flowed lazily by the mills, whose spindles it was wont to keep whirling in endless attune. The hammer at the forge was silent, and in all the walks of business where was accustomed to be heard the steady hum of industry, a Sabbath silence reigned. On the field of rendezvous stood shoulder to shoulder the man of rare culture and he with the horny hands of toil.

On the 5th, the enemy crossed the Potomac at the various fords, and stood in force upon the Maryland shore; but authentic intelligence of his movements was slow in reaching the North. On the 10th, the Governor issued a General Order, calling on all able-bodied men to enroll, effect complete organizations, supply themselves with arms and sixty rounds of ammunition to the man, tendering arms to such as were unable to procure them; and, on the following day, acting under the authority of the President, he called for 50,000 men, directing them to report by telegraph for orders to march. "This call," says the Governor, in his message to the Legislature, "was promptly responded to, and a large force was sent forward to the Cumberland Valley and its vicinity. The first part of this force, consisting of one regiment and eight companies of infantry, moved from Harrisburg on the night of the 12th of September, and was followed by other regiments as rapidly as they could be organized and transportation provided. The command of the whole force

was taken by Brigadier-General John F. Reynolds, who left his corps in the Army of the Potomac at my urgent request, and hurried to the defence of his native State, for which he is entitled to the thanks of the Commonwealth. Of the volunteer militia, 15,000 were pushed forward to Hagerstown and Boonsboro, in the State of Maryland; 10,000 were posted in the vicinity of Greencastle and Chambersburg; and about 25,000 were at Harrisburg, on their way to Harrisburg, or in readiness and waiting for transportation to proceed thither."

In the meantime, the advance of the invading army was arrested by the prompt movement of the Army of the Potomac. On the 14th, the enemy, who had taken possession of the passes of the South Mountain, was met and routed. Pushing rapidly forward, the Union Army came up with the main body of the foe, concentrated upon a neck of ground partially encircled by the Potomac and Antietam streams, and during the afternoon and evening of the 16th, and day of the 17th, a fierce battle was fought, in which the enemy was worsted, and driven back into Virginia, the field, with the rebel dead and wounded, remaining in the hands of the victorious Army of the Union.

The militia of the Commonwealth, though unable to participate in the struggle, reached the neighborhood of the field of strife in time to have been called into action, had their services been needed, proving their patriotism by their prompt response to the call and the readiness with which they seized the musket and transformed themselves from citizens to soldiers. On the 20th, General Reynolds issued an order for the return of these troops to Harrisburg, where had been established the general camp of rendezvous, and on the 24th they were disbanded and returned to their homes.

A few days after the battle General McClellan addressed, from his headquarters at Sharpsburg, the following letter of acknowledgment, to Governor Curtin, and through him to the people of Pennsylvania: "I beg to avail myself of almost the first moment of leisure I have had since the recent battles, to tender to you my thanks for your wise and energetic action in calling out the militia of Pennsylvania for its defence, when threatened by a numerous and victorious army of the enemy. Fortunately, cir-

cumstances rendered it impossible for the enemy to set foot upon the soil of Pennsylvania, but the moral support rendered to my army by your action was none the less mighty. In the name of my army, and for myself, I again tender to you our acknowledgments for your patriotic course. The manner in which the people of Pennsylvania responded to your call, and hastened to the defence of their frontier, no doubt exercised a great influence upon the enemy."

Governor Bradford, of Maryland, on whose soil the great struggles had occurred, and whose people the rebel General had proclaimed he had come to assist in throwing off a foreign yoke, issued a general order, dated at the Executive Department at Annapolis, September 29th, 1862, in which he said: "The expulsion of the rebel army from the soil of Maryland should not be suffered to pass without the proper acknowledgment and cordial thanks of her authorities, to those who were chiefly instrumental in compelling that evacuation. I would tender, therefore, on behalf of the State of Maryland, to Major-General McClellan, and the gallant officers and men under his command, my earnest and hearty thanks for the distinguished courage, skill, and gallantry with which that achievement was accomplished. It reflects a lustre upon the Commander-in-chief, and the heroism and endurance of his followers, that the country everywhere recognizes, and that even our enemies are constrained to acknowledge. To Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and the militia of his State, who rallied with such alacrity at the first symptoms of an invasion, our warmest thanks are also due. The readiness with which they crossed the border, and took their stand beside the Maryland brigade, shows that the border is, in all respects, but an ideal line, and that in such a cause as now unites us, Pennsylvania and Maryland are but one."

A tribute could not have been more cordially or gracefully rendered to the promptitude and patriotism displayed by the citizens of Pennsylvania, who thus came to the rescue in this critical emergency than was this, and its value was enhanced by the evident sincerity and heartfelt gratitude which pervaded its every utterance. But if the words of the Governor, the chosen representative and mouthpiece of the people of the State, were pleasing

to Pennsylvania, to the army, and indeed to the entire North, with what leaden weight must they have fallen upon the ears of the foe, who had been led to believe that Maryland was rendering unwilling obedience to Union rule, and was ready for revolt when the opportunity should be afforded? The result of this invasion dissipated a delusion which had been filling the minds of the insurgents from the time when the mob in Baltimore had cut off communication with the North, to the triumph of the Union arms on the field of Antietam, and with which they were never afterwards troubled.

For nearly six weeks the Union army remained upon the north bank of the Potomac. On the 19th of October, General Stuart, of the rebel army, with 1800 horsemen, under command of Generals Hampton, Lee, and Jones, and four pieces of flying artillery, crossed the Potomac at McCoy's, between Williamsport and Hancock, and headed for Pennsylvania. As he struck the national road he learned that General Cox, with six Ohio regiments and two batteries, had just passed in the direction of Cumberland. Pushing forward he passed through Mercersburg at noon, and arrived before Chambersburg after dark. Determining not to wait until morning to attack, he sent in a flag of truce demanding its surrender. He found the town defenceless, and immediately entered; 275 Union sick and wounded soldiers were found in hospital and paroled. The troopers were busy gathering horses; but with this exception, the night was passed in quiet. On the following morning the column was early astir, Hampton, who led, taking the road towards Gettysburg. Before departing, the rear guard notified the citizens living in the neighborhood of the warehouses to remove their families, as they were about to fire all public property. In one of these was a large amount of ammunition, captured from General Longstreet's train, but which was for the most part worthless. There were also stored some Government shoes and clothing, and muskets. At eleven o'clock the station-house, round-house, and machine shops of the railroad, and the warehouses near, were fired, and the last of the rebels took their departure. Fire companies were quickly brought out, but it was dangerous to approach. In a little time a terrible explosion told that the flames had reached the powder, and for

hours shells were exploding incessantly. After crossing the South Mountain, the rebel column turned back eight or ten miles in the direction of Hagerstown, and then entered Maryland by way of Emmittsburg. Before reaching Frederick, it crossed the Monocacy, passed at night through Liberty, New Market, and Monravia, cutting the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at the latter place, intercepted at Hyattstown a portion of McClellan's wagon train, and after a sharp skirmish near Poolsville, escaped across the Potomac at White's Ford, incurring scarcely any loss, and carrying off all his booty.

Some incidents of the rebel stay at Chambersburg were pleasantly narrated by Mr. Alexander McClure, in an article contributed at the time to the Chambersburg *Repository*, which paper he then edited. It was evening, and in the midst of a drenching rain, that they came. After going out with two others, Messrs. Kennedy and Kimmell, on behalf of the citizens, to respond to the demand of the rebels for the surrender of the town, and informing them that there was no military force there to oppose them, Mr. McClure hastened to his own home. "It was now midnight," he says, "and I sat on the porch observing their movements. They had my best cornfield beside them, and their horses fared well. In a little while one entered the yard, came up to me, and after a profound bow, politely asked for a few coals to start a fire. I supplied him, and informed him as blandly as possible where he would find wood conveniently, as I had dim visions of camp-fires made of my palings. I was thanked in return, and the mild-mannered villain proceeded at once to strip the fence and kindle fires. Soon after, a squad came and asked permission to get some water. I piloted them to the pump, and again received a profusion of thanks.

"Communication having thus been opened between us, squads followed each other closely for water, but each called and asked permission before getting it, and promptly left the yard. I was somewhat bewildered at this uniform courtesy, and supposed it but a prelude to a general movement upon everything eatable in the morning. It was not a grateful reflection that my beautiful mountain trout, from twelve to twenty inches long, sporting in the spring, would probably grace the rebel breakfast table; that

the blooded calves in the yard beside them would most likely go with the trout; and the dwarf pears had, I felt assured, abundant promise of early relief from their golden burdens.

"About one o'clock, half a dozen officers came to the door and asked to have some coffee made for them, offering to pay liberally for it in Confederate scrip. After concluding a treaty with them on behalf of the colored servants, coffee was promised them, and they then asked for a little bread with it. They were wet and shivering, and seeing a bright, open wood-fire in the library, they asked permission to enter and warm themselves until their coffee should be ready, assuring me that under no circumstances should anything in the house be disturbed by their men. I had no alternative but to accept them as my guests until it might please them to depart, and I did so with as good grace as possible. Once seated around the fire, all reserve seemed forgotten on their part, and they opened a general conversation on politics, the war, the different battles, the merits of generals in both armies, etc. They spoke with entire freedom upon every subject but their movement into Chambersburg. Most of them were men of more than ordinary intelligence and culture, and their demeanor was in all respects eminently courteous. I took a cup of coffee with them, and have seldom seen anything more keenly relished. They said they had not tasted coffee for weeks before, and then they had paid from six to ten dollars per pound for it. When they were through, they asked whether there was any coffee left, and finding that there was some, they proposed to bring some more officers and a few privates who were prostrated by exposure to get what was left. They were, of course, as welcome as those present, and on they came in squads of five or more, until every grain of browned coffee was exhausted. They then asked for tea, and that was served to some twenty more. . . .

"In the meantime, the officers who had first entered the house had filled their pipes from the box of Killickinick on the mantel —after being assured that smoking was not offensive—and we had another hour of free talk on matters generally. When told that I was a decided Republican, they thanked me for being candid; but when, in reply to their inquiries, I told them that I cordially sustained the President's Emancipation Proclamation,

they betrayed a little nervousness, but did not for a moment forget their propriety. They admitted it to be the most serious danger that had yet threatened them, but they were all hopeful that it would not be sustained in the North with sufficient unanimity to enforce it. . . . They all declared themselves heartily sick of the war, but determined never to be reunited with the North. At four o'clock in the morning the welcome blast of the bugle was heard, and they rose hurriedly to depart. Thanking me for the hospitality they had received, we parted, mutually expressing the hope that should we ever meet again, it would be under more pleasant circumstances."

The year 1862 proved one of endless activity. The camps at Harrisburg, at Pittsburg, and in the neighborhood of Philadelphia were kept constantly alive with troops, preparing for the field, and reminded one of hives at swarming time. From the middle of April, 1861, to the close of the year 1862, a period of a little more than twenty months, there were recruited and organized, 111 regiments for a service of three years, including eleven regiments of cavalry and three of artillery; twenty-five regiments for three months, seventeen volunteer regiments for nine months, fifteen of drafted militia, and twenty-five of militia called out for the emergency—a grand aggregate of 193 regiments, embracing in their ranks over 200,000 men. In the work of bringing out so vast a body from the peaceful avocations of life, to swell the ranks of the National armies, there was exhibited a patriotism and a firmness unsurpassed. Mothers encouraged their sons to enlist, and sisters wrought industriously in preparing the outfit of the departing ones, exemplifying the stern heroism of that matron of old who brought forth the shield, and giving it her son, bade him return *with* it, or *on* it. Nor was it a stoical resolve that actuated them. The tenderest emotions were stirred, and it was not without the most bitter pangs that loved ones were seen directing their footsteps to the field. They were daily remembered at the hearthstone, and followed by the prayers of purest and holiest affection.

A voice heard above the stirring appeals of the Executive of

the Commonwealth, or of the Nation, a voice more potent than that of the rostrum, or the promptings of honor on the field of strife, moved all hearts. The song of Bryant in his thrilling strain, *Our Country's Call*, which seemed more aptly addressed to Pennsylvania, from its physical figuration, than to any other State, expressed the sentiment which inspired and moved the gathering hosts:

"Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours are fitter now.
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

"Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green;
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see,
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

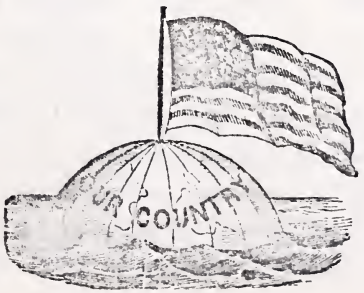
"Ho! sturdy as the oak ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest, leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

"And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand like your own grey cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand to her defence:
The blast as soon shall move the rock,
As rushing squadrons bear you thence.

And ye whose homes are by her grand,
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depths of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains,
And sweep along the woods uptorn.

"And ye who throng beside the deep
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim
A helpless wreck against the shore.

"Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be."

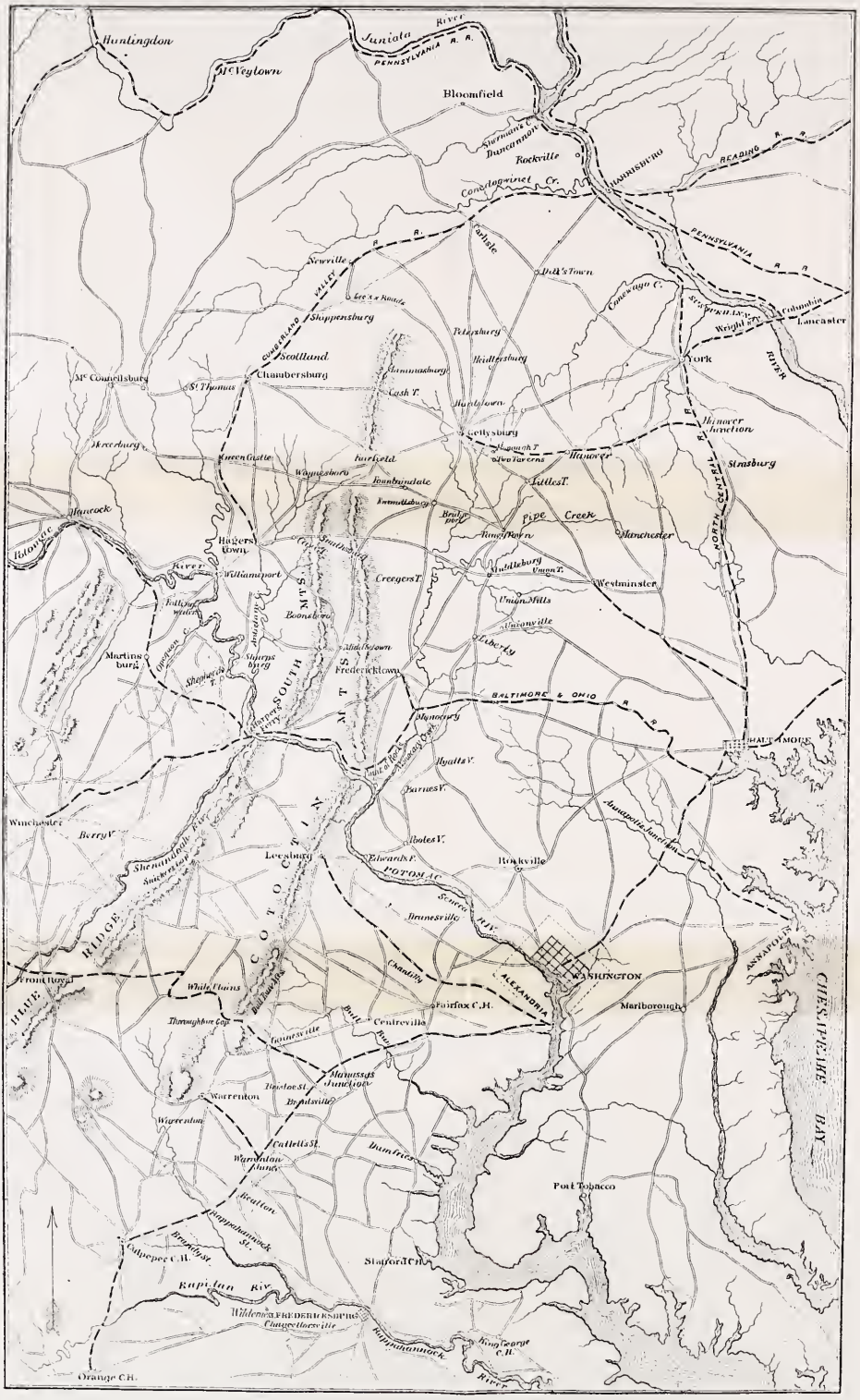


## CHAPTER VII.

### PRELIMINARIES TO THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG UNDER HOOKER.

NO part of Virginia, which in the late war was everywhere ploughed by battle, has more stirring associations, than that bordering upon the Rappahannock. At the head of navigation, upon the right bank of this stream, is Fredericksburg, and a dozen miles above this, on the same side, but a little back from the river, is Chancellorsville. For nearly a year, from October, 1862, to June, 1863, the two contending armies, that of the Potomac, and that of Northern Virginia, had lain stretched out upon the opposite banks, warily watching each other, but principally concentrated about the town of Fredericksburg. Twice during that time the Army of the Potomac had crossed and offered battle, first under General Burnside at Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, a most inclement season, and again under General Hooker, at Chancellorsville, on the 2d and 3d of May. In both of these engagements, that army had been repulsed, and had returned decimated and dispirited to its old camps.

In the latter battle, the rebel army had achieved a victory with only a part of its ordinary strength, heavy columns, upwards of 40,000 men, having been sent away under some of its most trusted Generals, Longstreet, Hill, Picket, Hood, Garnett, Anderson, Jenkins, and Pettigrew, to operate against the Union troops south of the James, principally at Little Washington, North Carolina, and at Suffolk, Virginia, with the design of regaining all that coast. Failing in carrying either of those places either by assault or by direct approaches, the siege of the latter, which had been conducted by Longstreet in person, had been raised on the very day that the most desperate fighting was in progress at




FROM FREDERICKSBURG TO GETTYSBURG.

Chancellorsville. . The new rebel department which had been erected in that locality, and over which General Longstreet had been placed, was broken up, and the troops thus released were hurried away to join General Lee upon the Rappahannock.

Elated by two great victories, and made confident by the large accessions of strength he was receiving, the rebel chieftain at once began to meditate a systematic invasion of the North. In this he was seconded by the Government at Richmond. If a permanent lodgment could be made on Northern soil, great advantages were promised, and the hope, from the beginning cherished, of transferring the theatre of war to that section, would be realized; the great network of railroads concentring at Harrisburg could be broken up; the supply of coal from the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, the almost sole reliance for the entire navy of the Union, could be deranged; the casting of heavy guns for both the army and navy, at Pittsburg, could be impeded; and foreign Governments, seeing the vitality displayed, might thereby be induced to recognize the new power as a nation. Doubtless political considerations at home also urged on the leaders to this enterprise. But greater than all these, the rebel President had learned that Vicksburg must fall before the victorious armies of Grant, and he hoped by a brilliant campaign on Northern soil to break the crushing weight of the blow thus impending from the West.

An invasion seemed to promise some if not all of these advantages. Having gained victories so easily upon the Rappahannock, General Lee argued that he could gain them with equal ease upon the Susquehanna. Turning to the Union army, now commanded by General Hooker, he saw in its condition ample matter of encouragement. It was dispirited by defeat. There was a want of harmony among its Generals, and especially between its Commander and the General-in-chief of all the armies, Halleck. Besides, the time of about 40,000 nine-months' men had expired, and the places which they had left vacant had not been filled. But there was one untoward circumstance, the importance of which, in his overweening self-confidence, he had failed to recognize. On that evening in May, at Chancellorsville, when with the force of an avalanche his massed columns had been precipi-

tated upon the Union army, Stonewall Jackson, that thunderbolt in war, who had led his legions victorious in almost every battle, had fallen, mortally wounded, and was borne forever from the theatre of mortal strife.

In his confidence the whole army and the entire South shared, and on the morning of the 3d of June, just one month from the close of the Battle of Chancellorsville, Lee put his columns in motion for a campaign in the North. He, however, skilfully masked his movements, leaving Hill's corps to occupy his old camps upon the immediate Union front, upon the Rappahannock, and to hold, apparently with his accustomed strength, the intrenchments along all the heights, and sending clouds of cavalry to hover upon his right flank. He also exercised unceasing vigilance to prevent any one from crossing the river who could carry intelligence of his purposes into the Union lines, and all of Hooker's scouts who had been sent across to ascertain what movements were in progress were seized, not one of them returning.

But nothing could escape the keen eye of Hooker. The most insignificant change of camp was noted, and its interpretation divined. As early as the 28th of May, he telegraphed to Secretary Stanton: "It has been impossible for me to give any information concerning the movements of the enemy at all satisfactory. I have had several men over the river, but, as they do not return, I conclude that they have been captured. The enemy's camps are as numerous and as well filled as ever. It was reported to me this morning, by General Gregg, that the enemy's cavalry had made their appearance in the vicinity of Warrenton, on the strength of which I have ordered on to that line Buford's division, to drive them across the river and to keep them there. If necessary, I will send up additional forces. . . . In the event a forward movement should be contemplated by the enemy, and he should have been reinforced by the army from Charleston, I am in doubt as to the direction he will take, but probably the one of last year, however desperate it may appear—desperate if his force should be no greater than we have reason to suppose. The enemy has always shown an unwillingness to attack fortified positions; still, you may rest assured that important movements

are being made, and, in my opinion, it is necessary for every one to be watchful. The enemy has all his cavalry force, five brigades, collected at Culpeper and Jefferson. This would indicate a movement in the direction of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and this it is my duty to look after."

We see in this dispatch already prefigured in the mind of Hooker the probable course which the rebel army would take. Intimations continued to come to him from various sources strengthening this opinion. A Savannah paper had published an outline of the contemplated invasion, which had reached the Northern press. The movement of rebel troops northward was also discovered and reported to him from a signal station in the First corps.

To enable the rebel army to move with assurance of success, its commander had been allowed to draw every available man, taking the columns from before Suffolk, from North Carolina, from Virginia in the direction of Tennessee, and from the rebel Capital. A like concentration was not attempted on the Union side. Dix was at Fortress Monroe, Peck at Suffolk, Foster in North Carolina, Heintzelman in the Department of Washington, Schenck at Baltimore, Tyler at Harper's Ferry, and Milroy at Winchester. Over the troops in these several districts, General Hooker had no control, and when a detachment from one of them near Harper's Ferry received an order from him, its commander refused to obey it, as did General Slough at Alexandria, when a brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserve corps was ordered up to the front. Against this isolation Hooker remonstrated repeatedly. In concluding an important dispatch of the 5th of June, he said: "In view of these contemplated movements of the enemy, I cannot too forcibly impress upon the mind of his Excellency, the President, the necessity of having one commander for all the troops whose operations can have an influence on those of Lee's army. Under the present system all independent commanders are in ignorance of the movements of the others—at least such is my situation. I trust that I may not be considered in the way to this arrangement, as it is a position I do not desire, and only suggest it as I feel the necessity for concert, as well as vigor of action." But his appeal was not heeded, whether from lack of confidence in his

ability to direct operations on so large a scale, or whether it was deemed better to have minor movements under the control of the head of the army at Washington, is not apparent.

In the midst of his efforts to harmonize counsels, and centralize the Union forces, intimations thickened from all sides tending to the one conclusion, that Lee's army had been largely reinforced, and that it was secretly moving on an important campaign, either of invasion, or to turn the right flank of the Union army. Should he find the former supposition to be correct, General Hooker, in the communication quoted from above, desired permission to cross the Rappahannock, and fall upon the isolated portion left in his front. The reply of Mr. Lincoln is characteristic, and illustrates remarkably the clearness of his conceptions, and the homely but pointed similes with which he enforced them: "Yours of to-day," he says, "was received an hour ago. So much of professional military skill is requisite to answer it that I have turned the task over to General Halleck. He promises to perform it with his utmost care. I have but one idea which I think worth suggesting to you, and that is, in case you find Lee coming to the north of the Rappahannock, I would by no means cross to the south of it. If he should leave a rear force at Fredericksburg tempting you to fall upon it, it would fight in intrenchments, and have you at a disadvantage, and so, man for man, worst you at that point, while his main force would be getting an advantage of you northward. In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other. If Lee would come to my side of the river, I would keep on the same side and fight him, or act on the defensive according as might be my estimate of his strength relatively to my own. But these are mere suggestions, which I desire to be controlled by the judgment of yourself and General Halleck."

The opinion of Mr. Lincoln, expressed in his quaint but forcible way, must be acknowledged remarkably just, and withal is so modestly propounded that it cannot fail to commend itself to the most violent advocate of the opposing view. A small force in the intrenchments, upon those frowning heights which had

been before attacked with such disastrous results, would have been equal to a much larger one in the attacking column.

That he might, however, discover what was really behind the works on his front, the Sixth corps was ordered down to Franklin's crossing of the Rappahannock a little below Fredericksburg, on the morning of the 6th of June, and a portion of it, under command of General Howe, was thrown across. A strong demonstration showed that the enemy was in heavy force in front, and that the heights, for a distance of twenty miles, were still firmly held, Hill's entire corps of 30,000 men being present. But that he might seem to threaten the rebel rear and retain his troops as long as possible, Hooker kept the Sixth corps in position at the river, with the Fifth at Banks' and United States Fords, and as late as the 12th threw across two pontoon bridges as if to pass over. Lee, in his official report, says: "General Hill disposed his forces to resist their advance, but as they seemed intended for the purpose of observation rather than attack, the movements in progress were not arrested."

Determined to be satisfied of the real position of the rebel infantry, Pleasanton, who commanded the cavalry, was ordered to cross the Rappahannock at the fords above, at daylight on the morning of the 9th, with a strong column, stiffened by 3000 infantry, and attack the enemy's cavalry camp,—supposed to be located in the direction of Culpeper. A severe battle ensued in the neighborhood of Brandy station, in which the enemy was roughly handled. But the rebel infantry coming to the rescue, Pleasanton was obliged to withdraw. From information obtained and official papers captured, it was learned that the enemy's cavalry, which, by accessions from the Shenandoah Valley and from North Carolina, now numbered 12,000 men, and had, the day before, been reviewed by General Lee, was on the following morning, the 10th, to have started on a raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

The result of this reconnoissance was two-fold, and proved very important to the Union commander. It crippled the enemy's cavalry in such a manner that it did not recover so as to be effective in the campaign upon which it was about entering, giving an evil omen to its opening scene; and it disclosed the fact that

two corps of the enemy, those of Ewell and Longstreet, were well on their way towards the Shenandoah Valley. It also demonstrated the very unpleasant fact that Lee's cavalry was at least a third stronger than Hooker's. Having abundant force to seize and hold all the fords of the river, the enemy was secure from attack while on the march, and when the valley was reached, by holding the passes of the Blue Ridge, he was completely protected by this great natural wall.

Convinced that the movement of the opposing army was not a feint, but the opening of a real campaign northward, on the morning of the 12th, Hooker ordered General Reynolds to assume command of the right wing of the Union army, consisting of the First, his own, Third, and Eleventh corps, and all the cavalry, and proceed with it along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, to Manassas, a movement correspondent to that which the enemy was making, though upon an inner circle, with Washington as a centre; and on the following day ordered the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Twelfth corps into motion northward. The moment the Union forces disappeared behind the hills of Stafford, Hill withdrew from his position and followed Lee. Ewell, who was in the advance, had crossed the Shenandoah river at Front Royal and passed down behind the great mountain range which walls it in on the south; but Longstreet, seeing the Union army moving away from him, felt secure in marching by the more direct route on this side of the Blue range, and entered the valley by Snicker's Gap. Hill moved upon the track of Ewell. That his left flank might be protected from incursions from West Virginia, Lee sent Imboden with a body of cavalry towards Romney, who destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, effectually cutting off communication from Union forces operating in that direction.

The old counsel of keeping a force at Harper's Ferry to guard the mouth of the valley, and prevent incursions into Maryland and Pennsylvania, had been persevered in, and when the enemy's cavalry sent forward under Jenkins approached, closely followed by the infantry of Ewell, they found a Union force at Winchester of 7500 men under General Milroy, and another at Harper's Ferry under General Tyler of 10,000,—too many troops to throw

away, and too few to cope with the numbers brought against them, enough to tempt to enterprise, and give zest to the play. Again was this the field of shame, disaster, and defeat. By a strange oversight, neither General Halleck nor the Secretary of War had informed General Milroy, who was first to be struck, that the rebel army was moving in force down the valley, and he had no intimation of the fact until the head of Ewell's column was upon him. He made such resistance as was possible, but was speedily routed, and all his guns and many of his men fell into the enemy's hands. On the night of the 14th, having ascertained that two corps of the rebel army, numbering 60,000 men, were upon his front, and being convinced that further resistance was useless, he had determined, in council of war, to cut his way out. He accordingly spiked his guns, and leaving all his trains which had not already been sent away, marched at two in the morning of the 15th; but at a point four miles out on the Martinsburg pike, he encountered a heavy column under Johnson posted to intercept him, and though making a gallant fight was unable to move the foe. His forces were broken, and while many of them escaped and made their way into the Union lines, the killed, wounded, and missing numbered more than half of his command.

That Lee should not out-manœuvre him, and by powerful demonstrations northward, suddenly turn and come in upon his rear, Hooker moved slowly, keeping himself constantly informed of the progress of the main body of his antagonist's force, and sending the Second corps to Thoroughfare Gap, and a division of cavalry supported by the Fifth corps, to Aldie. At this point a brisk action occurred with the cavalry of Stuart, wherein the latter was pushed back through Upperville into Ashby's Gap, by the division of General Gregg, supported by General Kilpatrick. "We took," says General Pleasanton, "two pieces of artillery, one being a Blakeley gun, together with three caissons, besides blowing one up. We also captured upwards of sixty prisoners, and more are coming in, including a Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and five other officers, besides a wounded Colonel, and a large number of wounded rebels in the town of Upperville. They left their dead and wounded upon the field. Of the former I saw

upwards of twenty. We also took a large number of carbines, pistols, and sabres. In fact, it was a most disastrous day for the rebel cavalry. Our loss has been very small both in men and horses. I never saw the troops behave better, or under more difficult circumstances."

It was now thoroughly apparent to Hooker that the rebel army was intent not merely on crossing the Potomac but on pushing the invasion as far north as the Army of the Potomac would allow. He had, on the 15th, six days before this latter engagement, telegraphed to the President: "I now feel that invasion is his settled purpose. If so, he has more to accomplish, but with more hazard, by striking an easterly direction after crossing than a northerly one. It seems to me that he will be more likely to go north and to incline to the west. He can have no design to look after his rear. It is an act of desperation on his part, no matter in what force he moves." Hooker never appears to better advantage than in the few sentences here quoted, except it be in the manœuvres preliminary to Chancellorsville. He seems as conversant with his adversary's plans and purposes as does that adversary himself, and his movements are timed with a skill unexampled to completely shield Washington, and to be in readiness to strike should the opportunity be presented. This is now made apparent by General Lee's own report. "The position occupied by the enemy," he says, "opposite Fredericksburg, being one in which he could not be attacked to advantage, it was determined to draw him from it. The execution of this purpose embraced the relief of the Shenandoah Valley from the troops that had occupied the lower part of it during the winter and spring, and, if practicable, the transfer of the scene of hostilities north of the Potomac. . . . In addition to these advantages, it was hoped that other valuable results might be attained by military success."

What those valuable results were, may be inferred from the rumors which found their way into the Southern press, and were commented on in the most extravagant and visionary manner. The Richmond *Whig*, of July 1st, counting confidently on success, said: "If it be true that the Confederate forces occupy Harrisburg, the attention of the Commanding General will no doubt be

directed to the coal-fields, which lie within forty or fifty miles of that city. His first aim will be to cut all the railroad connections, and thus put a stop to the transportation of fuel. His next will be to destroy the most costly and not easily replaced machinery of the pits. Whether he would stop at this is questionable. He might set fire to the pits, withdraw the forces sent out on this special duty, and leave the heart of Pennsylvania on fire, never to be quenched until a river is turned into the pits, or the vast supply of coal is reduced to ashes. The anthracite coal is found in large quantities in no other part of the world but Pennsylvania. Enormous quantities are used in the United States navy, the countless workshops and manufactories of the North, in the river boats and even upon locomotives. It cannot well be replaced by any other fuel. The bituminous coal which is found near Pittsburg would not answer the purpose, even if it would bear the cost of transportation. Our troops already hold the railroads and canals leading from the Cumberland coal-fields. All that is needed is to seize the anthracite fields, destroy the roads and machinery of the pits, set fire to the mines and leave them. Northern industry will thus be paralyzed at a single blow. These views may have induced General Lee to move upon Harrisburg. We doubt whether he would fire the mines, but the destruction of the Mauch Chunk Railroad and pit implements would be as legitimate as blowing up tunnels and aqueducts, or burning bridges. Of one thing we may be sure, that whatever is best to be done will be done by General Lee, and if he thinks proper to destroy the Pennsylvania mines they will certainly be destroyed."

Three days before this was written, General Lee records in his report: "Preparations were now made to move on Harrisburg," showing that the Richmond papers, though mistaken as to the result, were correctly informed of the purposes of the Confederate chieftain.

While the armies of Hooker and Lee were moving northward, only separated from each other by a mountain chain, the States north of the Potomac, which lay directly in their way, began to take the alarm. But a narrow section of Maryland had to be traversed before the southern border of Pennsylvania would be

reached, a country luxurious with waving grain, plenteous flocks and herds, and orchards bending with mellow fruit, tempting the hand of the spoiler. For the defence of the border no preparations had been made, and no power existed capable of arresting the march of the veteran army of the enemy, other than an equally strong and well disciplined force. The attempt to have kept a body of militia, or even of trained soldiers unskilled in battle, to guard it, would have been as impracticable as it would have been useless. But to prepare for temporary defence, and to succor the army of the Union in its grapple with its adversary, which was sure to come, was now the part of discretion; and accordingly, on the 9th of June, two military departments were erected, one embracing all that part of Pennsylvania east of Johnstown and the Laurel Hill range, with headquarters at Harrisburg, at the head of which Major-General Darius N. Couch was placed, and the other, the portion of the State west of that line, together with parts of West Virginia and Ohio contiguous, with headquarters at Pittsburg, and to the command of which Major-General William T. H. Brooks was assigned. These officers were charged with organizing troops within their respective districts, under the title of departmental corps. In this work they were powerfully aided by Governor Curtin, who issued his proclamation on the 12th, assuring the people of the danger impending, and urging them to enlist in the proposed organizations, and on the 14th, especially called upon citizens of African descent to rally around the standard of the State.

But little progress was made in the work of gathering troops. Men were slow to come. It was at a season of the year when every laboring man was needed to gather the maturing crops, and every walk of life had been already depleted to swell the ranks of the National armies. It would seem, too, that even those in authority were not impressed with the belief that an invasion by the whole rebel army was meditated. In his proclamation, Governor Curtin said: "Information has been obtained by the War Department, that a large rebel force, composed of cavalry, artillery, and mounted infantry, has been prepared for the purpose of making a raid into Pennsylvania;" and General Couch, in his order announcing the formation of his corps: "To pre-

vent serious raids by the enemy, it is deemed necessary to call upon the citizens of Pennsylvania to furnish promptly all the men necessary to organize an army corps of volunteer infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to be designated the Army Corps of the Susquehanna."

Unfortunately for getting an immediate strong force to act for the emergency, it was announced by General Couch that the troops "would be mustered into the service of the United States, to serve during the pleasure of the President, or the continuance of the war." The majority of men were deterred, by this condition, from enlisting, who, to meet the emergency, if one really existed, would have come promptly forward. The inference derived from the language of Governor Curtin, and of General Couch, left the impression that no invasion in force was anticipated, but that the General Government was desirous of taking advantage of the threatened rebel advance to obtain soldiers for the National armies. In the two former years, these rumors had been frequent, but had never resulted in any material harm to the State, and it was now scarcely credited that the enemy would be so adventurous as to come, with all his legions, upon Pennsylvania soil.

But the disposition of the enemy to advance became daily more apparent. On Sunday evening, June the 14th, affrighted contrabands from the Shenandoah Valley commenced arriving in Greencastle, the first town in Pennsylvania over the border, and soon after reached Chambersburg, bringing intelligence of the route of Milroy, and the rapid advance of the head of the conquering rebel column. As it was known that at Winchester and Harper's Ferry there was a strong army corps, it was now perceived that the enemy was coming in earnest. "On Monday morning," says Mr. McClure, in an article published in the Chambersburg *Repository*, "the flood of rumors from the Potomac fully confirmed the advance of the rebels, and the citizens of Chambersburg and vicinity, feeling unable to resist the rebel columns, commenced to make prompt preparation for the movement of stealable property. Nearly every horse, good, bad, and indifferent, was started for the mountains as early on Monday as possible, and the negroes darkened the different roads northward

for hours, loaded with household effects, sable babies, etc., and horses, wagons, and cattle crowded every avenue to places of safety."

The hegira thus commenced received a fresh impetus at nine o'clock on that morning, by the arrival of the advance of Milroy's wagon train, which had escaped across the Potomac, and was making haste to put itself beyond the reach of the enemy. As the long dusky train wound through the town, and for hours continued to wend its weary way, affright seized the inhabitants and spread wildly through the country. Valuable stock of all descriptions was put upon the road northward, and did not halt in its course until the Susquehanna had been left behind. The more common and less valuable was hurried away to the mountains and by-places. The great covered bridge across the Susquehanna at Harrisburg presented a scene of ceaseless activity, and never was such a toll business done there before. Milroy's train reached it first, and in its rear came an endless stream of human beings of every age and size, and beasts and four-footed things innumerable. By night the steady tramp and rumble of the heavy teams lulled the senses of the weary, and through the long hours of the sultry June day, a cloud of dust rose constantly far down the valley, reaching forward and across the stream, as far in the opposite direction as the eye could penetrate. With the fine impalpable particles settling down ceaselessly, rider and horse, vehicle and occupants, flocks, herds, all were enveloped, until thick folds wrapped them like a garment.

Not until the 15th did the General Government seem to be fully impressed with the seriousness of the situation, or realize that the predictions of Hooker, made ten days before, were the words of truth and soberness. On that day, the President issued a proclamation for 100,000 men from the States immediately menaced, to serve for six months, unless sooner discharged; 50,000 from Pennsylvania, 30,000 from Ohio, and 10,000 each from Maryland and West Virginia. Governor Curtin seconded the call by a proclamation, in which he said: "That it is the purpose of the enemy to invade our borders with all the strength he can command is now apparent. Our only defence rests upon the determined action of the citizens of our Commonwealth. I therefore

call on the people of Pennsylvania, capable of bearing arms, to enroll themselves in military organizations, and to encourage all others to give aid and assistance to the efforts which will be put forth for the protection of the State, and the salvation of our common country." Indications of mischief thickened so rapidly at Harrisburg, that preparations were commenced for removing the archives of the Government, and in the hours of a short summer night, the papers of all the departments, even to the 28,000 volumes of the State Library, and the fine old portraits of the Governors, were securely put upon cars and moved to Philadelphia. The excitement likewise ran high at Pittsburg. Fears were entertained that the rebel army, or at least a strong detachment, might bear westward, especially if, in a general battle, the enemy should prove victorious. Engineers were accordingly employed in locating and planning forts, and thousands of busy hands were at work in constructing them. The merchants and mechanics organized themselves into military companies for the defence of the city; business was suspended, all the bars, restaurants, and drinking saloons were closed, and the sale or giving away of liquors stopped.

On the 15th, General Jenkins crossed the Potomac, and cautiously made his way northward. The rebel army was in need of transportation and supplies, and Jenkins from the first kept a sharp look out for these. Greencastle was possessed without opposition, and in due time Chambersburg. Of his entrance to the latter place Mr. McClure, in the article above quoted, gives a facetious account, though it was to his own sore spoliation. "Jenkins," he says, "had doubtless read the papers in his day, and knew that there were green fields in the 'Green Spot;' and what is rather remarkable, at midnight he could start for a forty-acre clover-patch belonging to the editor of the *Repository* without so much as stopping to ask where the gate might be found. Not even a halt was called to find it; but the march was continued until the gate was reached, when the order 'file right!' was given, and Jenkins was in clover. Happy fellow, thus to find luxuriant and extensive clover, as if by instinct. By the way of giving the Devil his due, it must be said that, although there were over sixty acres of wheat, and eighty acres of corn and oats,

in the same field, he protected it most carefully, and picketed his horses so that it could not be injured. . . . For prudential reasons the editor was not at home to do the honors at his own table; but Jenkins was not particular, nor was his appetite impaired thereby. He called upon the ladies of the house, shared their hospitality, behaved in all respects like a gentleman, and expressed very earnest regrets that he had not been able to make the personal acquaintance of the editor. We beg to say that we reciprocate the wish of the General, and shall be glad to make his acquaintance personally—'when this cruel war is over.' . . . General Jenkins also had the fullest information of the movements of the editor of this paper. He told, at our house, when we had left, the direction we had gone, and described the horse we rode."

For nearly a week, Chambersburg and all the southern part of Franklin county was occupied by the rebel forces, busy in gathering horses, which were regarded as contraband of war, and in seizing whatever goods of every variety that could be of use to them, pretending payment by delivering in exchange their worthless Confederate scrip. Though falling upon all this afflicted region with a crushing weight, yet in telling the story, their chronicler, Mr. McClure, yields to a grim humor. "True," he says, "the system of Jenkins would be considered a little informal in business circles; but it's his way, and our people agreed to it perhaps, to some extent, because of the novelty, but mainly because of the necessity of the thing. But Jenkins was liberal—eminently liberal. He didn't stop to higgle about a few odd pennies in making a bargain. For instance, he took the drugs of Messrs. Miller, Spangler, Nixon, and Heyser, and told them to make out a bill, or if they could not do that, to guess at the amount and the bills were paid. Doubtless our merchants and druggists would have preferred greenbacks to Confederate scrip, that is never payable and is worth just its weight in old paper; but Jenkins hadn't greenbacks, and he had Confederate scrip, and such as he had he gave unto them. Thus he dealt largely in our place. To avoid jealousies growing out of rivalry in business, he patronized all the merchants, and bought pretty much everything he could conveniently use and carry. Some people, with antiquated ideas of business, might call it stealing to take

goods and pay for them in bogus money; but Jenkins calls it business, and for the time being what Jenkins calls business was business. . . . Jenkins, like most doctors, don't seem to have relished his own prescriptions. Several horses had been captured by some of our boys, and notice was given by the General commanding that they must be surrendered or the town would be destroyed. The city fathers, commonly known as the town Council, were appealed to in order to avert the impending fate threatened us. One of the horses, we believe, and some of the equipments were found and returned, but there was still a balance in favor of Jenkins. We do not know who audited the account, but it was finally adjusted by the Council appropriating the sum of $900 to pay the claim. Doubtless Jenkins hoped for $900 in 'greenbacks,' but he had flooded the town with Confederate scrip, pronouncing it better than United States currency, and the Council evidently believed him; and, desiring to be accommodating with a conqueror, decided to favor him by the payment of his bill in Confederate scrip. It was so done, and Jenkins got just $900 worth of nothing for his trouble. He took it, however, without a murmur, and doubtless considered it a clever joke."

Of a piece with the above is the account of Jenkins himself: "He graduated at Jefferson College in this State, in the same class, we believe, with J. McDowell Sharpe, Esq., and gave promise of future usefulness and greatness. His downward career commenced some five years ago, when in an evil hour he became a Member of Congress from Western Virginia, and from thence may be dated his decline and fall. From Congress he naturally enough turned fire-eater, secessionist, and guerilla. He is of medium size, has a flat but good head, light brown hair, blue eyes, immense flowing beard, of a sandy hue, and rather a pleasant face. He professes to cherish the utmost regard for the humanities of war, and seemed sensitive on the subject of his reputation as a humane military leader."

The sudden removal of horses, flocks, and herds, into the mountains, and across the Susquehanna before his arrival, greatly interfered with the purposes of Jenkins; yet he succeeded in sweeping together a vast body of plunder, which he hurried away to the Potomac, and into the folds of the main force. He came

down upon the fairest and wealthiest portion of Franklin county, and, as he retired, separated into squadrons, which scoured every road and byway, spending some time at Greencastle, Waynesboro, and Welsh Run, and at Mercersburg a detachment crossed Cove Mountain and penetrated to McConnellsburg, passing on down the valley from that point. It would appear that Lee had hoped by this demonstration to have induced Hooker either to rush forward and cross the Potomac, and thus uncover Washington, or to have tempted him to attack the rebel army while on the march northward, when a rapid concentration would have been made, and a defensive battle fought, in which Lee felt confident of a victory. These purposes are plainly disclosed in Lee's report. He says: "With a view to draw him (Hooker) further from his base, and at the same time to cover the march of A. P. Hill, who, in accordance with instructions, left Fredericksburg for the valley as soon as the enemy withdrew from his front, Longstreet moved from Culpeper Court House on the 15th, and advancing along the east side of the Blue Ridge, occupied Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps. . . . As these demonstrations (Jenkins') did not have the effect of causing the Federal army to leave Virginia, and as it did not seem disposed to advance upon the position held by Longstreet, the latter was withdrawn to the west side of the Shenandoah, General Hill having already reached the valley."

But Hooker was too wary to be caught in either of these traps, and while beating back the enemy through the passes of the minor range of mountains which still interposed between himself and Longstreet, and guarding well his flank, he was in no haste to advance into Maryland. Mr. Lincoln, in his great anxiety to protect the entire territory of the North, and to ward off the disgrace of invasion, had telegraphed to Hooker on the 16th: "Your idea to send your cavalry to this side of the river may be right, probably is; still, it pains me a little that it looks like the defensive merely, and seems to abandon the fair chance now presented of breaking the enemy's lengthy and necessarily slow line stretched from the Rappahannock to Pennsylvania." But to this Hooker says: "With all deference to the views of his Excellency, the President, it appeared to me that the wisest course for me to pursue was to move the army on a concentric but inner circle to

the one followed by the enemy, and endeavor to keep abreast of his main column. This would relieve me from all embarrassment concerning my communications and supplies, and would enable me to act promptly, with my force concentrated, in thwarting the general designs of the enemy. To have followed the plan suggested, it seemed to me that I would be marching the army away from the point at which it was most needed."

Close upon the heels of Jenkins followed Ewell, who, with 12,000 men and sixteen pieces of artillery, crossed the Potomac at Williamsport on the 15th, the same day that the former reached Chambersburg. He did not advance far, however, remaining between the bank of the stream and the borough of Hagerstown, and, like an attentive gallant, gracefully handing the plunder of Jenkins across to Lee. From the 15th to the 22d, this delightful work was continued without material change, Lee receiving much needed stores, and bringing up the rear of his army.

In the meantime, the troops called out to meet the emergency gathered slowly. On the 16th, Governor Curtin addressed an appeal to the people of Philadelphia, in which he exhorted them to come forward at once, to close their places of business, and apply their hearts to the work. But the apparent halt in the rebel column at the Potomac, and its inactivity beyond that of gathering supplies, created the impression that the main body was not coming. The leading editorial of the Philadelphia *Press* on the morning of the 17th contained the following view: "As we understand the situation, as it appears at midnight, there is less ground for alarm than prevailed during the day. The rebels have occupied Chambersburg; but beyond that point no force is known to be advancing. . . . This suggests to us that the rebels have too great a dread of Hooker to divide themselves in his front, and that, while they might rejoice in the opportunity of occupying and holding Pennsylvania, they would not dare to do so with a powerful army on their line of communications."

Great consternation, however, prevailed at Harrisburg, and endless trains still continued to move out of the valley across the Susquehanna. Rifle-pits were thrown up in Harris' Park to command the ford just below the island. A large fort, inclosing several acres, was surveyed by competent engineers on the bluff

just above the heads of the bridges leading to the city, and messengers were sent through every street requesting the inhabitants to set out empty barrels upon the side-walks to be used in constructing it. Day and night the work was vigorously pushed. Just beneath the soil was a loose shale, not of sufficient solidity to require blasting, but so much so as to render the labor difficult. A heavy earthwork was finally completed, with dry ditch and numerous platforms for guns. Half a mile in advance was a minor work erected upon a bold spur which commanded the valley on all sides. The few clumps of trees which dotted the fields here and there were swept away, as was also the grove, grateful for shade, and relief of the prospect from the city's side which stood upon the utmost summit, where the main fort was located. A span of each bridge was severed, ready for instant destruction, but supported by props until the necessity should arrive for its demolition.

Jenkins, having brought in his cattle and horses gathered during the week to the Potomac, worshipped on Sunday with Ewell at Hagerstown, and early Monday morning, the 22d, headed again towards Chambersburg, now accompanied by the infantry of Ewell's corps. Rodes and Early, the division commanders of Ewell, moved in advance, the former reaching Chambersburg on the 23d, followed by Johnson. Maryland was by this time thoroughly aroused. The Councils of Baltimore had appropriated, on the 16th, $400,000 for defence, and the labor of fortifying was vigorously pushed, earthworks being erected around the north and west sides of the city. To provide against a sudden incursion of cavalry, the streets were barricaded with barrels and hogsheads filled with bricks and sand, where it could be effectually stopped. At Harrisburg, the camp which had been established began to swarm with volunteers, and the white tents were spread out far and wide. On the 19th, Captain William H. Boyd, who had been instrumental in saving Milroy's train, was dispatched with his company from Harrisburg on cars to Shippensburg, where, finding the road impassable, he mounted and rode to Greencastle, back to Chambersburg, and forward again to Greencastle before he found an enemy. Here he had a smart skirmish with the head of the hostile column, now on its second advance. Boyd continued

upon its front, observing and reporting its progress, and dashing in upon its trains at every favorable point. On the 20th, a force under the command of Brigadier-General Knipe, consisting of E. Spencer Miller's Battery and two regiments of militia, moved down the Cumberland Valley to occupy Chambersburg. But, finding on his arrival near that the rebel cavalry were already there, with infantry advancing to their support, he fell back, skirmishing as he went, until he reached Carlisle. In the meanwhile, General Imboden, of the rebel cavalry, who had been sent out by Lee upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, having broken up that line and rendered the canal useless, thus preventing troops from West Virginia from coming suddenly upon the flanks of the rebel main force, in obedience to his orders struck boldly out towards Fulton county, and after a short skirmish with a fragment of the First New York Cavalry, occupied McConnellsburg.

Early on Sunday morning, the Philadelphia City Troop, an organization which had been preserved since the days of the Revolution, and which in that struggle acted as body-guard to Washington, now composed of about forty members, some of them the descendants of its original members, with holy memories of that early service, arrived in Gettysburg, and in company with a small body of mounted militia, under Captain Bell, moved out upon the Chambersburg Pike towards the South Mountain. At Monterey, a little village on the way, they came up with a party of rebel skirmishers, with whom they exchanged shots. These reconnoissances were repeated on the 23d, and on the following day Colonel William W. Jennings, with the Twenty-sixth regiment of the Pennsylvania militia, one company of which, under Captain F. Klinefelter, was composed principally of students from the Pennsylvania College and from the Theological School, both located at Gettysburg, arrived in town. Major Granville O. Haller, of General Couch's staff, had been sent by that officer to represent him at this point, and assume command of all the Union forces. His conduct of affairs was most unfortunate. At the moment when veterans of the enemy were advancing on the town, he ordered this regiment of undisciplined men out to meet them—a most suicidal policy, which must have resulted in its

certain capture had not Colonel Jennings, who was an officer of experience, skilfully withdrawn it in time. Major Haller was subsequently dismissed from the service, "for disloyal conduct," strengthening the belief which was entertained at the time, that he was not devoted to the cause he represented.

At Chambersburg, General Ewell separated his two advance divisions, sending Early in the direction of Gettysburg, and Rodes towards Carlisle and Harrisburg. Early reached Gettysburg on the afternoon of Friday, the 26th, with Gordon's brigade of 5000 men, and took possession unopposed, having been preceded by a battalion of cavalry, which dashed in, uttering demoniac yells, and delivering an indiscriminate fire from their pistols. He made large demands for sugar, coffee, flour, salt, bacon, whisky, onions, hats, and shoes, amounting in value to $6000, or in lieu thereof, $5000 in money. The town council pled poverty, and he appearing to be satisfied that the place was poverty-stricken, abandoned his suit, getting neither goods nor money. Early remained in town over night, but his forces hurried on to Hanover and York, that they might come upon those places before all the valuables they contained had been spirited away, and they be found as bare as was Gettysburg. At Hanover Junction the work of destruction on the Northern Central Railroad began, as it had likewise been practised on the Gettysburg branch. Bridges were burned, tracks torn up, rails twisted, and rolling stock demolished. Soon after the departure of Early from Gettysburg, on Saturday the 28th, three mounted Union scouts came in from Emmittsburg, where the advance of Pleasanton's cavalry then was, who captured two of the enemy, one of them a chaplain, bearing a dispatch from Ewell, then at Shippensburg, to Early, cautioning the latter about advancing too fast. At noon of the following day two regiments of Union cavalry, under General Cowpland, arrived from Emmittsburg, on a reconnoissance. They encamped for the night near by, and departed on the following morning in the direction of Littlestown.

The Twentieth regiment of emergency militia had been sent out from Harrisburg, under Colonel Thomas, to guard the Northern Central Railroad and the Wrightsville branch. But as

the veteran troops of Early advanced, Thomas was obliged to fall back, a part of his regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sickels, towards Wrightsville, and the remainder towards Harrisburg. Major Haller, with the City Troop, had also retired before the rebel advance, and had reached Wrightsville for the purpose of defending the passage of the magnificent bridge which there spanned the Susquehanna. Early was likewise eager to grasp that rich prize, as it would afford, if once securely in rebel hands, ready means of throwing Lee's entire army across a wide and difficult stream, that would otherwise prove a formidable barrier in his way. Its importance had been recognized by General Couch, who had four days before sent Colonel Frick, with the Twenty-seventh emergency regiment, with instructions to hold it to the last extremity, and subsequently ordered, if likely to fall into the enemy's hands, to destroy it. Upon his arrival, he was met by the City Troop and a part of the Twentieth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sickels, and was joined by four companies of militia, three white and one colored, from Columbia, situated at the eastern head of the bridge, a detachment of convalescent soldiers from the hospital at York, and the Petapsco Guards, in all less than 1500 men. Frick took position on commanding ground, a half mile back from the western head of the bridge, and proceeded to fortify.

Early, who was doubtless kept constantly advised of the number and character of the forces set to guard the bridge, had no sooner reached York, than he hurried forward Gordon's brigade, well provided with artillery, to seize it. Frick made a stubborn resistance, and in the fighting which ensued, had several wounded. Having no artillery with which to meet that of the enemy, and being greatly outnumbered by veteran troops, he soon saw that he would be compelled to yield. He had ordered his engineer to prepare one span of the bridge to be blown up in case it became necessary to abandon it. When, therefore, he was forced back, he ordered the match to be applied; but the train failed to ignite the powder, and the only alternative remaining was to apply the torch, and that immense structure, more than a mile and a quarter in length, lighting up the heavens for many miles around with its flames, was utterly consumed.

At York, Early found a profusion of those things which he had failed to obtain at Gettysburg. He had come with five brigades of infantry, three batteries of artillery, and part of two regiments of cavalry. Being prepared to enforce his demands, and having a rich old city in his grasp, he made a requisition for supplies similar to that at Gettysburg, and in addition, for $28,000 in money. Should it be complied with promptly, he agreed to spare all private property; otherwise, he would take what he could find, and would not be responsible for the conduct of his troops while in the city. There appearing to be no other alternative, the stores and money were delivered, and he scrupulously kept his word, order being strictly enforced, and private property left untouched.

A few facts recorded by Mr. Gall, of the Sanitary Commission, respecting the condition and habits of Early's men, as seen at this point, will serve as a fair specimen of the make-up of the entire rebel army: "Physically," he says, "the men looked about equal to the generality of our own troops, and there were fewer boys among them. Their dress was a wretched mixture of all cuts and colors. There was not the slightest attempt at uniformity in this respect. Every man seemed to have put on whatever he could get hold of, without regard to shape or color. I noticed a pretty large sprinkling of blue pants among them, some of those, doubtless, that were left by Milroy at Winchester. Their shoes, as a general thing, were poor; some of the men were entirely barefooted. Their equipments were light, as compared with those of our men. They consisted of a thin woollen blanket, coiled up and slung from the shoulder in the form of a sash, a haversack swung from the opposite shoulder, and a cartridge-box. The whole cannot weigh more than twelve or fourteen pounds. Is it strange, then, that with such light loads, they should be able to make longer and more rapid marches than our men? The marching of the men was irregular and careless, their arms were rusty and ill kept. Their whole appearance was greatly inferior to that of our soldiers. . . . There were no tents for the men, and but few for the officers. The men were busy cooking their dinner, which consisted of fresh beef, part of the York levy, wheat griddle cakes raised with soda, and cold water.

No coffee nor sugar had been issued to the men for a long time. . . . The men expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with this kind of food, and said they greatly preferred the bread prepared in the way they do it, to the crackers issued to the Union soldiers. I asked one of the men how he got along without a shelter tent. His answer was, 'First rate.' 'In the first place,' said he, 'I wouldn't *tote* one, and in the second place, I feel just as well, if not better, without it.' 'But how do you manage when it rains?' I inquired. 'Wall,' said he, 'me and this other man has a gum blanket atween us; when it rains we spread one of our woollen blankets on the ground to lie on, then we spread the other woollen blanket over us, and the gum blanket over that, and the rain can't tech us.' And this is the way the rebel army, with the exception of a few of the most important officers, sleeps. Everything that will trammel or impede the movement of the army is discarded, no matter what the consequences may be to the men. . . . In speaking of our soldiers, the same officer remarked: 'They are too well fed, too well clothed, and have far too much to carry.' That our men are too well fed, I do not believe, neither that they are too well clothed; that they have too much to carry, I can very well believe, after witnessing the march of the Army of the Potomac to Chancellorsville. Each man had eight days' rations to carry, besides sixty rounds of ammunition, musket, woollen blanket, rubber blanket, overcoat, extra shirt, drawers, socks, and shelter tent, amounting in all to about sixty pounds. Think of men, and boys too, staggering along under such a load, at the rate of fifteen to twenty miles a day. On Tuesday morning, 30th, at about four o'clock, the last remaining brigade passed through the city, with flags flying and band playing, and took the road to Carlisle."

While Early was demonstrating in the direction of Columbia, the remainder of the corps, and much the larger part, under Ewell's immediate command, proceeded towards Harrisburg. As it went, the Cumberland Valley Railroad was destroyed. The militia, who had taken post at Carlisle, were quickly driven before the strong columns of Rodes and Johnson, and the town was occupied. Here many of the rebels were at home; for some had been educated at Dickinson College, others had been sta-

tioned at the United States barracks, and a few had even married their wives here. But their visit now was not so agreeable as of yore, when, as gallant young collegians, or spruce officers, they had escorted the blushing maidens of the city, and been welcome at the firesides of its people.

General Knipe, who was still in command of the force of observation, had fallen back before the rebel advance, until the night of the 28th, when he reached Oyster Point, within four miles of Harrisburg. The enemy having approached, apparently with the design of pushing on still nearer to the city, Knipe opened upon them with the guns of Miller's battery with good effect, causing a rapid movement to the rear. This was the nearest approach to the capital of Pennsylvania of the enemy in force, though his scouts were captured in and about the city. One, a powerful man, with a sinister face, and evidently a person of great daring, was taken in the vicinity of Camp Curtin, and was held under guard at the head-quarters of General Couch, where he was gazed upon by the curious. Another was seized while in the act of making drawings of the fort and its armament opposite the town. A little flat boat was overhauled in the Susquehanna river, on the night of the 1st of July, in which was a rebel with an ingenious contrivance for discovering the fords of the stream. He had a small stone suspended by a cord which, as he floated on down the main channel, would not impede his progress; but the moment he came to a shoal place, less than three or four feet deep, it would drag upon the bottom and stop his craft. In this way, the fords of the river were noted. A map was found upon his person, containing a draft of the river, with the fords above and opposite the city marked on the Cumberland shore for their entrance.

In the meantime, troops had been rapidly assembling at the camps at Harrisburg, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia, and regiments were daily organized. As the enemy advanced, he broke up all means of communication, and was careful to spread false rumors. In the midst of the wild excitement which prevailed, it was difficult to sift the true from the false, and arrive at a just conclusion respecting the numbers, position, or purpose of the rebel army. A judgment could be formed by balancing probabilities, and the

most favorable view, the wish sometimes being father to the thought, was entertained. As late as the morning of the 26th, the New York *Herald* contained the following judgment: "We have no idea that General Lee meditates an advance upon either Harrisburg or Baltimore. In the one case, the trip would not pay expenses, as the broad, rocky Susquehanna river is in his way, and in the other case, his army, in getting into Baltimore, would get into a trap, from which Lee would never extricate it." And the Philadelphia *Press* of the 27th, but three days before the great battle began at Gettysburg, expressed the following opinion: "Our intelligence as to what force of rebels has entered Pennsylvania is still unsatisfactory and unreliable. Probably Ewell's corps, which is estimated to number about 34,000 men, is alone in this aggressive movement; although it would not greatly surprise us to learn that General Lee's entire force, having crossed the Potomac, is within supporting distance."

So threatening, however, had the aspect of affairs become on the 26th, that Governor Curtin issued his proclamation calling for 60,000 State militia. He said: "Pennsylvanians! The enemy is advancing in force into Pennsylvania. He has a strong column within twenty-three miles of Harrisburg, and other columns are moving by Fulton and Adams counties, and it can no longer be doubted that a formidable invasion of our State is in actual progress. The calls already made for volunteer militia in the exigency have not been met as fully as the crisis requires. I therefore now issue this my proclamation, calling for 60,000 men to come promptly forward to defend the State. . . . The time has now come when we must all stand or fall together in defence of our State, and in support of our Government."

As the enemy approached Harrisburg, and the dangers of occupation thickened, preparations for meeting them were hastened. One of the wealthiest and most powerful corporations in the State, and one which was contributing immensely to the support of the National Government, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, had its property of many millions exposed to destruction. Vigorous measures were taken to save it. Block houses of sufficient strength to resist infantry attacks were erected so as to cover the bridges, and the great number of valuable locomotives

and vast quantities of rolling stock, kept at Harrisburg, were moved to Philadelphia.

As soon as the advance-guard of the rebel army, consisting of Ewell's corps and Jenkins' cavalry, had commenced its march for the Susquehanna, striking for the bridges at Columbia and Harrisburg, Lee, who now had his remaining force in hand, prepared to follow, and on the 24th and 25th crossed the Potomac, Hill near Shepherdstown, and Longstreet at Williamsport. The two columns reunited at Hagerstown, and moved thence to Chambersburg, where they arrived and encamped on the 27th. Hooker had no sooner seen that his antagonist was about to cross the Potomac than he prepared to execute the corresponding movement; and on the 25th and 26th, one day behind Lee, he likewise passed over, effecting the crossing upon pontoons at Edward's Ferry.

The Union General now realized that a battle could not long be delayed, and he was filled with anxiety lest his force should be insufficient to fight it with a fair prospect of success. He had ascertained by the most trustworthy testimony that the actual strength of the enemy's army then moving forward into Pennsylvania, was 91,000 infantry, 5000 with the artillery numbering 280 pieces, and 11,000 cavalry, a grand aggregate of 107,000. This was a larger number by several thousands than he then had in hand, and would be fully equal to his with all the additions he could receive from the neighboring departments. He, accordingly, dispatched his Chief-of-staff, Major General Butterfield, to Washington to obtain the returns of soldiers under General Heintzelman there, and under General Schenck at Baltimore, and from these two departments to organize a column of 15,000 troops to move without delay to Frederick, Maryland. Though he found under General Heintzelman over 36,000 men, yet it was deemed inadvisable by General Halleck, in view of the immense depots of material there accumulated, and the necessity of guarding the Capital, to lessen it. At Baltimore he found but a small force, there being 12,000 of Schenck's command at Harper's Ferry, and 7500 at Winchester, the latter having been already broken and nearly destroyed. Of the force under immediate command, General Schenck promptly ordered out Lockwood's Brigade, consisting of 2500 men. The force at

Harper's Ferry, now under the command of General French, was the only considerable one which Hooker could therefore hope to obtain.

Accordingly, as soon as his army was across the river, he directed General Reynolds, in command of the right wing of the army, to send detachments to seize the passes of the South Mountain, at Turner's and Crampton's Gaps; and with the First, Third, and Eleventh corps to follow and take position at Middletown, across the Cotocton range, his object being to confine the rebel line of advance to the one valley in which he then was, and to bring a strong force within supporting distance should the enemy turn back from Pennsylvania and offer battle to the force which Hooker was about to send upon his rear. The Second and Sixth corps he ordered to Frederick. The Twelfth he directed to move to Harper's Ferry, which he accompanied in person, there to be joined by two strong brigades from General French's command, thence to march upon the enemy's line of communications at Williamsport, destroy his pontoon bridge at that point, and stop the enormous quantities of flour, grain, horses and horned cattle which were steadily flowing into Virginia. After visiting Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights, and finding the point to possess no strategic value, presenting no obstacle to the invaders, defending no ford of the river, and being itself indefensible, he decided to abandon the post, and transfer the material collected there to Washington. This would release 10,000 good troops to join his army. "After ascertaining," he says, "that the public property could all be removed before twelve o'clock at night, I seated myself, and was engaged in writing an order for the abandonment at daylight."

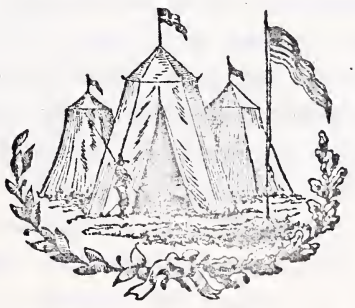
But what was his surprise and disappointment to receive at that moment a dispatch from General Halleck, saying: "Maryland Heights have always been regarded as an important point to be held by us. . . . I cannot approve of their abandonment except in case of absolute necessity." And this, after Halleck had himself placed the troops at this point under Hooker's control in the following words, telegraphed on the 22d: "In order to give compactness to the command of troops in the field covering Washington and Baltimore, it is proposed to place that part

of the Middle Department east of Cumberland, and commanded by General Schenck, under your direct orders. The President directs me to ask you if that arrangement would be agreeable." To this Hooker answered: "Yes, provided the same authority is continued to me that I now have, which is to give orders direct to the troops in the departments of Generals Schenck and Heintzelman." To send the Twelfth corps alone to Williamsport, without the addition of French's troops, he did not regard advisable, as the enemy might suddenly turn upon and overwhelm it before he could bring up his supporting forces. He accordingly abandoned the movement, and ordered that corps to countermarch and follow the other troops to Frederick.

He now felt that to have his plans thus interfered with, and his movements in the face of the enemy cut short when in full progress by one far from the field, who could not know the exigences of the moment, would only result in shame and defeat to the army. He accordingly telegraphed, at one P. M. of the 27th, to General Halleck: "My original instructions were to cover Harper's Ferry and Washington. I have now imposed upon me, in addition, an enemy in my front of more than my numbers. I beg to be understood, respectfully, but firmly, that I am unable to comply with these conditions with the means at my disposal, and I earnestly request that I may be at once relieved from the position I occupy." This desire was immediately granted, and at four o'clock on the following morning, Colonel Hardie, a special messenger from Washington, arrived in camp bearing an order relieving General Hooker from duty, and directing him to turn over the command of the army to General Meade, then at the head of the Fifth corps.

Of General Hooker's ability as displayed in the preliminary movements at Chancellorsville, and in the movements up to the moment of yielding his authority, the best military critics award him very high praise. That he was right in demanding the use of the troops at Harper's Ferry, and in abandoning the post, is undisputed, and was virtually acknowledged by General Halleck himself, inasmuch as he allowed the successor of Hooker to take them. But Halleck,

it appears, had distrusted the ability of Hooker from the first, and when it was proposed, in September, 1862, to make the latter the successor of General McClellan instead of General Burnside, and the President and five members of the cabinet were of that mind, Halleck opposed it, and, with the remainder of the President's advisers, succeeded in defeating him. Of this opposition to him Hooker was aware, when, finally, he was placed in chief command of the Potomac army, and in accepting the position, he made but one request of the President, that he would stand between Halleck and himself.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### PRELIMINARIES TO THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG UNDER MEADE.

GETTYSBURG, upon the slopes and hills around which the great battle was fought, a quiet village of 2500 inhabitants, is the capital of Adams county, Pennsylvania. For miles around, the country is for the most part gently rolling. The soil is fertile, and kept under a high state of cultivation, little timber being left standing. To the northwest, eight or ten miles away, is the South Mountain chain, extending from northeast to southwest, until lost to view in the dim distance. "From an elevation a little below the Monterey House on the summit of South Mountain," says one long schooled by European travel, "the view of the flat lands extending towards the Susquehanna, as far as the eye can reach, is magnificent in the extreme. I have seen few views in Italy which exceed it in romantic beauty."

In the neighborhood of Gettysburg are several minor ridges, parallel to this principal one. That to the west of the town, and but half a mile away, is known as Seminary Ridge, from the fact that upon its brow, where it is crossed by the Chambersburg Pike, are located the buildings of a Theological School of the Lutheran denomination. It is also known as Oak Ridge. Beyond this, at intervals of a quarter of a mile, or less, are two or three other slight ridges, and a mile and a half out is Willoughby Run.

To the east and south of the town is a ridge whose general direction is parallel to the others, but broken and quite irregular, at some points rising into much higher and bolder outline than the opposite Seminary Ridge, and at others falling away to a level, or even lower than the intervening plain. This is desig-

Geo. G. Meade

MAJ. GEN. GEO. G. MEADE.

nated Cemetery Ridge, from the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery located upon the summit of its nearest approach to the town, and by the side of which is the National ground where now sleep those who there fell. A little to the west and south is Zeigler's Grove, a half acre or more of forest oaks. From this the ridge, which presents a shelving rock on the west of a few feet in height, is well defined for a mile south, when it falls away, and for at least another half mile is low, wet, clay soil, where it is entirely lost, but again suddenly breaks out into bold, rugged, rocky, wooded ground, and terminates in a granite spur known as Little Round Top. Beyond this, and separated from it by a narrow valley, is Round Top, much more rugged and precipitous than its neighbor, and attaining a height of four hundred feet above the waters of neighboring streams. "When the force which folded and raised up the strata," says Professor Jacobs, in his "Later Rambles at Gettysburg," "which form the South Mountain was in action, it produced fissures in the strata of red shale, which covers the surface of this region of country, permitting the fused material from beneath to rise and fill them, on cooling, with trap, dykes, or greenstone and syenitic greenstone. This rock, being for the most part very hard, remained as the axes and crests of hills and ridges, when the softer shale in the intervening spaces was excavated by great water-currents into valleys and plains."

Science thus renders a reasonable account of the huge masses of rock which are reared in the most various and fantastic shapes upon the sides and summits of these bold mounts, the casting about of which, in a superstitious age, may well have been regarded as the sport of the giants. At a little way beyond the Cemetery, in the opposite direction, the ridge makes a sharp turn nearly at right angles to its main course, and at less than half a mile distant reaches up into a bold and precipitous headland, looking towards the town, known as Culp's Hill; and further to the right is Rock Creek, which stream cuts through the ridge at less than a mile away, separating Culp's from Wolf's Hill, still farther to the right. At the time of the battle, all this beautiful country was clothed in verdure; the fields were covered with waving grain, whitening for the harvest; the flocks and herds,

revelling in abundant pasturage and sated by cool fountains, rested beneath refreshing shade; the whole presenting with all its innumerable concomitants a rare picture of repose and peace.

General Lee had, for several days, been halting at Chambersburg, while the main body of his army was concentrating about that place, and his advance corps under Ewell was reaching out towards the Susquehanna, approaching the stream at Columbia and Harrisburg, evidently feeling for a crossing. When his purposes were thwarted at the former point by the burning of the bridge, the division sent in that direction was ordered to march to Carlisle, plainly indicating the intention of moving the entire army that way. General Hooker had concluded, from the fact that he did not take a pontoon train along with him, that Lee did not design to cross the Susquehanna, and so expressed himself to General Meade. But at this season of the year that stream is shallow and fordable at many points. His scouts were already searching for them, as has been shown in the case of the one captured. But of his purposes we are not left to conjecture. In his official report he says: "Preparations were now made to advance upon Harrisburg; but on the night of the 29th, information was received from a scout that the Federal army, having crossed the Potomac, was advancing northward, and that the head of the column had reached the South Mountain."

Of Hooker's intention to march upon Williamsport, and break up his communications, or even of the passage of the Potomac by the Union army, up to this time, Lee knew nothing. That he should have so long remained in ignorance of these movements was due to the mishaps which befell the operations of that division of his cavalry under Stuart. When about to cross the Potomac, Lee had ordered that daring cavalry leader to remain on guard at the passes of the Blue Ridge, leading to the Shenandoah Valley, and observe the movements of the Union forces, and should they attempt to cross the Potomac, he was to make demonstrations upon their rear, so as to detain them as long as possible in Virginia. But, in the event of their passage, he was also to cross, either on the east or west side of the Blue Ridge, as to him should seem best, and take position upon the right flank of the main rebel column. So far south had his demonstrations

carried him, however, that Stuart determined to cross at Seneca, some distance to the east of the point where the Union army had passed. When once over he found it impossible to reach his chief, and take position upon the flank as ordered, the Union army being interposed. He accordingly kept northward, passing through Hanover, and did not arrive at Carlisle, where he expected to find the main rebel column, until the 1st of July, after Ewell had been recalled from that place and was on his way to Gettysburg. He was at Carlisle met by a messenger from Lee ordering him forward to the scene of conflict, but did not arrive until the result of the battle had been well-nigh decided, and the star of his chief had gone down in blood. The need of cavalry was sorely felt by Lee in the manœuvres preliminary to the fight, as he was thereby stripped of the means for ascertaining the whereabouts of his antagonist, and his flanks and rear were indifferently protected. Thus are the plans even of great leaders the sport of fortune.

The moment Lee became aware of the position of the Union army he initiated movements to checkmate it. "As our communications," he says in his report, "with the Potomac were thus menaced, it was resolved to prevent his further progress in that direction by concentrating our army on the east side of the mountains. Accordingly Longstreet and Hill were directed to proceed from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, to which point General Ewell was also instructed to march from Carlisle." Thus on the evening of the 29th, orders went out for a concentration, and on the following morning the whole rebel army was marching on Gettysburg.

This point had been well reconnoitred by the enemy's forces while on their way to York, Early having passed the night there four days before. It possessed great strategic value. So easily are the rugged features which surround it shunned, that great highways approach it from almost every point of the compass, centring here like spokes in the hub of a wheel, those from Shippensburg and Carlisle on the north, from Harrisburg, York, and Hanover on the east, from Baltimore, Littlestown, Taneytown and Emmittsburg on the south, and from Fairfield and Chambersburg on the west. Several of these roads were macadamized, and

there was in addition a railroad leading out to the Northern Central Road by way of Hanover. Should Lee concentrate his army here, he would secure a route to his base at Williamsport, much shorter than by Chambersburg, over which he could bring up his ammunition, and in case of disaster, hold it for retreat. It would give him the control of a complete system of roads, any one of which, he could move upon at will as policy should dictate. In case of being attacked and forced to fight a battle there, he would have an abundance of good solid ways in his rear, on which to manœuvre his troops, and take his heavy guns from one part of the line to another,—a consideration of great importance, as a battle is not unfrequently lost by the delay imposed in constructing a road over some brook or impassable slough, or in cutting through an impenetrable wood for the passage of guns and ammunition.

But it was not alone the rebel commander who had regarded with a soldier's eye the strategic value of Gettysburg. General Pleasanton says: "I may say here that I had studied that whole country the year before very carefully indeed, all its roads and topographical features, and was probably about as well posted in regard to it as any officer in the army. . . . I was satisfied from my general knowledge of the country—and so mentioned to General Meade several times—that there was but one position in which for us to have a fight, and that was at Gettysburg."

At the moment when these orders went out from Lee for the rebel army to concentrate at Gettysburg, the Union army was reposing at Frederick, and was upon the eve of marching to find the enemy, under the belief that he was still moving towards the Susquehanna. The 28th was the Sabbath, and "that day," says General Hooker, "I designed to give my army to rest," an example of regard for the Sabbath as noble as it is unusual in military operations. But at dawn on the morning of that day he was relieved of command. To the army his removal came like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky. To the rank and file he had become greatly endeared, for he had brought his command from a condition of demoralization to one of great efficiency. To strike down a popular commander in the very face of the enemy, and on the eve of a great battle, was an act, that in

almost any other country, would have been attended with extreme hazard. But the temper of that army was known to be one of intense devotion to the National cause, and full confidence was felt that it would fight under any commander, or even without a commander if need be. The course of General Hooker at this critical moment was one of most disinterested patriotism and gallantry. In his farewell order he says: "Impressed with the belief that my usefulness as the commander of the Army of the Potomac is impaired, I part from it, yet not without the deepest emotions. The sorrow of parting with the comrades of so many battles is relieved by the conviction that the courage and devotion of this army will never cease nor fail; that it will yield to my successor, as it has to me, a willing and hearty support." By the testimony of General Butterfield, General Hooker had advised, in case he was relieved, that General Meade should be appointed in his place, and when the officers who had served under him called in a body to bid him farewell at his departure, he said that "General Meade was a brave and gallant man, who would undoubtedly lead them to success, and that he hoped that all who regarded him, or his wishes, or his feelings, would devote every energy and ability to the support of General Meade."

The new commander had made a good record. He had been with that army from its organization, and at Beaver Dam Creek, at Gaines' Mill, at Charles City Cross Roads, at the second Bull Run, and more especially at Fredericksburg, he had exhibited the qualities of an able soldier. In his order, he said: "By direction of the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. As a soldier, in obeying this order—an order totally unexpected and unsolicited—I have no promises nor pledges to make. The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of a hostile invasion. Whatever fatigues and sacrifices we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest. It is with just diffidence that I relieve in the command of this army an eminent and accomplished soldier, whose name must ever appear conspicuous in the history of its achievements;

but I rely upon the hearty support of my companions in arms to assist me in the discharge of the duties of the important trust which has been confided to me."

His first care was to acquaint himself with the late movements, and exact position of the enemy, and the plans and purposes of General Hooker. To this end he retained the officers who had formed General Hooker's military family—General Butterfield, chief of staff, General Warren, chief of engineers, General Hunt, chief of artillery, and General Williams, adjutant-general. He himself had a conference with General Hooker, before his departure, respecting his plan of campaign; but that he might be fully assured of the latter's purposes, he requested General Butterfield to have another official conversation with the retiring chief, and make himself thoroughly conversant with the movements in contemplation.

The operations indicated by Hooker were in the main adopted. General Meade very cogently inferred from the movements of the enemy that it was his intention to cross the Susquehanna, a purpose which Lee declares he was acting on up to the evening of the 29th. Accordingly, in his telegram accepting the position to which he had been assigned, he said: "Totally unexpected as it has been, and in ignorance of the exact condition of the troops and position of the enemy, I can only now say that it appears to me I must move towards the Susquehanna, keeping Washington and Baltimore well covered, and if the enemy is checked in his attempt to cross the Susquehanna, or if he turns towards Baltimore, to give him battle. I would say that I trust that every available man that can be spared will be sent to me, as, from all accounts, the enemy is in strong force." In response to this latter request, not only the garrison at Harper's Ferry, which had been the bone of contention between Hooker and Halleck, and the withholding of which was the immediate cause of the former's resignation, was placed at his disposal, but also the entire force of militia at Harrisburg, under General Couch, and such forces as could be used from the departments of West Virginia, Baltimore, and Washington, from Fortress Monroe, and even the returning troops from North Carolina, were hurried forward to his support, thus proving conclusively that it was not

a necessity of holding the troops at Harper's Ferry, but a distrust of Hooker's ability as a soldier, which made Halleck unwilling to give them to him.

Orders were accordingly issued on the 28th, for the army to move forward on the following morning, in fan shape, in three columns, from Frederick, where it had been principally concentrated, on to a line represented by the road running from Emmittsburg to Westminster, the First and Eleventh corps being directed to Emmittsburg, the Third and Twelfth to Taneytown, Second to Frizelburg, Fifth to Union Mills, and the Sixth to New Windsor; the cavalry, likewise in three columns, moving upon the flanks of the infantry—Buford upon the left, Gregg upon the right, and Kilpatrick in advance—and this order of march was continued on the 30th. On this latter day Stuart, who, with the main body of the enemy's cavalry, had been hanging upon the rear of the Union army, and having crossed the Potomac at Seneca, was moving up on the right flank, fell in with Kilpatrick at Hanover, and had a sharp encounter, in which the enemy was worsted, and one battle-flag and a number of prisoners were taken.

The order of march issued on the 30th, for the movement of the army on the 1st day of July, was for the Third corps to go to Emmittsburg, Second to Taneytown, Fifth to Hanover, Twelfth to Two Taverns, First to Gettysburg, Eleventh to Gettysburg in supporting distance, and Sixth to Manchester. General Reynolds had been continued in command of what had been the right wing, now getting into position upon the left, consisting of the First, Third, and Eleventh corps, and the cavalry, and as he was now approaching the enemy, he had turned over the command of his own corps, the First, to General Doubleday, and was himself directing the general movements.

In the meantime, the orders issued by General Lee on the evening of the 29th, for all his forces to concentrate at Gettysburg, were being executed, but not with the usual enterprise and daring, the rebel commander sorely feeling the need of his cavalry, that which he had depended on having been isolated, as we have seen, and by the fight at Hanover been pushed still farther away towards the Susquehanna. He says in his report:

"The march towards Gettysburg was conducted more slowly than it would have been, had the movements of the Federal army been known." Had his cavalry been present, those movements would have been observed, and constantly reported to him. Thus, precisely what had happened to Hooker at Chancellorsville, the absence of cavalry, and which lost him the battle, befell Lee in this campaign. The strategic prize was Gettysburg. Whichever party should seize that, would strike with great advantages in his favor.

But while the two armies were approaching, each with imperfect knowledge of the other's movements, for a death grapple, the Union commander was unaware of the change which had occurred in the plans of his antagonist, and supposed him still pushing forward to cross the Susquehanna. Hence, while Lee was making all possible speed to concentrate on the Union flank, Meade, all unsuspicious of danger, was moving, much scattered, to catch Lee before he should get across. But the moment Ewell's forces began to fall back from before Harrisburg, they were followed up by the militia at that place, under General William F. (Baldy) Smith, who had been assigned by General Couch to that duty. As Ewell withdrew from Carlisle, Smith entered it, but, as the enemy thought, in too much haste, and turned upon him. A sharp skirmish ensued, and the solid shot from the enemy's battery, planted upon an eminence to the south of the place, tore wildly through the astonished city. No great injury was done, but the anger of the foe at the obstinacy of Smith, in not again surrendering the town, was vented in firing and utterly destroying the United States barracks, near that place, and the arsenal of supplies. This determination of Smith to press upon the rear of the rebels disclosed their purpose of concentrating, and the intelligence was flashed over the wires to Washington, and thence to Westminster, which had now become the base of intelligence as well as of supply to the Union force. On the 30th, Couch telegraphed to Halleck: "My latest information is that Early, with his 8000 men, went towards Gettysburg or Hanover, saying they expected to fight a great battle there. At Carlisle, they said they were not going to be outflanked by Hooker." No man was more active or successful in gaining

accurate information, or divining the purposes of the enemy, than the Hon. Thomas A. Scott, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and subsequently Assistant Secretary of War. In this, as in the management of the great corporation with which he is associated, he showed Napoleonic vigor. On the same day, Couch, from information furnished by Scott, again telegraphed: "Lee is falling back suddenly from the vicinity of Harrisburg, and concentrating all his forces. York has been evacuated. Carlisle is being evacuated. The concentration seems to be at or near Chambersburg; the object, apparently, a sudden movement against Meade, of which he should be advised by courier immediately;" and at a little past midnight Couch sent still another telegram: "Information just received, leads to the belief that the concentration of the forces of the enemy will be at Gettysburg, rather than at Chambersburg. The movement on their part is very rapid and hurried. They retired from Carlisle in the direction of Gettysburg, by the way of the Petersburg pike. Firing about Petersburg and Dillstown this P. M., continued some hours. Meade should, by all means, be informed and prepared for a sudden attack from Lee's whole army."

At about the same hour, July 1st, at a quarter before one in the morning, General Schenck telegraphed from Baltimore: "Lee, I think, is either massing his troops, or making a general retreat towards Cumberland Valley. Most likely the former. They are so near that I shall not be surprised if a battle comes on to-day."

Up to the moment of receiving these messages, which did not reach him until the morning of the 1st of July, General Meade had been moving his army forward by rapid marches towards the Susquehanna under the apprehension that Lee was intent on crossing that stream. It is true that he had obtained reports which induced him, on the evening of the 30th, to issue a circular to each corps commander, saying: "The Commanding General has received information that the enemy are advancing, probably in strong force, on Gettysburg. It is the intention to hold this army pretty nearly in the position it now occupies until the plans of the enemy shall have been more fully developed. . . . Corps commanders will hold their commands in readiness at a moment's notice, upon receiving orders, to march against the

enemy. . . . The men must be provided with three days' rations in haversacks, and with sixty rounds of ammunition in the boxes and upon the person."

It would seem from the following telegram from Meade to Halleck, sent at seven o'clock on the morning of the 1st of July, that Meade had not yet been apprised of the important messages from Schenck and Couch, quoted above, and which were dispatched to Washington at a little after midnight: "My positions to-day are, one corps at Emmittsburg, two at Gettysburg, one at Taneytown, one at Two Taverns, one at Manchester, one at Hanover. These were ordered yesterday, before receipt of advices of Lee's movements. . . . The point of Lee's concentration, and the nature of the country, when ascertained, will determine whether I attack him or not."

Thus it will be seen that thirty-six hours had elapsed from the time Lee had issued orders for all his forces to concentrate at Gettysburg, before Meade became fully aware that such a concentration was in progress, and during all those hours, pregnant with the gravest issues, he was moving on, "fan-shape," as he terms it, by this time sweeping a broad belt of more than thirty miles, intent upon striking the enemy before he should cross the Susquehanna, or while entangled upon the stream. This is evident from his telegram to General Halleck of the 29th, in which he says: "If he [Lee] is crossing the Susquehanna, I shall rely upon General Couch, with his force, holding him until I can fall upon his rear and give him battle, which I shall endeavor to do." The purpose here expressed is confirmed by his testimony before the committee of Congress on the Conduct of the War: "I determined," he says, "and so notified the General-in-chief, that I should move my army as promptly as possible on the main line from Frederick to Harrisburg, extending my wings on both sides of that line as far as I could consistently with the safety and the rapid concentration of that army, and should continue that movement until I either encountered the enemy, or had reason to believe that the enemy would advance upon me; my object being at all hazards to compel him to loose his hold on the Susquehanna, and meet me in battle at some point. It was my firm determination, never for an instant deviated from, to give

battle wherever, and as soon as I could possibly find the enemy, modified, of course, by such general considerations as govern every general officer—that when I came into his immediate neighborhood some manœuvres might be made by me with a view to secure advantages on my side in that battle, and not allow them to be secured by him."

As soon, however, as it became evident to him that the enemy had let go of the Susquehanna, and was rapidly concentrating on his flank, he instantly realized that a change of policy was necessary.

He accordingly issued a circular on the morning of the 1st of July, of which the following extracts indicate the purport: "From information received the Commanding General is satisfied that the object of the movement of the army in this direction has been accomplished, viz: the relief of Harrisburg and the prevention of the enemy's intended invasion of Pennsylvania beyond the Susquehanna. It is no longer his intention to assume the offensive until the enemy's movements or position should render such an operation certain of success. If the enemy assume the offensive and attack, it is his intention, after holding them in check sufficiently long to withdraw the trains and other *impedimenta*, to withdraw the army from its present position, and form line of battle with the left resting in the neighborhood of Middleburg, and the right at Manchester, the general direction being that of Pipe Creek. For this purpose General Reynolds, in command of the left, will withdraw the force at present at Gettysburg, two corps [First and Eleventh] by the road to Taneytown and Westminster, and after crossing Pipe Creek, deploy towards Middleburg. The corps at Emmittsburg [Third] will be withdrawn, by way of Mechanicsville, to Middleburg. General Slocum will assume command of the two corps at Hanover and Two Taverns [Fifth and Twelfth] and withdraw them by Union Mills. . . . The *time* for falling back can only be developed by circumstances. Whenever such circumstances arise as would seem to indicate the necessity for falling back and assuming this general line indicated, notice of such movement will at once be communicated to these headquarters, and to all adjoining corps commanders. . . . This order is communicated that a general

plan, perfectly understood by all, may be had for receiving attack if made in strong force upon any portion of our present position. Developments may cause the Commanding General to assume the offensive from his present positions."

Against the movements contemplated in this circular, which was merely a notification of a purpose which would be followed by an order when the trains of the several corps could be disposed of, and the movements of the enemy should make it advisable, some of Meade's officers entered vigorous protests. But to the adoption of this plan he was incited by many weighty considerations. He was convinced, from information hourly reaching him, that the whole rebel army, numerically stronger than his own, was rapidly concentrating, and was probably within striking distance of Gettysburg. Should he push the two corps which he had approaching that place into the town, and attempt to hold it, the probabilities were that they would be fallen upon and annihilated before he could bring up the balance of his army to their support, one corps of which, the Sixth, was over thirty miles away. It was his intention, therefore, that these two corps, instead of resolutely fighting the whole rebel army, should simply hold the attacking force in check, in case the enemy should assume the offensive, sufficiently to bring off the trains, and then concentrate his whole army before engaging in a general battle. He was convinced, besides, that however excellent the position at Gettysburg might be, and however great its strategic value, it was then absolutely beyond his power to keep it from the enemy's grasp. The sequel shows that both these catastrophies, which the quick military eye of Meade saw impending, did actually follow, the two corps being crushed with a loss of 10,000 of their number, and the town falling into the enemy's hands. Meade did not know, having never been at Gettysburg, nor could any one in his army have known, until he reached the ground, nor does any one now claim to have been aware, that there was a position outside the town which could be taken up after the town itself had fallen, that would prove more favorable for gaining a victory than the possession of Gettysburg itself, though counted upon as of so great value. The whole advantage, to the Union side, of Gettysburg as a battle-ground,

after the town was lost, consisted in the fact that a position was found near there which proved to be a good one from which to fight a defensive battle. Not knowing that any such ground existed, and not having been advised by any of those who are now most loud-mouthed in claiming the credit of indicating Gettysburg as a favorable battle-field, the design of Meade to concentrate, made known in this circular, was a proper one, and dictated by the highest considerations of military policy. Besides, if he could withdraw the isolated wing, now shown for the first time by the telegrams of Couch and Schenck to be threatened with destruction, and take the position a few miles to the rear, which he had selected, he would be brought nearer his own base, at Westminster, which could be held with only slight diminution of his strength for guard. He would at the same time be drawing his antagonist still farther from his base, and would thereby make him so much the more vulnerable.

It is true that to that portion of the army which was at the moment in advance of the line he had selected, the contemplated movement would appear like a falling back, and in that view might have a demoralizing effect. General Butterfield says: "When General Meade presented this order to me, which was in his own handwriting, I stated to him that I thought the effect of an order to fall back would be very bad upon the morals of the army, and that it ought to be avoided if possible. General Meade seemed to think that we were going ahead without any well understood plan, and that, by reason of that, we might be liable to disaster." But the effect here deprecated by Butterfield would not have applied to the main body of the army, which was already on or near the line selected, and could have had no serious influence upon the wing touched.

The only fault then that can be imputed to Meade in regard to this order, which was probably more a misfortune than a fault, was that he had allowed his antagonist to be thirty-six hours concentrating, before he discovered the fact, and he, in the meantime, marching on with corps scattered, and allowing a contingency to occur which necessitated such an order.

There was, however, one consideration, which subsequent disclosures show to have been of the highest importance, that failed

to impress the mind of the Union leader. Suppose he had fallen back, and found a strong position, and got his army concentrated, would the enemy come forward and attack him in it? General Lee says, in his official report: "It had not been intended to fight a general battle at such a distance from our base, unless attacked by the enemy." Swinton, in his "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," says that after the conclusion of the war he had a conversation with General Longstreet, concerning this battle, in which the latter declared that "General Lee expressly promised his corps commanders that he would not assume a tactical offensive, but force his antagonist to attack him." It would seem, therefore, that any strong position selected and fortified by Meade would have been futile, as he would have been obliged, in the end, to have come out from behind his fastnesses, and have attacked. But this does not militate against the soundness of his order for concentration, as that was imperative, before, with the hope of success, he could attack an enemy who had had thirty-six hours the start in drawing in his legions and compacting them for the onset.

But a power above human wisdom was controlling events which set at nought the counsels of the wise. Buford, who had been charged with moving upon the left flank of the Union army, with one of the divisions of cavalry, having encamped at Fountain Dale on the night of the 29th of June, started in the morning towards Gettysburg; but unexpectedly coming upon a detachment of the enemy's infantry, while on the way, which proved to be a part of Pettigrew's brigade of Heth's division of Hill's corps, which recoiled before him, he retraced his steps, not having orders to attack, to Fountain Dale, and thence moved to Emmittsburg, where he received orders to march to Gettysburg, from Pleasanton, chief of cavalry, and to hold the town to the last extremity, receiving assurance of support from the infantry. On the same morning a portion of Heth's division of Hill's corps, which had crossed the mountains some days before, and had been engaged in gathering supplies of beef, flour, and grain, approached Gettysburg, accompanied with artillery, and a train of fifteen wagons, the whole, several thousand in number, forming a line a mile and a half in length, apparently having been ordered out to

take possession of the town. The head of this column had reached the crest of Seminary Ridge, and the pickets as far down as Mr. Shead's house, in the outskirts of the place, when it was halted. After the officers, with their field glasses, had ridden back and forth for some time, reconnoitring and conversing with the inhabitants, the column countermarched, and at half-past ten had disappeared. It is not difficult to account for this singular manœuvre, for Buford, with his resolute cavalry division, was rapidly approaching. As the enemy withdrew, they attempted an ambuscade when arrived at Marsh Creek, hiding themselves to right and left of the road, under cover of a wood that skirts the stream, while a minor force was thrown forward as a decoy. But the disguise was too thin for the practised eye of Buford.

In an hour after the rebels had departed, the magnificent column of Buford arrived, and to the gladdened eyes of the inhabitants, unused to gaze on hostile pageants, it seemed indeed "terrible as an army with banners." With firm tread it moved up the main street of the town, and out upon the Chambersburg pike. It consisted, at the time, of only two brigades, a third under Merritt being at Mechanicstown with the trains, one commanded by Colonel J. M. Gamble, composed of the Eighth Illinois, Eighth Indiana, and Eighth New York, the other by Colonel Thomas C. Devin, embracing the Sixth New York (Ira Harris), Ninth New York, and the Seventeenth Pennsylvania, and a battery of light guns of the Second Artillery, under Lieutenants Clark and Calef. It was reputed to contain 4000 men, and probably bore that number upon its rolls; but when drawn up for action could only present 2200 muskets. At the distance of a mile and a half from the town it was deployed, Gamble across the Chambersburg, and Devin across the Mummasburg and Carlisle roads.

Thus was the column of the enemy, which had approached the town in the early morning evidently for the purpose of taking forcible possession, foiled, and the advantage in the preliminary manœuvre was with the Union side, an augury of ultimate triumph. Gamble threw out his scouting parties towards Cashtown, and Devin towards Hunterstown, which scoured the country, capturing stragglers from the enemy, from whom import-

ant information was obtained. Buford now became satisfied that the mass of the rebel army was converging towards Gettysburg, and that heavy columns were already in close proximity.

A Lieutenant, who was signal officer of Buford's Division, reports the conversation of the chiefs on the occasion, which is published by General De Peyster in his "Decisive Conflicts": "On the night of the 30th," he says, "General Buford spent some hours with Colonel Tom Devin, and while commenting upon the information brought in by Devin's scouts, remarked that 'the battle would be fought at that point,' and that 'he was afraid it would be commenced in the morning before the infantry would get up.' These are his own words. Devin did not believe in so early an advance of the enemy, and remarked that he would 'take care of all that would attack his front during the ensuing twenty-four hours.' Buford answered: 'No, you won't. They will attack you in the morning and they will come *booming*—skirmishers three deep. You will have to fight like the devil to hold your own until supports arrive. The enemy must know the importance of this position and will strain every nerve to secure it, and if we are able to hold we will do well.' Upon his return, he ordered me, then First Lieutenant and signal officer of his division, to seek out the most prominent points and watch everything; to be careful to look out for camp-fires, and in the morning for dust. He seemed anxious, more so than I ever saw him."

The judgment of Buford was just, showing that he was possessed of remarkable discernment and penetration. Two divisions of Hill's corps were already across the mountains, the last to leave the Rappahannock, and the first to appear upon the front of the new field, while his remaining division and two divisions of Longstreet's corps were already upon the western slope ready to cross at dawn, and the body of Ewell's corps was in bivouac at Heidlersburg, only nine miles away.

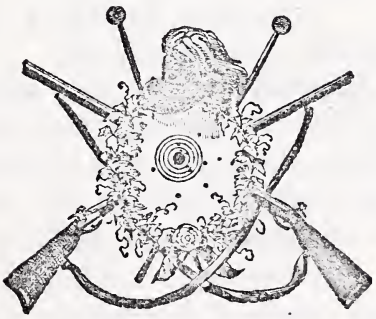
The Union army, too, had been moving thitherward, and at the moment when Buford was holding this conversation in the tent of Colonel Devin, Reynolds was bivouacing on the bank of Marsh Creek, four miles away, with the First corps; Howard with the Eleventh was on the Emmittsburg road

some miles farther back, Sickels with the Third corps was at Emmittsburg, Hancock with the Second at Frizelburg, Slocum with the Twelfth at Littlestown, Sykes with the Fifth at Union Mills towards Hanover, and Sedgwick with the Sixth at Manchester.

The army was now on Northern soil or verging upon it. As they crossed the Pennsylvania line the fact was announced to the men from the heads of the columns, and the passage was signalized by the wildest enthusiasm, and demonstrations of joy. Caps flew in air, shouts of rejoicing resounded, bands struck up the National airs, and the heavens echoed with patriot songs. General Meade, recognizing the importance of exciting the fervor of his men, and intent on seizing every opportunity to heighten it, issued the following earnest appeal: "The Commanding General requests that, previous to the engagement soon expected with the enemy, corps, and all other commanding officers will address their troops, explaining to them briefly the immense issues involved in the struggle. The enemy are on our soil; the whole country now looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe; our failure to do so will leave us no such welcome as the swelling of millions of hearts with pride and joy at our success would give to every soldier of this army. Homes, firesides, and domestic altars are involved. The army has fought well heretofore; it is believed that it will fight more desperately and bravely than ever if it is addressed in fitting terms. Corps commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails in his duty at this hour."

General Reynolds, having been kept aware of the movements of the enemy by the ever watchful Buford, had taken up a strong position on the heights beyond Emmittsburg, on which, should he be assailed, he could make a good defence, and here he had passed the night of the 29th. On the 30th he moved forward only a few miles, where he again formed his camp on ground from which he would fight if attacked, until he could withdraw to his position of the night before near Emmittsburg. But the night of the 30th passed peacefully, and on the morning of the 1st—the last of earth's mornings for him—he was early astir, having been apprised of the near approach of the foe.

Seeing that Buford was about to be attacked, he put Wadsworth's division, accompanied by Hall's Maine battery in motion towards Gettysburg, and sent for Doubleday, who was in command of the First corps. After reading and explaining his telegrams, he directed Doubleday to move with the remaining two divisions close upon the footsteps of Wadsworth. He then mounted his horse and rode rapidly towards the front.



## CHAPTER IX.

### FIRST DAY OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

EING well assured that the enemy was about to attack him, Buford was early in the saddle, and had made the most imposing disposition to meet them which his little force would admit. Had he had at his back the half million of troops, that a farmer's wife, in reply to inquiries of rebel officers, had declared were in Gettysburg, he could have scarcely made one more so. But in addition to being imposing it had the virtue of being effective, and when the rebels came on "booming, skirmishers three deep," as Buford had predicted, they met a stubborn resistance.

His skirmish line extended from the point where the Millerstown road crosses Willoughby Run, following the somewhat tortuous bluff bordering the left bank of that stream across the Chambersburg way, and thence around crossing the Mummasburg, Carlisle, and Harrisburg pikes, and the railroad, reaching quite to Rock Creek, thus covering all the great highways entering the town from the north and west. In rear of this, upon a ridge running parallel with Seminary Ridge, and a half mile from it, were posted the rest of his forces dismounted. Covering the roads on which the enemy was expected first to advance were planted the guns of his light batteries.

Having every disposition made, he watched eagerly for any indication which could disclose the purpose of the foe. He had not long to wait; for the enemy, being in strong force, and intent on seizing the coveted prize, which he now believed was within his grasp, moved up his skirmishers. The first shot was delivered by the enemy at a little before ten o'clock, which was responded to on the Union side by three single shots, the signal

for a general discharge along the skirmish line, and the Battle of Gettysburg was begun.

As Buford's men for the most part fought dismounted, the enemy at first took them for infantry, and consequently moved tardily, and with much circumspection, giving time for the First corps, which was now rapidly approaching, to come up. So from the opening, fortune favored the Union arms. A constantly increasing skirmish fire was continued for half an hour, when the enemy, having brought up his artillery, opened with much spirit. The guns of Buford answered promptly, and maintained the contest gallantly, preserving the delusion that he was well supported. The fury of the fight increased at every moment, and Buford saw that the weight of numbers bearing on him would soon press him off the field; but not an inch was yielded, though he had every preparation made for retiring to Cemetery Hill when he could hold out no longer. It was a moment of gloom and anxiety to that true heart. Would he be left to his fate, and be at last obliged to sacrifice that vantage ground he had striven so hard to hold?

The signal officer, above quoted, had early in the morning taken his station in the cupola of the Theological Seminary, whence the country for many miles around lay open to view. "The engagement," he says, "was desperate, as we were opposed to the whole front of Hill's corps. We held them in check fully two hours, and were nearly overpowered when, in looking about the country, I saw the corps flag of General Reynolds. I was still in the Seminary steeple, but being the only signal officer with the cavalry, had no one to communicate with, so I sent one of my men to Buford, who came up, and looking through my glass, confirmed my report, and remarked: 'Now we can hold the place!'" With what joy was the eye of the leader gladdened as he beheld the folds of that flag floating upon the morning air, and read in its bright emblems the assurance of succor! "General Reynolds," continues the signal officer, "and staff came up on a gallop in advance of the corps, when I made the following communication: 'Reynolds, himself, will be here in five minutes. His corps is about a mile behind.' Buford returned and watched anxiously my observations made through my signal-telescope.

GEN. JOHN F. REYNOLDS.

When Reynolds came up, seeing Buford in the cupola, he cried out: 'What's the matter, John?' 'The devil's to pay,' said Buford; and going down the ladder, Reynolds said: 'I hope you can hold out until my corps comes up.' 'I reckon I can,' was the characteristic reply. Reynolds then said: 'Let's ride out and see all about it,' and mounting we rode away. The skirmishing was then very brisk, the cavalry fighting dismounted. Buford said: 'General, do not expose yourself so much;' but Reynolds laughed, and moved nearer still."

Having closely reconnoitred the field, he requested Buford to hold fast the position he had, and said that he would bring up the whole right wing of the army of which he had been put in formal command on the previous morning by the new chief, as rapidly as it could be concentrated. He then dispatched his staff officers, one to Howard, who was already on the way, with orders to bring up his corps with all possible dispatch; another to Sickles, to look for the Third corps; and a third to hasten on the divisions of the First corps. Having shown his determination by these orders to concentrate and to fight, Reynolds again mounted and rode back to meet the head of his column. As he was descending the hill, after having passed the Seminary, accompanied by his escort, he met an old man, possessing an air of authority, whom Reynolds asked if he could not point out a shorter way back to the Emmittsburg road than by the centre of the town, by which he had come. The old man was John Burns, who had been entrusted by his fellow citizens with the office of Constable, and for several days had been watching for suspected persons, having already a number of rebel spies and messengers locked up in the Gettysburg jail. Burns assented to the request of the General, and recognizing the need of haste, at once started down a by-street on a rapid run, the cavalcade dashing on after him. Burns' blood was now up, and he watched eagerly for Reynolds' return. Having come near the town with the leading division, Reynolds determined to strike across the fields by the most direct route to the Seminary, and ordered the fences levelled. "The pioneers," says Burns, who watched every movement with the greatest interest, "made the fences fly with their bright axes."

When General Reynolds arrived at the front, the enemy were pressing the cavalry with much energy, and he accordingly led his troops at once to its support. Cutler's brigade of Wadsworth's division had the advance. Three regiments of this brigade, the Seventy-sixth and One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, and the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, Reynolds ordered Wadsworth, accompanied by Cutler, to take to the right of the line facing westward, north of the bed of an old unfinished railroad, while Reynolds himself took the two remaining regiments, the Ninety-fifth New York and the Fourteenth Brooklyn, with Hall's battery to the south of the railroad grading, and posted them on a line with, but a little in advance of the other regiments of the brigade, the battery being placed upon the pike. As the infantry moved up, the cavalry retired. The regiments to the right of the cut had scarcely got into position before they were heavily engaged with superior numbers. General Cutler, in a letter to Governor Curtin, written soon after the battle, said: "It was my fortune to be in advance on the morning of July 1st. When we came upon the ground in front of the enemy, Colonel Hofmann's regiment, the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, being the second in the column, got into position a moment sooner than the others, the enemy now advancing in line of battle in easy musket range. The atmosphere being a little thick, I took out my glass to examine the enemy. Being a few paces in the rear of Colonel Hofmann, he turned to me and inquired, 'Is that the enemy?' My reply was, 'Yes.' Turning to his men he commanded, 'Ready, right-oblique, aim, fire!' . . . The fire was followed by other regiments instantly; still, that battle on the soil of Pennsylvania was opened by her own sons, and it is just that it should become a matter of history. When Colonel Hofmann gave the command, 'aim,' I doubted whether the enemy was near enough to have the fire effective, and asked him if he was within range; but not hearing my question, he fired, and I received my reply in a shower of bullets, by which many of the Colonel's men were killed, and wounded. My own horse, and those of two of my staff, were wounded at the same time."

Hill's corps, a force of 30,000 men in three divisions, had crossed the South Mountain in the order of Heth's, Pender's, and

Anderson's; and Longstreet's corps, of like strength and divisions, was following in the order of McLaws', Hood's, and Pickett's; the latter, however, left for one day at Chambersburg to hand forward the ammunition, reserve artillery, and trains safely, and to hold itself in readiness to come up the moment the battle should wax warm. Ewell, who commanded the remaining corps, and was coming in from Carlisle and York, had started from Heidlersburg early on the morning of the 1st, and with his three divisions was marching in the order of Early's, Rodes', and Johnson's. The divisions of Heth and Pender were the first to strike the head of the Union army. As they arrived upon the field they were deployed upon the bluff overlooking the west bank of Willoughby Run, Heth upon the right and Pender upon the left, and at commanding points along this bluff the artillery was planted. At the point where the rebel line was formed, there is a cross-road running north, and from it another branching east and approaching the town in general course nearly parallel with the Chambersburg pike. On this, Pender advanced and finally reached out towards Oak Hill, a commanding eminence, destined to be an important point in the day's battle, and in the direction in which Ewell was approaching.

General Doubleday, who had been directed to bring up the two remaining divisions of the First corps, having seen them fairly in motion, galloped forward and overtook the First division just as it was filing through the fields at the foot of Seminary Ridge, and immediately sent his aid, Lieutenant Martin, to General Reynolds for instructions. The aid returned bringing orders for Doubleday to attend to the Millerstown road, the next south of the Chambersburg. Midway between these two roads was a triangular piece of woods, the base resting on Willoughby Run, and the apex reaching up towards the Seminary Ridge, the elevation on which Cutler's troops were forming, cutting through its upper extremity. "These woods," says Doubleday, "possessed all the advantages of a redoubt, strengthening the centre of our line, and enfilading the enemy's columns should they advance in the open space on either side. I deemed the extremity of the woods, which extended to the summit of the ridge, the key of the position." To seize and hold this, therefore, was of prime necessity.

The brigade of Meredith followed close upon that of Cutler, and the latter had scarcely got into position, before it also came upon the field. It was composed of Western men, gallant soldiers, and gallantly led. It was known as the Iron Brigade. This tongue of wood, the importance of which General Doubleday had recognized, was also coveted by the enemy, and Archer's brigade of Heth's division had been sent across the run to occupy it, and was already advancing upon its base when Meredith arrived. Not a moment was to be lost, if it was to be saved to the Union side. Doubleday detached one regiment, the Sixth Wisconsin, to remain as a reserve, and immediately ordered the others to form and charge into the woods. "I urged them," says Doubleday, "to hold it to the last extremity. Full of the memory of past achievements, they replied cheerfully and proudly, 'If we can't hold it, where will you find the men who can?'" Led by the Second Wisconsin in line, under Colonel Fairchild, since Governor, and followed, *en echelon*, by the Seventh Wisconsin, Nineteenth Indiana, and Twenty-fourth Michigan, this sturdy body of men dashed forward. As the leading regiment was approaching the wood, General Reynolds, accompanied by two aids, Captains Mitchell and Baird, and an orderly, Charles H. Veil, rode up, and ordering it to advance at double-quick, joined in the charge. As it moved he exclaimed, "Forward! men, forward! for God's sake, and drive those fellows out of the woods." He then turned to look for his supports and to hasten them on. The woods were full of the enemy's sharp-shooters, and as he turned he was struck in the brain, and never spoke more. An abler or more devoted soldier perished not in the Union cause. His fall was not noticed by the troops, who swept on, and pressing Archer's brigade closely, compelled it to surrender, taking 1000 prisoners, and Archer himself, who was brought in by private Patrick Maloney of Colonel Fairchild's regiment, who afterwards fell on the field of his heroic exploit. The enthusiasm of the charge was so great that the brigade was carried across the run, and was formed on the high ground beyond. Seeing that this was too far in advance of the main line, it was ordered back and posted in the woods.

General Doubleday was now informed of the fall of Reynolds, by which sad event the whole responsibility of maintaining the

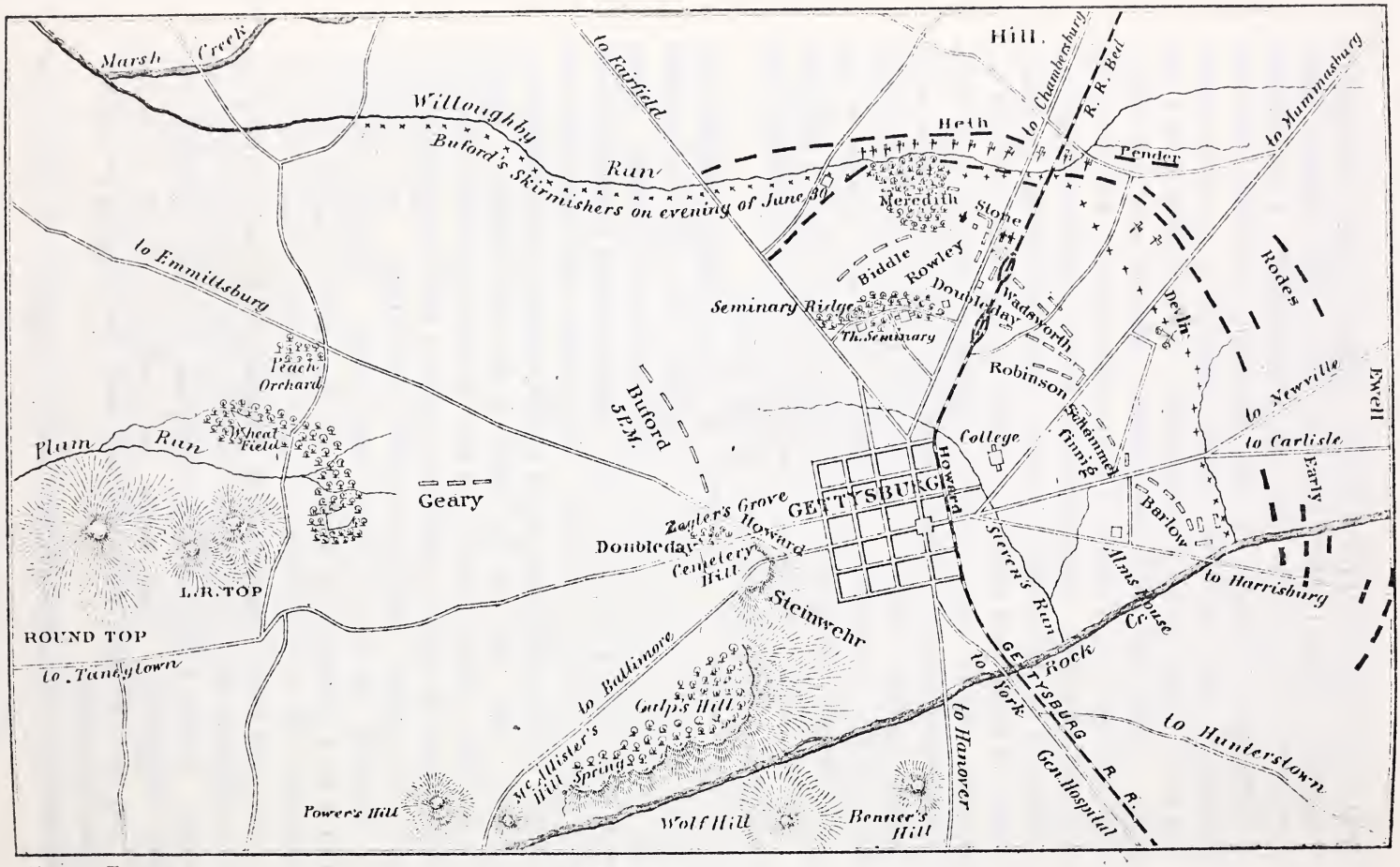
fight was thrown upon him. At about this time, and before Doubleday could communicate with his officers, other disasters fell upon his little force. The enemy having formed in two lines in front, and to the right of Cutler's brigade, advanced upon it in vastly superior numbers, while another force charged up the railroad cut, and attacked the guns of Hall's battery. So overwhelming was this onset, that Wadsworth was induced to order Hall to retire with his guns to the Seminary Ridge, and also to withdraw the three regiments of Cutler's brigade posted north of the cut. One of these regiments, the One Hundred and Forty-seventh, under Major Harney, failed to receive the order, and remained upon the front battling with the swarming foe until nearly annihilated, and so far surrounded as to preclude the possibility of withdrawing. Hall had again been ordered forward, and the guns of his battery did fearful execution by the free use of canister. He had held in check the charging columns for some time; but seeing his supports withdrawn and his guns in danger of being lost, and receiving a summons from Wadsworth, he fell back. The last gun to retire lost all its horses, and before the men sent to rescue it could accomplish the purpose, they were either shot or taken prisoners, and the gun was for the time left upon the field.

At this juncture Doubleday was for the first time able to give attention to that part of the ground. Seeing that the right of his line had been crushed, and that the disaster, if not speedily repaired, would work the ruin of his corps, he sent for his reserve regiment, the Sixth Wisconsin, and forming it upon the enemy's flank, at right angles to the line of battle, ordered a charge. To save themselves from the determined front presented by this regiment the enemy sprang into the railroad cut near by, and commenced a murderous fire from this sheltered position. As the Sixth moved it was joined by the two regiments of Cutler, which had been originally posted on the left of the cut. The struggle for a time was desperate, and while some of the enemy gave token of surrender, the more resolute still held out. Finally, Colonel Dawes of the Sixth threw a squad into the cut upon his right, so as to enfilade the enemy's line, and pressing him in front, carried the position at the point of the bayonet. A por-

tion of two regiments of Davis' brigade with their battle flags were taken prisoners, and marched off to the rear. This relieved the One Hundred and Forty-seventh, which had been surrounded and had suffered fearful losses, and the gun of Hall's battery, that had been left, was rescued.

So bold a manœuvre astonished the enemy, and gave assurance to the troops which Wadsworth had ordered back, insomuch that the line was reëstablished, and one of Tidball's batteries was advanced to take the place of Hall. Tidball's guns were soon hotly engaged, and after replying to the enemy with spirit and effect for some time, they were relieved by Captain Reynolds'.

Though suffering severe losses in killed and wounded, this single division of only two brigades had achieved a marked success, two brigades of Heth's division, Archer's and Davis', having been broken and large numbers captured, and the ground originally taken triumphantly held. This furnished a favorable opportunity to have retired, and taken position on more defensible ground. But Doubleday, who was still in chief command on the field, did not deem it wise to withdraw until a more determined fight had been made. He believed that General Reynolds, who had been placed in command of the whole right wing of the army, and who enjoyed the full confidence of his chief, had taken this position with the intention of holding it until supports should come up, which had been already ordered and whose arrival was hourly expected, and of preventing the enemy from gaining possession of the town. He was aware that the remaining divisions of his own corps were near at hand, that the Eleventh corps was approaching, and that the Third and Twelfth corps were within striking distance. He accordingly determined to hold fast and breast the storm. A passage of his official report discloses the patriotic devotion with which, at this perilous moment, he was actuated. "A retreat," he says, "without hard fighting has a tendency to demoralize the troops who retire, and would in the present instance, in my opinion, have dispirited the whole army, and injured its *morale*, while it would have encouraged the enemy in the same proportion. There never was an occasion in which the result could have been more momentous upon our national destiny. Final success in this war can only be




Union Troops ----
Rebel Troops ——

# MAP OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD, FIRST DAY, JULY 1ST 1863.

obtained by desperate fighting, and the infliction of heavy loss upon the enemy."

But the successes thus attained were not suffered to remain long undisputed. New actors were rapidly coming upon the scene. Pender's division, which had not yet been engaged, was now deployed, and on the Union side, the two remaining divisions of the First corps, Rowley's and Robinson's, arrived on the field. Robinson was at first ordered to hold his men in reserve, and to throw up a barricade in front of the Seminary, to which, in case of necessity, the line of battle could retire. Rowley's—Doubleday's own before taking the corps—was divided. One brigade, commanded by Colonel Chapman Biddle of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Pennsylvania, was sent to the left to cover the Millerstown Road, and the left flank of the Iron brigade. Biddle made a skilful disposition of his troops, sending two companies of skirmishers forward to occupy a brick house and stone barn considerably to the front of his line, who did fearful execution upon the advancing enemy, without being themselves exposed. Later in the day they were obliged to abandon this coigne of vantage to escape capture as the enemy in overwhelming numbers advanced, and the buildings were finally burned.

Stone's brigade, which was composed of the One Hundred and Forty-second, One Hundred and Forty-ninth, and One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania regiments, and was known as the Bucktail Brigade, sturdy men from the forest region, was posted on open ground to the right of Meredith, where they were much exposed. Stone was a man of undaunted courage, and accustomed to manœuvre troops in the face of the enemy, having led a battalion of the original Bucktail regiment upon the Peninsula with eminent skill. Doubleday had great confidence in this fine body of men, and assigned it to this most critical portion of the field. "The men," says Doubleday, "were in very fine spirits, and were elated to the highest degree. One division that I had [Rowley's] was composed almost entirely of Pennsylvanians. I made short speeches to each regiment as it passed and went into action, and the men were full of enthusiasm. I had assigned one brigade under Colonel Stone to quite an open position, where they were shelled pretty severely. Colonel Stone remarked, as

he took the position, 'We have come to stay.' This went quickly through his brigade, the men adopting it as a watchword; they all said, 'We have come to stay,' and a very large portion of them never left that ground."

In gaining his position, Stone showed the most determined spirit. The skirmish line which he sent forward to occupy a fence on his front towards Willoughby Run, had to meet unshielded the deliberate fire of a heavy line of the enemy's skirmishers, who already had possession of it. But disregarding the rapid fall of companions they rushed on, drove out the foe, and held the fence against every attempt to regain it.

But now a new terror threatened. The veteran troops of Ewell, Stonewall Jackson's old corps, men who had rarely been led but to victory, had been marching since early morn from Heidlersburg, and the head of the column was already deploying, the skirmishers pushing into every nook and sheltered way where they could come unobserved upon the Union line. Devin's brigade of cavalry was there, and though its commander had expressed his confidence the night before that he could hold his own for twenty-four hours, before midday he found himself hard pressed. Never was a line of cavalry put to severer strain. The ground whereon it stood was open, with no advantageous positions from which to fight. The advance of Ewell was first felt on the Hunterstown Road. The instant the firing commenced, Devin disposed his men so as to strengthen that part of the line. "Shortly after this," says the signal officer, "the prophecy of Buford was fulfilled. 'Booming skirmishers three deep' came, nearly a mile long, and it seemed that a handful of men could not hold them in check an instant. But taking advantage of every particle of fence, timber, or rise in the front, they held the forces of Ewell temporarily in check." The fighting on the part of Devin was dismounted, and proved very effective, that whole front, looking northward, being held by that small cavalry force aided by the light guns of Calef, until relief came.

Reynolds had early on the morning of the 1st ordered Howard, who was in the neighborhood of Emmittsburg, to move up to Gettysburg in compliance with Meade's order of march for this day. "I am very clear and distinct," says Captain Rosengarten

of Reynolds' staff, "in my recollection of the fact that one of General Howard's aids [Captain Hall] reported to General Reynolds as we were near Gettysburg, the early arrival of the Eleventh corps on the Taneytown Road. General Reynolds made some inquiries as to the condition of the men, and the distance of the divisions from each other, and then desired the aid to return to Howard, with orders to move on rapidly to Cemetery Hill where he would be put in position. When Reynolds got to the front, and found the pressing need for troops, and the long intervals between the arrival of successive divisions, he sent back to Cemetery Hill, and to the Eleventh corps, to bring the head of Howard's column up to the front. He was killed long before the return of the aid who carried this message."

Howard's corps had rested in the neighborhood of Emmittsburg on the night of the 30th, but had moved early, and finding the road leading to Gettysburg occupied by the trains, and by Robinson's division of the First corps, had moved to the right on a by-way leading to the Taneytown Road, and was still on this way eleven miles from Gettysburg, when the messenger of Reynolds met him. General Buford, ever watchful, remained near his signal officer, regarding every movement of friend and foe. "One of my men at the glass," says the signal officer, "came down to me with a message, saying that they saw another infantry corps, and thought that it must be Howard's. This proved to be the case. Buford then ordered me to ride as fast as my horse could carry me, and ask Howard to come up on the double-quick. I did so. He ordered his batteries forward, but his men came slowly."

Howard had ridden up, when he found that the First corps was engaged, in advance of his column, arriving at about one o'clock. and, ranking Doubleday, assumed command of the field. Doubleday continued in command of the First corps, that of the Eleventh being turned over to Carl Schurz. The Eleventh was composed of three divisions, commanded by Generals Von Steinwehr, Barlow, and Schemmelfinnig. The division of Von Steinwehr, with the artillery, was posted on Cemetery Hill, in accordance with the order of Reynolds, and the divisions of Barlow and Schemmelfinnig were moved forward, and relieved the cavalry brigade of Devin, north of the town, Barlow on the right, reaching around

to Rock Creek, and Schemmelfinnig extending towards Seminary Hill, but not quite reaching the right of the First corps.

In the meantime the divisions of Pender and Heth, of Hill's corps, had developed their full strength, nearly three times that of the entire First corps, and the troops of Pender had extended their line upon the left until they grasped the hands of Rodes' division of Ewell's corps. At the point where these two corps joined, Oak Hill rises to a considerable altitude. This hill is really a part of Seminary Ridge, but a little to the west of it. Here powerful batteries were planted so as to enfilade the First corps line of battle. This necessitated a change of the Union front. The whole line might have been withdrawn to Seminary Ridge; but as that ridge is in some parts open, a line of battle would have there been enfiladed from Oak Hill. Accordingly, Doubleday ordered Wadsworth to retire his force north of the railroad bed to the crest of Seminary Ridge, which was wooded, and Reynolds' battery was also withdrawn. Captain Reynolds himself had received a shot in the eye, but refused to leave the field. This modification of the line necessitated a change of position of Rowley's division. Stone, leaving Wister's regiment facing westward, brought his two remaining ones, first Lieutenant-Colonel Dwight's, and finally Colonel Dana's, into the Chambersburg pike so as to face northward. This left a considerable interval between Stone and Cutler. Through this, Cooper's battery, which had been posted in the wheatfield in rear of Stone, also facing northward, answered the enemy's heavy guns on Oak Hill. At the same time Biddle's brigade was likewise faced northward to support the guns of Cooper.

Though Howard had arrived on the field and was now in chief command, he was wholly occupied in directing his own corps, leaving the First entirely to the management of Doubleday. "General Buford now reported to me," says Doubleday, "that the rebel General Ewell, with his whole corps, was coming down from York on my right flank, making another 30,000. I sent word to General Howard and requested him to keep Ewell off my flank, as I had as much as I could do to attend to A. P. Hill. About the same time I received an order from General Howard, to this effect: 'Tell Doubleday to fight on the left, and I will

fight on the right.' A little later, he sent word to me that if forced back I must try and hold on to the Seminary. These were all the orders I received from him during the day, that I remember."

The First corps, with Buford's two brigades of cavalry, had borne the brunt of the battle. It was destined still to do so. There had been a lull in the storm, the enemy apparently preparing to crush at one blow the small force which they had now learned was checking them. This they were well able to do. For they had in hand Heth's and Pender's divisions of Hill's corps, and Rodes' and Early's of Ewell's, a full half of the entire rebel army, with the remainder in supporting distance. "At about half past one in the afternoon," says Colonel Stone in his official report, "the grand advance of the enemy's infantry began. From my position I was enabled to trace their formation for at least two miles. It appeared to be a nearly continuous double line of deployed battalions, with other battalions in mass as reserves." As this powerful body advanced, its formation being continuous, it could not conform to the Union line, which as we have seen was irregular. In consequence of this the rebel left became first engaged, striking the northern extremity of the First corps line. As there was here a gap between the First and Eleventh corps, Doubleday ordered Robinson, who had been held in reserve, to send one of his brigades, that of Baxter, to fill it. The latter arrived in time to meet the enemy's advance; but his small brigade proved insufficient to measure the open space, and though fighting gallantly, driving back the enemy, and taking many prisoners and three battle-flags, he was constantly outflanked and exposed to a hot enfilading fire. Recognizing the danger which threatened at this point, Doubleday ordered General Robinson himself with Paul's brigade, his last remaining reserve, to this part of the field. Stewart's battery of the Fourth United States Artillery was also sent to the assistance of Robinson. Although Robinson was still unable to close the opening at the angle made by the two corps, yet by swinging his right around upon the Mummasburg road, he was enabled to protect the flank and prevent the enemy from marching in.

The battle now waxed warm, the enemy attacking with the

most determined valor. At that point in his long line, as it originally advanced, opposite that where Cutler's left ended, it had separated, the southern extremity holding back before Meredith and that part of Stone's brigade which looked westward, and the northern portion sweeping up to meet Cutler and Baxter. This gave that part of Stone's line which looked northward, and Cooper's battery, a good opportunity to attack upon the flank as the hostile lines swept past, and, though at long range for infantry, with excellent effect; and when the troops of Baxter dashed gallantly forward, the rebels seeing themselves pushed on three sides, surrendered in large numbers and were swept into the Union lines. Repeated assaults were made upon Paul and Baxter with ever fresh troops, as if determined to break through and bear down all before them. But more daring or skilful leaders than Robinson, Paul, and Baxter were not in the whole army, and their men were of the same spirit; and though suffering grievously at every fresh onset, hurled back the foe and maintained their ground intact. In one of these fierce assaults, General Paul, the veteran commander of the First brigade, while gallantly encouraging and directing the fight, was severely wounded, losing both his eyes.

While the chief force of the attack fell upon Robinson and Wadsworth, Stone was able to effectually supplement their operations; but when the enemy, unable to make an impression, turned upon Stone, Robinson and Wadsworth were too far away to return the compliment, and the blow fell with withering effect. In two lines, formed parallel to the pike, and at right-angles to Wadsworth, the enemy first advanced upon Stone, who, anticipating such a movement, had thrown one of his regiments under Colonel Dwight forward to the railroad cut where the men awaited the approach. When arrived at a fence within pistol shot, Dwight delivered a withering fire. Nothing daunted, the hostile lines crossed the fence, and continued to move forward. By this time Dwight's men had reloaded, and when the advancing foe had arrived close upon the bank, they delivered another telling volley. They then leaped the bank and vaulted forward with the bayonet, uttering wild shouts, before which the rebels fled in dismay. On returning, Dwight found that the enemy had

planted a battery away to the west, so as to completely enfilade the railroad cut, making it untenable; whereupon he returned to his original position on the pike.

At this juncture, Colonel Stone fell, severely wounded, and was borne off, the command devolving upon Colonel Wister. Foiled in their first attempt, with fresh troops the rebel leaders came on from the northwest, that if possible the weak spot in the Bucktail line might be found. But Wister, disposing the regiment which in part faced the north to meet them, checked and drove them back from this point also. Again, with an enthusiasm never bated, they advanced from the north, and now crossing the railroad cut, which the rebel guns guarded, rushed forward; but a resolute bayonet charge sent them back again, and that front was once more clear. Believing that a single thin line unsupported, unrenewed, and unprotected by breast-works, must eventually yield, a determined attack was again made from the west; but with no better results than before, being met by the intrepid Colonel Huidekoper, who had succeeded to the command of Wister's regiment, and though receiving a grievous wound from the effect of which he lost his right arm, the ground was firmly held, and the enemy was sent reeling back.

But the wave of battle as it rolled southward reached every part in turn, and the extreme Union left, where Biddle's brigade was posted, at length felt its power. A body of troops, apparently an entire division, drawn out in heavy lines, came down from the west and south, and overlapping both of Biddle's flanks, moved defiantly on. Only three small regiments were in position to receive them; but ordering up the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania, which had been detached for special duty, and throwing it into the gap between Meredith's and his own, and wheeling the battery into position, Biddle awaited the approach. As the enemy appeared beyond the wood, under cover of which they had formed, a torrent of death-dealing missiles leaped from the guns. Terrible rents were made; but closing up, they came on undaunted. Never were guns better served; and though the ground was strewn with the slain, their line seemed instantly to grow together. The infantry fire was terrific on both sides; but the enemy, outflanking Biddle, sent a

direct and a doubly destructive oblique fire, before which it seemed impossible to stand. But though the dead fell until the living could fight from behind them as from a bulwark, they stood fast as if rooted to the ground.

It was upon this part of the field, and soon after Stone's brigade had come into position, that an old man with hair of grizzly grey, dressed in a long swallow-tailed coat, and a silk hat badly battered and worn, carrying a musket, came up at a rapid walk through the wheatfield, from the direction of the town, and desired permission to fight. Colonel Wister, to whom he addressed himself, asked him if he knew how to shoot. He answered that he would show them whether he could or not if they would give him a chance. "Where is your ammunition?" inquired Wister. Slapping his hand upon his pocket, he replied: "I have it here." Colonel Wister told him that he could have a chance to fight, but advised him to go to the woods where the Iron brigade was posted, as he could there shelter himself. This did not suit the old man's idea of fight, and he persisted in going forward to the skirmish line at the fence, upon the extreme front, and here he fought so long as that fence was held. Few were the useless shots he fired, and many a foeman was made to bite the dust before the sweep of his faithful rifle. When that skirmish line retired he was the last to leave. He subsequently fought with the Iron brigade until the end of the battle, and was left wounded upon the field. That old man was constable John Burns, the only civilian, so far as known, who fought in the battle of Gettysburg.

While the battle was raging with such fury on the First corps front, it was warmly maintained on the right, where two divisions of the Eleventh corps had been posted. When General Howard first arrived on the field, and became aware that the enemy was advancing in great force from the north, he saw at a glance that Seminary Ridge would not for a moment be tenable, unless the descent from this direction could be checked. Ewell, who was upon that front, seemed indisposed to make a determined assault until the bulk of his corps was up, and he could act in conjunction with the forces of Hill, advancing from the west. He accordingly pushed Rodes with the advance division over upon the right

until it formed a junction with Hill. He likewise sent the division of Early upon the left until he flanked the position which the cavalry of Buford was holding. Howard saw the great disadvantages of the field which he would be obliged to contend upon, and doubtless from the first realized that sooner or later both corps would have to fall back, unless he should receive timely and powerful support. In his anxiety to hold the town until evening, and until the balance of the army could come up, he committed the fatal error of attempting to string out his two divisions in one thin, continuous line, so as to cover the whole open front, upon any part of which the enemy could mass and easily break through, or by planting his artillery in commanding positions, could rake with an oblique and even an enfilading fire. Had Howard, instead of attempting to cover the whole front with an attenuated line, selected some commanding positions on which to have planted his artillery, and instantly have thrown up simple works for the protection of the pieces, and so posted his infantry as to have charged upon any force that should have attempted to wedge its way through the unoccupied spaces, as was done in the case of the First corps; or, had he made the north bank of the north branch of Stevens' Run his main line, making the Almshouse a fortified point, which would have enabled him to hold a strong reserve ready to meet any assault from whatever direction it should come, there is no doubt that the ground would have been longer and more successfully held, perhaps with the fruits of captives and standards. Bloody work may have been entailed; but with skilful management the enemy would likely have suffered much greater losses, as he would have been forced to be the attacking party.

But, notwithstanding this seeming error, the fact must ever remain apparent, that the task attempted by Howard was a difficult one. When he came upon the field, he found the First corps on ground of its own selection, skilfully posted for meeting a front attack, but incapable of holding its own when pressed upon its flanks, and indeed at that moment most seriously threatened with capture. The position left for him to take, and which he was forced to occupy to save the First corps, was one not easily defensible, and by the time his corps arrived upon the

field the enemy was already upon the front and flanks of that position, or in easy supporting distance, in numbers treble those he could bring to oppose to them. It is evident, therefore, that he went there with the expectation of playing a losing game; that he realized that he could only interpose a temporary check, and thereby be enabled to withdraw to a more favorable position; and though he might by a more skilful disposition of his forces have made a more stubborn resistance and have withdrawn his little army with less loss, yet the possibility of permanently holding that position unaided could not reasonably have been entertained.

But there was one labor which was being executed at this time under the direction of General Howard which proved of vital importance in the final cast of the battle: it was the fortifying of Cemetery Hill. This is the boldest and most commanding ground upon the central portion of the line where the struggle during the two succeeding days occurred. Reynolds had noticed the great advantage it presented, and had designated it as the position on which to hold his reserves, and as a rallying point in case he was forced back from the more advanced position in front of the town where he had made his stand, and had himself early fallen. When Howard came up he left one division under General Alexander Von Steinwehr upon this hill, with directions to have it posted most advantageously to hold the position, and to cover retiring troops. Around the base of this hill were low stone walls, tier above tier, extending from the Taneytown Road around to the westerly extremity of Wolf's Hill. These afforded excellent protection to infantry, and behind them the soldiers, weary with the long march and covered with dust, threw themselves for rest. Upon the summit were beautiful green fields, now covered by a second growth, which to the tread had the seeming of a carpet of velvet.

Von Steinwehr was an accomplished soldier, having been thoroughly schooled in the practice of the Prussian army. His military eye was delighted with this position, and thither he drew his heavy pieces, and planted them on the very summit, at the uttermost verge towards the town. But the position, though bold and commanding, was itself commanded, and Steinwehr instantly realized that there would be blows to take as well as to give. No

tree, no house, no obstruction of any kind shielded it from the innumerable points on the opposite hills, from Benner's on the extreme right, beyond Wolf's Hill, around far south on Seminary Ridge to the left; but it stood out in bold relief, the guns presenting excellent targets for the enemy's missiles the moment he should come within artillery range. However powerful and effective his own guns might prove, while unassailed, Steinwehr saw that they would be unable to live long when attacked, unless protected. Nor would any light works be of avail. There was no time to build a fort, for which the ground was admirably adapted. He accordingly threw up lunettes around each gun. These were not mere heaps of stubble and turf, but solid works of such height and thickness as to defy the most powerful bolts which the enemy could throw against them, with smooth and perfectly level platforms on which the guns could be worked. If the First and Eleventh corps performed no other service in holding on to their positions, though sustaining fearful losses, the giving opportunity for the construction of these lunettes and getting a firm foothold upon this great vantage ground, was ample compensation for every hardship and misfortune, and the labor and skill of Steinwehr in constructing them must ever remain subjects of admiration and gratitude.

When Barlow, who commanded the division of the Eleventh corps which took the right of the line in front of the town, was going into position, he discovered a wooded eminence a little to the north of the point where the Harrisburg road crosses Rock Creek, and here he determined to make his right rest. It was the ground which the skirmish line of Devin had held. But as the cavalry retired the enemy had immediately thrown forward a body of skirmishers to occupy it. To dislodge these, Barlow sent forward Von Gilsa's brigade. At the Almshouse the line halted, and knapsacks were thrown aside. It was then ordered to advance at double-quick. The order was gallantly executed, and the wood quickly cleared. Dispositions were made to hold it, and Wilkinson's battery of the Fourth United States was advanced to its aid. The watchful Von Gilsa, however, soon discovered that the enemy was massed upon his flank, the brigades of Gordon and Hayes of Early's division being formed under cover

of the wooded ground on either side of Rock Creek, and ready to advance upon him. He was very much in the situation of the right of the Eleventh corps at Chancellorsville, the enemy massed and ready to come down, as did Jackson, upon front, flank, and rear. Barlow found it impossible to hold this advanced position, and was obliged to allow that wing to fall back to the neighborhood of the Almshouse.

On the left, in the direction of the First corps right, the brigade of Colonel Von Amesburg was placed, with Dilger's and Wheeler's batteries. The extreme left was occupied by the Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania. This regiment was much reduced in numbers, and in attempting to cover a long space it could present little more than a skirmish line, which rested at a fence, by a cross-road connecting the Carlisle and the Mummasburg ways. The Eleventh corps line had hardly been established, before the enemy, whose dispositions had been mainly perfected previous to its arrival, came down upon it with overwhelming might.

On the southern slope of Seminary Ridge, on a prolongation of the First corps line northward, was a commanding position which the enemy could not be prevented from occupying, and where he now planted his artillery so as to send an oblique and very destructive fire upon the left of the Eleventh corps. From this point also, having massed his infantry, he came on, sweeping past the right of the First corps, and breaking and crumpling the left of the Eleventh. The right of the First being thus turned was obliged to retire, and was carried back. At this juncture, Early, who was already massed on the extreme right flank of the Eleventh, also advanced. Near the Almshouse he met a stubborn resistance, and in the midst of the fight the gallant Barlow was wounded, and fell helpless into the enemy's hands. Shemmelfinnig, too, while attempting to stay his troops, and hold them up to the fight, was taken prisoner, but subsequently managed to escape, and rejoined his command. Stands were made at intervals, and the enemy held in check; but it was impossible to stay the onset. Until the town was reached the retirement was comparatively deliberate and orderly; but when arrived there, being huddled in the narrow streets, subjected to a rapid fire from batteries which raked them, and the enemy's

swarming infantry intent on their destruction or capture, the men fell into confusion. Their officers strove to save them by ordering them into the cross alleys. But this only added to the confusion, the men either not understanding the commands, or hoping to escape the fire of the foe, and over 1200 were made prisoners in less than twenty minutes.

While this was passing upon the right, the enemy assaulted upon the left with no less vigor, but not with the same success. Though the First corps had now been five hours in the fight, some portions of it six, and without supports or reliefs, it still stood fast, determined to make good the cry which they at the first had raised, "We have come to stay." But when it was known that the right of the corps had been turned, and that the Eleventh corps was falling back, it became evident that the position which had been so long and so gallantly held, and withal with such substantial fruits, would have to be given up. Baxter's brigade, which had fought with stubborn bravery upon the right, was brought to the rear of the ridge at the railroad cut, where it defended a battery and still held the enemy advancing from the north in check. Paul's brigade having lost its commander, in retiring became entangled, and a considerable number fell into the enemy's hands. On the left, Meredith's and Biddle's brigades were ordered to fall back and cover the retirement of the balance of the line. Wister, who had succeeded to the command of Stone's brigade upon the fall of the latter, had likewise received a severe wound, and had turned over the brigade to Colonel Dana. At a barricade of rails which had been thrown up early in the day by Robinson's men, a final stand was made, and here the chief of artillery, Colonel Wainwright, had posted his batteries, those of Cooper, Breck, Stevens, and Wilbur, thus concentrating twelve guns in so small a space that they were scarcely five yards apart. Captain Stewart's battery was also in position on the summit, two pieces on either side of the railroad cut.

Encouraged by this falling back, the enemy was brought up in masses, as to an easy victory, and forming in two lines, swept forward. As they approached, the artillery opened upon them, Stewart's guns being so far to right and front that he could enfilade their lines. Their front line was by this concentrated

fire much broken and dispirited, but the second, which was also supported, pressed on. When arrived within musket range their advance was checked, and the firing for a short time was hot. The rebels, who greatly outnumbered the small Union line, now began to show themselves upon the left flank. Seeing that the position could not much longer be held, Doubleday ordered the artillery to retire, and it moved in good order from the field, wending its way back to Cemetery Hill. But before the pieces were all away the enemy had gained so far upon the flank as to reach it with his musketry fire, shielding himself behind a garden fence which runs within fifty yards of the pike. Before the last piece had passed, the fire had become very warm, and the horses attached to this gun were shot. The piece, consequently, had to be abandoned, together with three caissons.

The infantry held its position behind the barricade, successfully checking the enemy in front, the men showing the most unflinching determination, Captain Richardson, of General Meredith's staff, riding up and down the line waving a regimental flag, and encouraging them to duty. But the enemy was now swarming upon the very summit of the ridge upon the left flank of Doubleday. So near had they approached, that Lieutenant Colonel McFarland while reconnoitring to discover their exact position, received a volley which shattered both legs. "When all the troops at this point," says General Doubleday, "were overpowered, Captain Glenn, of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania, in command of the Head-quarter Guard, defended the building [Seminary] for full twenty minutes against a whole brigade of the enemy, enabling the few remaining troops, the ambulances, and artillery, to retreat in comparative safety."

And now was seen the great advantage in the position of Steinwehr's reserves. As the begrimed cannoniers, and the beasts foaming with the excitement of battle, and the sadly thinned ranks of infantry exhausted by six hours of continuous fighting, filed through the town and approached Cemetery Hill, they came as to the folds of an impregnable fortress. Here at length was rest and security. Whenever the foeman attempted to follow, they came immediately into range of Steinwehr's well-posted guns, and at every stone wall and building was an abattis

of bayonets. The heroic Buford, who had first felt the shock of battle, and during the long hours of this terrible day had held his troops upon the flanks of the infantry, joining in the fierce fighting as opportunity or necessity required, and who, from his watchtower had scanned and reported every phase of the battle, was now at the critical moment a pillar of strength. The insignificant division of Steinwehr would alone have presented but a narrow barrier to a powerful and triumphant foe, intent on pushing his advantage, and, to the left where the country is all open, and nature presents no impediment to an advance, it could have been flanked and easily turned out of its position. But here, like a wall of adamant, stood the veterans of Buford, with guns skilfully posted, ready to dispute the progress of the enemy. His front was tried, and the attempt was made to push past him along the low ground drained by Steven's Run, where some severe fighting occurred. But he maintained his ground intact, and that admirable position, where the army at length fought and won the battle, was again saved. General Warren, the Engineer-in-chief of the army, who first came upon the field at this crisis, says in his testimony: "General Buford's cavalry was all in line of battle between our position there and the enemy. Our cavalry presented a very handsome front, and I think probably checked the advance of the enemy." Indeed the spirit of Buford, like a good angel, seemed to be constantly hovering over the entire field of that first day. One of the best read of our military critics says of him: "He not only showed the rarest tenacity, but by his personal capacity made his cavalry accomplish marvels, and rival infantry in their steadfastness, not only in the battle itself, but afterwards, when deployed in the intervale drained by Steven's Run, west of Gettysburg." He died not long after from the effect of protracted toil and exposure in this campaign. . "On the day of his death," says the "American Cyclopedia of 1863," "and but a little while before his departure, his commission as Major-General was placed in his hands. He received it with a smile of gratification that the Government he had defended appreciated his services, and gently laying it aside soon ceased to breathe."

On the right of Steinwehr's position were the rugged heights

of Wolf's Hill, a natural buttress, unassailable in front from its abruptness, and though susceptible of being turned, as it was on the following evening, yet so curtained by an impenetrable wood as to convey the suspicion of danger lurking therein. Early, who was in front of this hill, made some attempts to carry it, but, finding it apparently well protected, did not push his reconnoissance.

As the two broken corps of the Union army ascended Cemetery Hill, they were met by staff officers, who turned the Eleventh corps to the right and the First corps to the left, where they went into position along the summit of the ridge stretching out on either hand from the Baltimore pike. A ravine to the right of Cemetery Hill, and between that and Wolf's Hill, seemed to present to the enemy a favorable point of attack, and hither was at once sent Stevens' Maine battery and Wadsworth's division of the first corps. Here Wadsworth immediately commenced substantial breast-works along the brow of the hill, an example which other troops followed, until the whole front extending to Spangler's Spring was surmounted by one of like strength. Through that ravine the enemy did assail, but the preparations to meet him were too thorough to admit of his entrance.

Thus ended the fighting of the first day. It had proved a sad day for those two weak corps, battling as they had been obliged to against a foe nearly thrice their numbers. The First corps had gone into the battle with 8200 men, and had come out with only 2450. The Eleventh corps went in with 7400, only two divisions of which, however, being actually engaged, and retired with a little more than half that number. But though the losses had been grievous and the survivors were worn out with the severity of the fight, yet was not honor lost. A most heroic and determined stand had been made. Prisoners to the number of 2500 had been taken, and the enemy had sustained a still greater loss in killed and wounded than had the Union side. A position of great natural strength had been gained, and was now firmly held.

Of the generalship displayed on the first day of fighting at Gettysburg there has been much speculation, and we can only judge by the official records, the dispositions upon the field, and by the results attained. The questions have been raised, was

the fighting at Gettysburg an accidental collision, unforeseen and unpremeditated? Was General Reynolds justified in precipitating a battle there, and Doubleday and Howard in continuing it? In one sense the collision was accidental. Not until the evening of the 30th, and after the order for the movement of each corps of the army on the 1st day of July had been issued, was Meade made aware of the purpose of the enemy to let go the Susquehanna and concentrate. It was not until the morning of the 1st of July that he learned that Lee was marching on Gettysburg. It must be borne in mind, in considering the movements of the army, that the orders which were emanating from the brain of the leader had to be communicated to corps scattered over a belt of more than thirty miles. During the day these corps were in motion, and hence it was impossible to arrest and change their courses as the movements of a single person or even a compact body of men could have been. Time thus enters as an important element in the game. A circular had been sent out indicating a cautious policy, and prefiguring what would be the order of the following day,—a concentration on Pipe Creek. But the positive orders for the movement of July 1st carried the First corps to Gettysburg, the Eleventh to Gettysburg or supporting distance, the Third to Emmittsburg, the Second to Taneytown, the Twelfth to Two Taverns, the Fifth to Hanover, and the Sixth to Manchester, and the cavalry to front and flank well out in all directions. The tone of the circular afterwards issued indicated that Meade would not have given the order for the march on the 1st had he known the purposes of the enemy sooner. Hence we must conclude, that though he did not anticipate meeting the enemy when he issued the order, yet he received information on the morning of the 1st, when the movement of the corps was about to commence, that it was likely to result in a collision.

On the side of the enemy, it would appear that General Lee had not expected a battle on this day. He had become aware that the Union army was much scattered, and he did not suppose that a small fragment of that army would dare to bring on an engagement. Lee's own account of it was this: "The leading division of Hill met the enemy in advance of Gettysburg on the morning of the 1st of July. Driving back these troops to within

a short distance of the town, he there encountered a large force, with which two of his divisions became engaged. Ewell, coming up with two of his divisions by the way of the Heidlersburg road, joined in the engagement." Moreover, it would appear that if either Lee or Meade had anticipated a battle, he would have been at the front to direct it.

But though Meade was aware before the collision did actually occur, that it was likely to, he seems to have hoped, and indeed have confidently expected that the effect of his cautionary circular would be to induce Reynolds to interpose only such resistance as became necessary to enable him to withdraw his corps in safety. To understand why Reynolds disappointed this hope, and by a stubborn stand in an offensive position, brought on a general engagement, several circumstances must be taken into the account. There appear to have been at this time at the head of the several army corps two classes of men, in temper and policy quite opposite to each other. The one class was for pushing forward, and attacking and fighting the enemy wherever he could be found, and never ceasing to manœuvre and fight until a victory was gained. This party was totally opposed to falling back, but the rather intent on falling forward, and eagerly counselled against Pipe Creek, and in favor of Gettysburg. On the other hand, Meade seemed inclined to a cautious policy, in which he received countenance, and was at this moment anxious to take up a defensive position in the hope of inducing the enemy to attack and allow him to fight a purely defensive battle. That Reynolds was of the former class there can be no doubt. "When we crossed the river," says General Doubleday, "at Edwards' Ferry, I rode on to Poolesville, and while waiting for the troops to come up, had a conversation with Reynolds. He was clearly of opinion that it was necessary to bring the enemy to battle as soon as possible. He wished to put an immediate stop to the plundering by the enemy of Pennsylvania farms and cities. He said if we gave them time by dilatory measures, or by taking up defensive positions, they would strip the State of everything. Hence he was in favor of striking them as soon as possible. He was really eager to get at them."

But Reynolds was too true a soldier to disobey orders, however

much he may have differed in judgment from his chief, and though he must have known the temper and inward wish of that chief, he still had ample authority for pursuing the course he did. In the first place, the circular was only admonitory. The order of march for the day was absolute. That order carried Buford's cavalry, and the First and Eleventh corps to Gettysburg. The cavalry, which reached there first, had positive orders from Pleasanton to hold the town to the last extremity. Reynolds found upon his arrival the cavalry heavily engaged. There was no alternative but to go to its relief; and doubtless believing the position a good one from which to fight, immediately ordered up the three corps of the army under his command, well knowing that there were three other corps within supporting distance. But, besides the order carrying Reynolds to Gettysburg, he had certain discretionary powers as to bringing on a battle, if not directly conferred, at least implied. Among the instructions contained in the very order for the march of the army on this day are these: "The telegraph corps to work east from Hanover, repairing the line, and all commanders to work repairing the line in their vicinity between Gettysburg and Hanover. Staff officers report daily from each corps, and with orderlies to leave for orders. Prompt information to be sent into head-quarters at all times. All ready to move to the attack at any moment." In the circular to which frequent reference has been made, Meade says: "Developments may cause the Commanding General to assume the offensive from his present positions." And in a communication to General Reynolds, dated on the very morning that the battle opened, in which Meade freely unbosoms himself and discloses how much trust and confidence he reposes in Reynolds, he says: "The Commanding General cannot decide whether it is his best policy to move to attack, until he learns something more definite of the point at which the enemy is concentrating. This he hopes to do during the day. Meanwhile he would like to have your views upon the subject, at least so far as concerns your position. . . . If the enemy is concentrating in front of Gettysburg, or to the left of it, the General is not sufficiently well informed of the nature of the country to judge of its character, either for an offensive or defensive position. . . . The

General having just assumed command in obedience to orders, with the position of affairs leaving no time to learn the condition of the army as to *morale* and proportionate strength compared with its last return, would gladly receive from you any suggestions as to the points laid down in this note. He feels that you know more of the condition of the troops in your vicinity and of the country than he does." Thus, in three successive communications that came to Reynolds, the last before opening the battle, and one of these in the form of a positive order for his guidance, Meade urges his troops to be ready to move to the attack at any moment, states that developments may cause him to assume the offensive from the present positions, and finally discloses his indecision, and frankly declares that Reynolds is better able to judge of affairs on that part of the field than he is himself.

Reynolds, accordingly, opened the battle in earnest and summoned his troops, doubtless with the expectation that he would be promptly supported by all the army as fast as it could be brought up. What the result would have been had Reynolds lived, is impossible to divine. He had scarcely marshalled his first battalions before he was slain. The chief command upon the field then devolved upon General Doubleday, which, for upwards of two hours he continued to exercise. It was during this time, and under his immediate direction, that the chief successes of the day were achieved, a large number of prisoners and standards having been captured in successive periods of the fight, and at widely separated parts of the field. To any one who will traverse the ground held by the First corps from ten in the morning until after four in the afternoon, will note the insignificance in the number of its guns and of its muskets, as compared with those of the two divisions of Hill and one of Ewell which opposed it, and will consider the triumphs won, and how every daring attempt of the enemy to gain the field was foiled, it must be evident that the manœuvring of Doubleday was admirable, and that it stamps him as a corps leader of consummate excellence. For, mark how little equality of position he enjoyed, the opposing ridge and Oak Hill affording great advantage for the enemy's artillery, and how his own infantry stood upon open ground with no natural or artificial protection except in a short distance upon

his extreme right, where was a low stone wall. Where, in the whole history of the late war, is this skill and coolness of the commander, or this stubborn bravery of the troops, matched?

The chief losses of the day in killed, wounded, and prisoners occurred in the act of retiring to Cemetery Hill. In conducting this, General Howard was responsible. It was a difficult movement to execute. The whole country where the fighting of the first day occured, is so open that no movement could take place on the Union line that was not plainly visible from almost every part of the rebel line, affording ample opportunity to instantly checkmate any advantage in manœuvre. At twenty minutes past three in the afternoon, about the time that the onset of Rodes upon the point of junction of the First and Eleventh corps had penetrated the Union line and was carrying back the flanks of both, Buford, who had been watching everything from the signal-station in the cupola of the Seminary, wrote the following message to Meade through Pleasanton: "I am satisfied Longstreet and Hill have made a junction. A tremendous battle has been raging since half past nine A. M., with varying success. At the present moment the battle is raging on the road to Cashtown, and in short cannon range of this town; the enemy's line is a semicircle on the height from north to west. General Reynolds was killed early this morning. *In my opinion there seems to be no directing person.*" And then after his signature, he adds what doubtless seemed to his practical mind the cure-all for this trouble, "We need help now."

To his practised eye the outlook appeared gloomy. The whole rebel army was now rapidly concentrating, and already swarming upon his immediate front, and there seemed wanting a controlling spirit on the field. It was doubtless apparent to him, as it now is to every careful observer, that the time for the prompt action of the commander upon the field was fast passing, if not already gone. If, when Howard found that he was no longer able to hold his advanced position, he had ordered some demonstrations on different parts of the field, and planting some pieces to have commanded the main thoroughfares over which his troops should retire, had withdrawn the two corps before the enemy advanced in overwhelming numbers and *compelled* him

to go back, it is probable that he might have rescued the greater portion of his men who were eventually engulfed in the streets of the town, and were swept back as prisoners, and have saved many who were killed and wounded.

Howard is without excuse for holding out so long, when the evidence was spread out on all sides before his eyes, that the enemy was coming down upon him with resistless power. Some time before his forces were driven back, Doubleday sent his Adjutant-general, Halsted, to Cemetery Hill, to implore him either to send reinforcements from Steinwehr's division, or else order the hard-pressed troops at the front to fall back. Halsted pointed out to him the advance of vastly superior forces on all sides, which he could plainly discern through his field glass. But Howard even then refused to order a retreat, and said to Halsted: "You may find Buford and use him," although Buford had been fighting from early morning, and was still engaged. It seems that Howard, at a council of corps commanders held at Chancellorsville just before the army retired across the river, voted to remain and fight, giving as a reason that the misconduct of his corps forced him always to vote for assaulting, whether it was the best thing to be done or not. That senseless policy appeared to influence him here, and the troops of both corps had to pay the penalty of his temerity. The commander of the First corps, according to his sworn statement, never received any orders to fall back, and it is a noticeable circumstance confirming this, that the First corps was the last to leave the ground, and it seems almost miraculous that it was brought off in tolerable order, and with insignificant loss in prisoners.

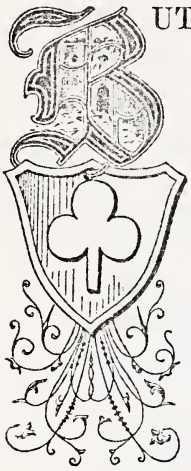
The idea has been advanced that the fighting on this first day constitutes no part of the Battle of Gettysburg. General Sickles says, "We in the army do not regard the operations of the two corps under General Reynolds as properly the Battle of Gettysburg. We regard the operations of Thursday and Friday, when the whole army was concentrated, as the Battle of Gettysburg." But wherefore? Did not Reynolds fall in the Battle of Gettysburg? Are the dead who there perished to be despoiled of their part in that great victory? Shall the works and watchings of Buford be turned into nothingness? Is the matchless heroism of

that First corps on that blood-washed field to count for nought in the final winning? Shall Doubleday, and Howard, and Steinwehr, have no credit for taking and holding that impregnable fortress on Cemetery Hill, where the battle was finished? Is the taking up and fortifying that ground no part of that great struggle? Ay! rather was the fighting of that first day, and the planting immovable footsteps on the fastnesses of Cemetery Hill, THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. As well might it be said that the fight made by the gallant Sickles himself, and the glorious Third corps, baptized in blood as it was, constitutes no part of the battle. As well might the struggles of McCook and Johnson, and Davis and Sheridan, and Rosseau and Negley be gainsayed in the Battle of Stone River; or the opening of the contest by Hooker in the Battle of Antietam. No, no! The glories of that battle cannot be divided, and apportioned, and parcelled. They are parts of one great whole. Who knows of the battle of Oak Ridge! How does it become the mouth to say that Reynolds fell at the battle of Willoughby Run!

Is it asserted that the army was not all up on that first day? Neither were they all up on the second or the third. That glorious company who had gone down in the fight, and who, could they have been more promptly and cordially supported, might have been saved to come, were not up. Is it said that the leader himself was not present? His orders had carried those troops upon that ground and involved them in the fight, and any honors which were there finally gained are due to the stubborn execution of those orders. Side by side on the now peaceful hillside, in order indiscriminate, lie the victims of that immortal field, reminding the pilgrim as he treads lightly by, that they are *all* the slain in the Battle of Gettysburg.

## CHAPTER X.

### MARSHALLING FOR THE SECOND DAY AT GETTYSBURG.



UT where, during all this long day of carnage, was the rest of the army? Why were these two feeble corps left from early morn, until the evening shadows began to set, to be jostled and torn without succor? Were there no troops within call? Was not the very air laden with the terrible sounds of the fray? Was not the clangor of the enemy's guns more persuasive than the summon of staff officer?

The order of General Meade for the march of the several corps of the army on the 1st would carry the Third corps to Emmittsburg. But General Sickles says in his testimony, that he had reached Emmittsburg on the night of the 30th. This place is ten miles from Gettysburg. The Third corps had been placed under the command of Reynolds as the leader of the right wing of the army, and he had sent a staff officer on the morning of the 1st, to summon it forward. It had no farther to march than had Howard's corps, and following the course that Howard went—the by-way leading to the Taneytown road—not so great a distance. But Sickles had that morning received the circular of Meade, indicating the purpose to concentrate on Pipe Creek, though containing no order. It was his plain duty, therefore, to have responded, had the message reached him, to the call of Reynolds. But to this he seems to have paid no attention. In his testimony, Sickles says: "I was giving my troops a little repose during that morning. . . . Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, I got a dispatch from General Howard, at Gettysburg, informing me that the First and Eleventh corps had been engaged during the day with a superior force of the enemy, and that Gen-

MAJ. GEN. W^M S. HANCOCK.

eral Reynolds had fallen; that he (Howard) was in command, and was very hard pressed, and urging me in the most earnest terms to come to his relief with what force I could. I, of course, considered the question very anxiously. My preliminary orders in going to Gettysburg were to go there and hold that position with my corps, as it was regarded as a very important flanking position, to cover our rear and line of communication." In this testimony, Sickles ignores the early summons of Reynolds, which a staff officer, Captain Rosengarten, asserts was sent by an aid with great dispatch and immediately after Reynolds had reached the front. But Sickles says, "My preliminary orders in going to Gettysburg." Is this a misprint in the testimony, and should it read Emmittsburg? If Gettysburg, then to what order does he refer? General Meade had given no such order. If Gettysburg, he must refer to an order which he had received from Reynolds, which he disobeyed, probably allowing the circular of Meade, which had no binding effect, and which bore that declaration in so many words on its face, to override it. But when, between two and three o'clock he received the summons of Howard, he concluded to respond to it. Moreover, it would seem that besides the order of Reynolds and the appeal of Howard, other messages had reached Sickles before he decided to go to Gettysburg. An article, published in the "Rebellion Record," vol. viii., page 346, contains this statement: "Besides numerous reports, the following brief communication reached him [Sickles], which accidentally fell into my hands: 'July 1, Gettysburg. General Sickles: General Doubleday [First corps] says, For God's sake, come up with all speed, they are pressing us hard. H. T. Lee, Lieut. A. D. C.'"

It is but justice to Sickles, however, to say, that when he had once decided to go, he moved rapidly, and that his character as a soldier, established on many a bloody field, was never to shun a fight. He was among the few officers in the army who evidently relished one. He says: "I therefore moved to Gettysburg on my own responsibility. I made a forced march, and arrived there about the time that General Howard had taken position on Cemetery Hill. I found his troops well posted in a secure position on the ridge. The enemy, in the meanwhile, had

not made any serious attack upon him during my march." The concluding statement is a mistake, as the time between two and five o'clock marked the most severe and disastrous struggle of the day.

The Twelfth corps, according to Meade's programme, was to march from Littlestown, ten miles from Gettysburg, to Two Taverns, which would bring it within five miles of the battle-field, four and a quarter from Cemetery Hill. The march was commenced at six in the morning, and, after passing Two Taverns, a line of battle was formed. The following is from the diary of an officer who commanded a regiment in Kane's brigade: "July 1st, marched at six A. M., a short distance; passed Two Taverns; formed line of battle; heavy firing in front; a report that the First and Eleventh corps are engaged with the enemy." The enemy's Whitworth gun could have sent a bolt nearly this distance. The smoke from the field must have been plainly visible. The roar of the battle was constantly resounding. But here the corps remained idle during the whole day.

It is the first duty of a soldier to obey the orders of his superiors. "All inferiors are required to obey strictly and to execute with alacrity and good faith, the lawful orders of the superiors appointed over them." This is the fundamental principle of military discipline, the foundation stone on which the whole superstructure of an army rests. The order was to move from Littlestown to Two Taverns, and, moreover, there was the intimation from General Meade that he desired, in case any part of the army was attacked, that it should hold the enemy in check until it could fall back on the line of battle selected.

But notwithstanding all this, there is enough in the orders and circulars of Meade to have warranted General Slocum in moving up to the support of these distressed corps. In his order for July 1st, Meade enjoins upon his officers to be at all times prepared, "all ready to move to the attack at any moment." In his circular proposing the concentration on Pipe Creek, he says: "Developments may cause the Commanding General to assume the offensive from his present positions." The order issued to the commander of the Fifth corps, at seven o'clock on the evening of the 1st, is in these words: "The Major-General commanding

directs that you move up to Gettysburg at once upon receipt of this order, if not already ordered to do so by General Slocum. The present prospect is, that our general engagement must be there. Communicate with General Slocum, under whose directions you are placed by the orders of this morning. The General had supposed that General Slocum would have ordered you up." From all this it would seem that General Meade anticipated, that if the forces in advance were attacked, any corps within supporting distance would go to their assistance; that it would act upon the Napoleonic principle, "March to the sound of the enemy's guns." Indeed, the order to the Fifth corps indicates clearly that Meade not only expected that Slocum himself would move up, but that he would have ordered the Fifth corps forward. It appears that Slocum did finally move on his own responsibility, but not until the fighting was over; for Hancock, in his testimony, says: "General Slocum arrived about six or seven o'clock. His troops were in the neighborhood, for they apparently had been summoned up before I arrived, by General Howard possibly, as well as the Third corps." But why so tardy in his movements? It is of little moment at what hour Howard summoned him, if he summoned him at all. The guns of the foe had been sounding the call all the day long. A fifteen minutes' ride would have carried him to Cemetery Hill, where he could have overlooked the whole field, or by his staff he could have held almost momentary communication with the front.

The Fifth corps had marched on the 30th through Liberty, Union Bridge, and Uniontown, and had encamped for the night two miles beyond the latter place. It moved at five o'clock on the morning of the 1st, and at two in the afternoon halted near the Pennsylvania State line. At dark the march was resumed, and not until two of the following morning was the column halted, having passed through Hanover, to which place the order of Meade carried it, McSherrystown, and Brushtown, between which and the field it bivouacked. This corps was therefore beyond call, unless it could have been put upon a more direct route than that by Hanover.

The Second corps, General Hancock, rested at Uniontown during the 30th, and on the morning of the 1st moved up to

Taneytown, arriving there at eleven o'clock, where were General Meade's headquarters. This place was fourteen miles away, and this corps was therefore not available.

The Sixth corps, General Sedgwick, the only remaining one, was at Manchester, thirty-four miles away.

Intelligence did not reach Meade of the fighting at Gettysburg until after noon. In his testimony he says: "The moment I received this information, I directed Major-General Hancock, who was with me at the time, to proceed without delay to the scene of the contest; and having in view this preliminary order [circular] which I had issued to him, as well as to other corps commanders, I directed him to make an examination of the ground in the neighborhood of Gettysburg, and to report to me, without loss of time, the facilities, and advantages and disadvantages of that ground for receiving battle. I furthermore instructed him that in case, upon his arrival at Gettysburg—a place which I had never seen in my life, and had no more knowledge of than you have now—he should find the position unsuitable and the advantages on the side of the enemy, he should examine the ground critically as he went out there, and report to me the nearest position in the immediate neighborhood of Gettysburg where a concentration of the army would be more advantageous than at Gettysburg." This order was issued to General Hancock at ten minutes past one, P. M., of the 1st. It would seem from the reference to his preliminary circular that General Meade had been confidently anticipating a mere checking of the enemy's advance at Gettysburg, and a final concentration either upon Pipe Creek or upon some intermediate position, where his army could all be brought up and marshalled before the work of battle should begin. In that circular the details of the whole movement were sketched, and that evening would have brought to each corps an order for the march in accordance therewith, had not the battle been precipitated. For the execution of such a movement, his headquarters at Taneytown were in the right position. It is upon the supposition that he entertained a confident expectation that this movement would be finally executed, that we can explain his refusal to go earlier to the field himself, and that he delayed so long the sending any one to represent him.

To this cherished purpose of Meade, his Chief of staff, General Butterfield, was strongly opposed. Against the original issue of the circular he had exerted his influence both with Meade, and also with officers high in command, who had the latter's confidence. And now, as General Hancock was about to proceed to the front, clothed with ample powers to act, Butterfield urged the importance of a forward rather than a retrograde movement. In his testimony he says: "Before General Hancock left for Gettysburg, I stated to him my views of the matter. I told him that I hoped as he was vested with this authority, he would not, if circumstances were such that it could be avoided, have the army fall back; that I thought the effect upon the morale of the army would be bad." Leaping into an ambulance, that he might have an opportunity to consult his maps, Hancock went forward. Warren, Chief of engineers, upon information received from Buford that the enemy were moving down upon him from the direction of Fairfield, had been sent by Meade, some time earlier to Gettysburg to examine the ground. It appears, besides, that before he started, news had come that Reynolds had been killed. This would indicate that Meade was kept well informed throughout the day of what was passing at the front. As he was only fourteen miles away, an hour and a half would suffice to bring him intelligence, or have carried him upon the field. Warren mistook his road and went by the way of Emmittsburg. He arrived upon the field shortly after Hancock, and they were soon joined by Sickles of the Third corps, and Slocum of the Twelfth. The presence of so many corps commanders was hailed with satisfaction. It gave assurance that their troops were on the way, and that the brave men who had battled heroically through that terrible day were not to be wholly abandoned to their fate.

General Hancock in his testimony says: "I found that, practically, the fight was then over. The rear of our columns, with the enemy in pursuit, was then coming through the town of Gettysburg." If such was the fact, it must have been between four and five o'clock when he arrived. By virtue of his order from Meade he at once assumed command on the field, though he was outranked by both Howard and Sickles, and had they resisted his assumption he would have found himself powerless. Upon

this point General Hancock says: "However, I did not feel much embarrassment about it, because I was an older soldier than either of them. But I knew that legally it was not proper, and that if they chose to resist it, it might become a troublesome matter to me for the time being."

He proceeded to post the troops as they came up, accepting the general disposition of Howard. General Geary of the Twelfth corps, who had come on in advance of General Slocum, was posted upon the high ground towards Round Top. "The enemy," says Hancock, "evidently believing that we were reinforced, or that our whole army was there, discontinued their great efforts. . . . There was firing of artillery and skirmishing all along the front, but that was the end of the day's battle." Soon after arriving, Hancock informed Meade that he could hold the ground until dark, and at twenty-five minutes past five he sent the following despatch: "When I arrived here an hour since, I found that our troops had given up the front of Gettysburg and the town. We have now taken up a position in the Cemetery, which cannot well be taken; it is a position, however, easily turned. Slocum is now coming on the ground, and is taking position on the right. But we have as yet no troops on the left, the Third corps not having yet reported; but I suppose that it is marching up. If so, his flank march will in a degree protect our left flank. In the meantime, Gibbon [in whose command the Second corps had been left] had better march on so as to take position on our right or left to our rear as may be necessary, in some commanding position. . . . The battle is quiet now. I think we shall be all right until night. I have sent all the trains back. When night comes it can be told better what had best be done. I think we can retire; if not we can fight here, as the ground appears not unfavorable with good troops."

Soon after sending this note, General Hancock turned over the command to General Slocum, who had now arrived, who outranked him, and to whom he had been instructed before leaving headquarters to deliver it, and returned to Taneytown. Before his arrival, Meade, acting upon the information he had received, had decided to fight at Gettysburg, and had sent out orders to all the corps to march for that place. To Sedgwick, who had the

largest corps, and was farthest away, frequent messengers were dispatched at intervals through the night, urging him to hasten his march with all practicable speed. His trains he ordered back to Westminster, and here he established his base of supply, a railroad leading to this place being utilized for the purpose. Having thus set his whole army in motion, he broke up his headquarters at Taneytown at a little before midnight, and pushed forward to Gettysburg. It was one o'clock on the morning of the 2d of July before he arrived upon the field. The centre of the line passed through the Cemetery, and the soldiers who had battled through the fearful day were sleeping amid the graves. As the numerous cavalcade entered the place of the dead, and now of the living also, the sleepers started up as if in resurrected forms, but quickly settled back to their slumbers, overcome by the weariness that was oppressing them.

While these things were passing in the Union camps, what was transpiring in the rebel? Lee, as well as Meade, had not been present during the fighting of the first day. He also arrived at the front during the night, and vigorously addressed himself to the task of preparing his army to continue the battle. As we have already seen, he had promised his Lieutenants, before leaving Virginia, that he would not fight an offensive battle. But the game had been precipitated in his absence, and it was now difficult to decline the wager. The result of that day's work had, on the whole, been encouraging to him. Though he had lost some prisoners he had captured more, and though he had suffered grievously in killed and wounded, he had likewise inflicted severe losses upon the Union corps, which he had driven from their position. He had also gained possession of the field, and of the town with all its network of ways. He says in his report: "The attack was not pressed that afternoon, the enemy's force being unknown, and it being considered advisable to await the arrival of the rest of the troops. Orders were sent back to hasten their march, and in the mean time every effort was made to ascertain the number and positions of the enemy, and find the most favorable point of attack. It had not been intended to fight a battle at such a distance from our base, unless attacked by the enemy; but finding ourselves unexpectedly confronted by

the Federal army, it became a matter of difficulty to withdraw through the mountains with our large trains. At the same time the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies, while in the presence of the enemy's main body, as he was enabled to restrain our foraging parties by occupying the passes of the mountains with regular and local troops. A battle thus became, in a measure, unavoidable. Encouraged by the successful issue of the engagement of the first day, and in view of the valuable results that would ensue from the defeat of the army of General Meade, it was thought advisable to renew the attack."

He could not reasonably have expected to invade the North, and make a campaign in an enemy's country without fighting whenever occasion offered. He could hardly have been so credulous as to have indulged the hope of moving at his own sweet will to despoil and ravage, of flitting from city to city and making requisitions upon a defenseless people, unopposed. His army, moreover, was full of fight, and now more than ever believed itself invincible. It is true that it was forced to acknowledge that the Army of the Potomac had never been known to fight so stubbornly before as on this day; but the assurance of all was unshaken. Prof. Jacobs, who was a citizen of Gettysburg, and was at his home throughout the mighty throes of the conflict, in his hand-book of the battle, says: "The portion of Rodes' division which lay down before our dwelling for the night, was greatly elated with the results of the first day's battle, and the same may be said of the whole rebel army. They were anxious to engage in conversation—to communicate their views and feelings, and to elicit ours. They were boastful of themselves, of their cause, and of the skill of their officers; and were anxious to tell us of the unskilful manner in which some of our officers had conducted the fight which had just closed. When informed that General Archer and 1500 of his men had been captured, they said, 'To-morrow we will take all these back again; and having already taken 5000 (!) prisoners of you to-day, we will take the balance of your men to-morrow.' Having been well fed, provisioned, and rested, and successful on this day, their confidence knew no bounds. They felt assured that they should be able, with perfect ease, to cut up our army in detail,—fatigued as it was by long

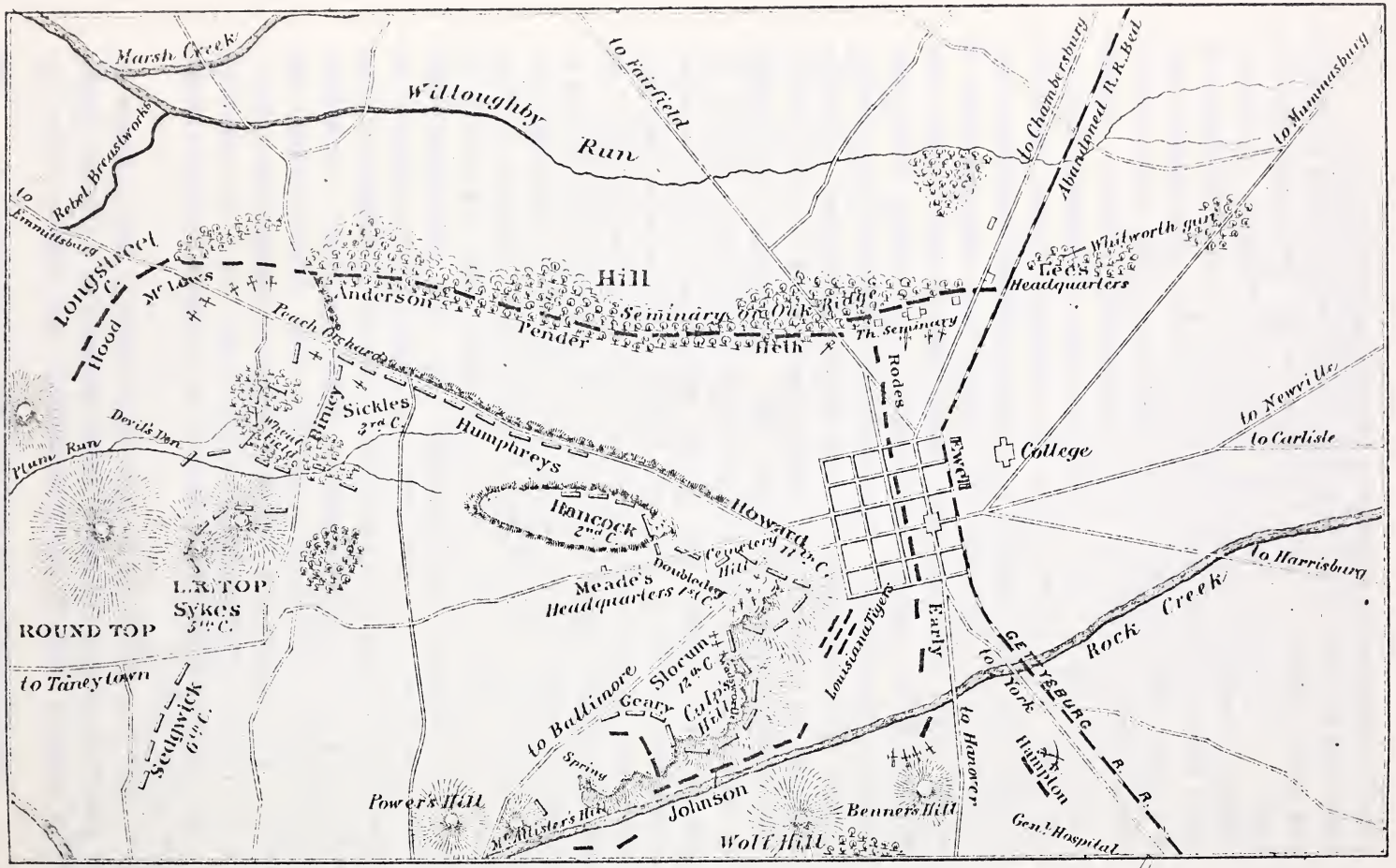
marches and yet scattered, for only two corps had as yet arrived. Resting under this impression, they lay down joyfully on the night of the first day."

With soldiers impelled by such feeling, Lee could not well withhold battle when thrust in his face. Besides, his pride as a soldier would not allow him now to show a timid front. Mr. Swinton very justly remarks upon this point: "What really compelled Lee, contrary to his intent and promise, to give battle, was the animus and inspiration of the invasion; for, to the end, such were the 'exsufflicate and blown surmises' of the army, and such was the contempt of its opponent engendered by Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, that there was not in his ranks a barefoot soldier in tattered gray but believed Lee would lead the Confederate army into Baltimore and Washington, if not into Philadelphia and New York. To have withdrawn, therefore, without a battle, though materially easy, was morally impossible; for to have recrossed the Potomac without a blow, and abandoned the invasion on which such towering hopes had been built, would have been a shock beyond endurance to his army and the South."

The leaders of both armies being now on the field, and both having decided to fight there, we may well conclude that they were deeply solicitous and busy in maturing their plans. General Lee established his headquarters at the little stone house of Mrs. Thompson, on the right of the Chambersburg road, where it crosses Seminary Ridge. The rebel army consisted of nine divisions, as already noticed. Of the three under Ewell, two, Rodes' and Early's, had been in the first day's conflict. The other, Johnson's, did not arrive until the fighting was over, and too late to assist in renewing it, which was contemplated. This corps was posted on the rebel left, Rodes' division occupying Middle street, the crest of the eminence on which the town is built, and extending to the Seminary Ridge, Early taking position next, stretching through the eastern part of the town, and upon his left was Johnson. Hill's corps was formed upon the right of Ewell's, the point of junction forming almost a right-angle, with Heth upon the left, Anderson upon the right, and Pender in the centre, Heth and Pender having sustained the brunt of the hard fighting of the first day. Upon the right of Hill, and joining

Anderson, were two divisions of Longstreet's corps, McLaw's first, and next him Hood's. These two divisions of Longstreet encamped during the night of the 1st within three miles of Gettysburg on the Chambersburg road, and hence did not get into position until late in the forenoon of the 2d. Longstreet's third division, Pickett's, did not come up until the 3d. Thus the entire rebel infantry, with the exception of this last division, was practically on the field ready for action early on the morning of the 2d, and had not been worn by long marches.

The Union army, in this particular, was less fortunate. For two days the corps had been stretching away at their best movement to overtake the enemy before he should cross the Susquehanna, and now they had imposed the added duty of a sudden and unlooked-for concentration upon the very extremity of a line over thirty miles in length. General Meade, soon after coming upon the field, took up his headquarters at a little frame house on the Taneytown road, just in rear of, and to the south of Zeigler's Grove. It was sheltered from infantry fire by the swell in the ground, but much exposed to artillery, as the sequel proved. As soon as it was light, Meade was in the saddle, and proceeded to examine the ground and to post his forces. General Howard, with what was left of his corps, was directed to remain upon the Cemetery Hill to the right and left of the Baltimore pike. His men were sheltered by the stone walls and houses about the foot of the hill, upon the summit of which Steinwehr had planted his guns. Upon Howard's right was Wadsworth's division of the First corps, which held the western section of the wooded, and towards the enemy, precipitous and rocky Culp's Hill. To the right of Wadsworth the Twelfth corps, General Slocum, was assigned, and a portion of it was in position that night. Geary's division had, however, been brought upon the field late in the afternoon, and two brigades of it posted in the neighborhood of Round Top, on the extreme left. Two divisions of the First corps, which had been led in the fight of the previous day with so much gallantry by Doubleday, Rowley's and Robinson's, were held in reserve in rear of Cemetery Hill. The Second corps, General Hancock, which had been in bivouac three miles from the field on the Taneytown road during the




Union Troops
Rebel Troops

# MAP OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD, SECOND DAY. JULY 2nd 1863.

night, arrived early in the morning, and was placed to the left of Howard, its line stretching along the crest of Cemetery Ridge from Zeigler's Grove, where its right rested, in the direction of the Round Tops.

The Third corps, General Sickles, as it arrived on the evening of the 1st, was massed for the night to the left of the Eleventh corps. Two brigades of this corps and two batteries were left at Emmittsburg to guard that line, but were relieved during the night and arrived at the front at about day-break. A singular adventure occurred to the division of General Humphreys, while upon this march. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon before he started from Emmittsburg. He took the road running nearly two miles to the west of the main road, and moved up upon that flank. Having been cautioned by a note from Howard against running into the enemy as he approached the field, General Humphreys, when about half way to Gettysburg, desired to move over to the east, and thus avoid that ground where the enemy was known to be; but Colonel Hayden, who had been sent as guide, insisted that Sickles had directed him to conduct the column by the way leading to the Black Horse tavern, the very ground where the enemy lay. Humphreys unwillingly consented to move on, but ordered the column to close up, and directed the men to move silently as they approached the neighborhood of Gettysburg. At midnight he suddenly found himself confronting the enemy in his camps. "We found," says Humphreys, "that the enemy were posted there in force. They were not aware of my presence, and I might have attacked them at daylight with the certainty of at least temporary success; but I was three miles distant from the remainder of the army, and I believed such a course would have been inconsistent with the general plan of operations of the Commanding General. As soon as I found what was the exact condition of things, I retraced my steps, and moved my command by the route I have already indicated, bivouacking near Gettysburg about one A. M. on the 2d of July. . . . It shows what can be done by accident. If any one had been directed to take a division to the rear of the enemy's army and get up as close as I did unperceived, it would have been thought exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to do it."

In the morning General Geary's division, which had remained during the night near Round Top, was ordered over to Culp's Hill, where the rest of the Twelfth corps was in position, the Third corps was moved out farther to the left to the ground which had been occupied by Geary, and the Second corps was interposed between the Third and the Eleventh.

The Fifth corps as it arrived was held in reserve in rear of Cemetery Hill, but was eventually moved over to the extreme left occupying the Round Tops and supporting the Third corps. The Sixth corps, General Sedgwick, not getting upon the march until eight o'clock on the evening of the 1st, coming by the way of Westminster, and having thirty-four miles to move, did not arrive on the field until two in the afternoon of the 2d. It was held in reserve, for the most part, in rear of the left flank.

The general form of the line thus established and which, though varied somewhat in the course of the fight, was finally settled down upon, has been compared by De Peyster to a Limerick fish-hook. The head, where the cord is attached, is exactly represented by the Round Tops. The point is at the easterly extremity of Culp's Hill, where is Spangler's Spring. The centre of the curve is represented by the Cemetery Hill, where the dead of the battle now repose, and directly opposite the town. The short curve from the point to the centre of the curve of the hook is one and three-fourths miles; the long curve or shank, two and three-fourths. Oak, or Seminary Ridge, along which the enemy's right lay, is opposite the shank and at a distance of from a mile to a mile and a half away. Opposite the Cemetery Hill the rebel line left Seminary Hill, passing through the town and resting upon Benner's Hill opposite Culp's Hill. If the position of the cavalry upon the two flanks be included, the length of the Union line was over five miles, and that of the enemy, forming the segment of a concentric circle, over seven.

In rear of the Union line were the Taneytown and Baltimore pikes, connected by cross roads, which afforded admirable means for moving troops and guns quickly from one part of the line to another, thus offering all the advantages in this respect which could have been enjoyed by holding the town itself. On one of these cross roads was parked the reserve artillery. To complete

the requirements of a fortified camp, in rear of Cemetery Hill, are Power's and McAllister's Hills, gentle eminences, on which were planted powerful batteries to protect the reserve artillery, and which were eventually used to admirable advantage, in driving back the enemy upon the right flank.

After examining the field, General Meade decided to assume the offensive, and to attack from his right. The enemy's position was here plainly visible, and his line at several points appeared to be vulnerable. Opposite the Union left, the enemy's movements were screened by a curtain of wood, and to attack directly on that side would have necessitated a movement over a long stretch of perfectly open ground, where the advancing troops would have been raked from front and flanks by interminable lines of the enemy's guns. Meade's intention was to use the Twelfth, Fifth, and Sixth corps for the attacking column. But the latter corps was still upon the march, and would not reach the field for several hours. He accordingly ordered General Slocum, who was to lead the assault, to prepare to move with his own and the Fifth corps.

But to any one who has been on the ground, or who has regarded attentively an intelligible description of it, the difficulty of moving troops, and the impossibility of taking artillery forward from that flank will be apparent, and when once out upon the open ground it will be observed how every rood is commanded from eminences on all sides. Slocum, after making a careful study of the position, reported that he did not think that an attack would have promise of success, which opinion was concurred in by Warren, who had been sent by Meade for the purpose of examining it, and the design was abandoned. It is not apparent why Meade should ever have thought of attacking from that flank; for had he driven the enemy he would have encountered a great obstacle at the town itself; and had he driven him to Seminary Ridge, he would have been attacking him in an exceedingly strong position, thus reversing the Battle of Gettysburg. Besides, had the enemy been driven from this stronghold, he would have been pushed over upon the left flank of the Union army, the most dangerous and menacing position into which he could have been forced, as he would have been nearing his base, and been getting

upon direct lines to Washington, which would have inevitably forced the Union leader into a change of base. No more encouraging outlook was presented from the left centre. Upon the extreme left was wooded, rugged ground, which also presented obstacles to an attack.

It appears, from the testimony of several officers high in command, that the mind of General Meade at this juncture was much exercised. He had concentrated his army within a very small compass. Should he remain inactive the enemy might, by keeping up a show of strength upon his front, flank him upon the left, and gain a great advantage over him. Indeed the very excellence of his position for defence was in itself a weighty argument for believing that the enemy would decline the offer of battle, and seek by adroit manœuvring, to turn the Union army out of its stronghold. Military critics have descanted with much warmth upon Lee's lack of skill and judgment in making a direct attack upon Meade in this formidable position. "With the groans of the victims of Malvern Hill," says De Peyster, "repeating in thunder tones the condemnation of Magruder, Lee exposed himself to a severer judgment for a greater act of reckless disregard of the commonest military—and common—sense. He had heard the whole world resound with the censure heaped upon Burnside for giving into his hand to work his will upon it, the army of the Potomac, wasted in attempting to storm the heights of Fredericksburg, and yet he imitated the action. The French military critic, Roussillon, remarks, 'Lee, like Burnside at Fredericksburg, committed the fault of attacking in front, a position at once very strong in itself and vigorously defended.' . . . Imagine the effect of a similar turning movement on the part of Lee. It would not only have placed him upon the roads constituting our lines of supplies, and have given him the major part of our trains, but have planted him between the Northern army of succor and Washington and Baltimore. In other words, it would have delivered up everything in the rear of the army of the Potomac into the hands of the rebels."

What these critics censure Lee for not doing, Meade, during the ominous stillness of that long summer day, strongly suspected he was doing. Hence when he found by the report of Slocum and

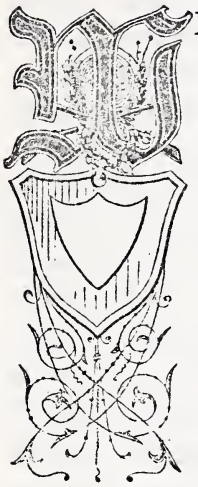
his own observations that he was in a bad position for assuming the offensive, he appears to have been casting about for a more favorable outlook, and, in case he found that the enemy was seeking to turn his position, that he might be in condition to defend himself, and prevent his trains and base from being cut off. Accordingly, as soon as his Chief of staff, General Butterfield, who had been left at Taneytown during the night to hasten the march of the Sixth corps, arrived at headquarters, he was directed to prepare an order for the withdrawal of the army from this position, should circumstances render it necessary. Butterfield objected that he was unacquainted with the location of the different divisions and corps of the army with relation to the roads it would be proper for them to take, and would need to go over the field first. Meade replied that he could not wait for that; and to remove the objection made a draft of the field, showing the position of all the troops, and the roads in their vicinity. With this, and by the aid of maps, Butterfield drew the order, which, on being shown to Meade, received his approval. As it was of the greatest importance that in case it was issued, it should be accurate, permission was obtained from Meade to show it to corps commanders, to solicit any suggestions they might make for improving it. It was shown to General Gibbon, among others. On seeing it, he was struck with astonishment, exclaiming: "Great God! General Meade does not intend to leave this position?" inferring that the order had been drawn with the intention of issuing it. The preparation of this order rests upon the testimony of Butterfield. General Meade testified that he had no recollection of directing it to be drawn, or of having seen it after it was drawn, but that he only ordered his Chief of staff to familiarize himself with the location of the troops, so that if in any contingency he should need to issue such an order, it could be readily prepared. That preparations were made for executing this order is supported by the following instructions promulgated by Meade, at or before ten o'clock on the morning of the 2d: "The staff officers on duty at headquarters will inform themselves of the positions of the various corps—their artillery, infantry, and trains—sketch them with a view to roads, and report them

immediately, as follows: Third corps, Colonel Schriver; Second corps, Lieutenant Colonel Davis; First corps, Lieutenant Perkins; Twelfth corps, Lieutenant Oliver; Fifth corps, Captain Cadwalader. It is desired to know the roads on or near which the troops are, and where the trains lie, in view of movements in any direction, and to be familiar with the headquarters of the commanders."

It is, therefore, of small moment whether the order was actually prepared or not. Nor is it any disparagement to General Meade, if the order was prepared and approved by him. As a precautionary measure it was eminently proper, and instead of being imputed to him as a reproach, should be, in view of the uncertainty as to the designs of the enemy, accredited as an act of wise generalship. That it was merely a precautionary measure is clearly apparent from the following dispatch sent to General Halleck, at three o'clock in the afternoon: "I have to-day, up to this hour, awaited the attack of the enemy, I having a strong position for defence. I am not determined as yet in attacking him till his position is more developed. He has been moving on both my flanks apparently, but it is difficult to tell exactly his movements. I have delayed attacking to allow the Sixth corps and parts of other corps to reach this place, and to rest the men. Expecting a battle I ordered all my trains to the rear. If not attacked, and I can get any positive information of the position of the enemy which will justify me in so doing, I shall attack. If I find it hazardous to do so, or am satisfied the enemy is endeavoring to move to my rear, and interpose between me and Washington, I shall fall back to my supplies at Westminster. I will endeavor to advise you as often as possible. In the engagement yesterday the enemy concentrated more rapidly than we could, and towards evening, owing to the superiority of numbers, compelled the First and Eleventh corps to fall back from the town to the heights on this side, on which I am posted. I feel fully the responsibility resting on me, and will endeavor to act with caution."

## CHAPTER XI.

### SEVERE FIGHTING ON THE LEFT AT GETTYSBURG.

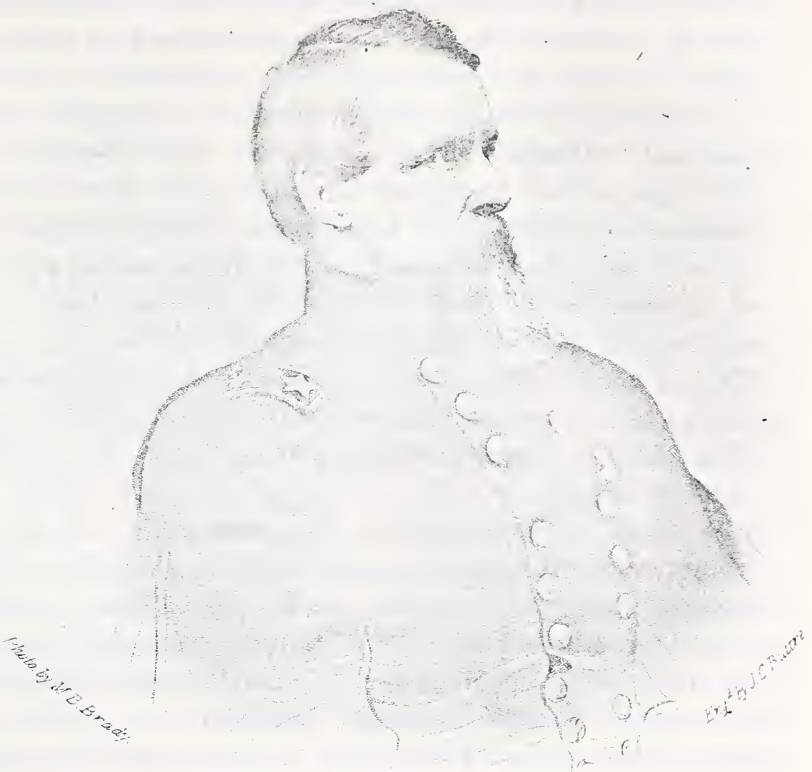


HEN, upon the night of the 1st, General Sickles had brought his corps upon the field, he had thrown out the Sixty-third Pennsylvania regiment to picket along the Emmittsburg pike, its left covering the cross-road leading from the Peach Orchard to Little Round Top. Early on the morning of the 2d, this regiment was pushed forward upon the skirmish line to a fence running parallel with the pike, in rear of Joseph Sherfy's house. As early as nine o'clock in the morning, fire was opened upon this regiment, and a company of sharp-shooters was sent out to feel the enemy in a piece of wood in front, which soon returned, reporting that it was swarming with the foe. Skirmishing continued active, until finally the enemy's sharp-shooters crawled stealthily up to a low stone fence just in front of the line of the Sixty-third, when his fire became hot and very destructive.

The order sent to Sickles on the morning of the 2d, was to bring his corps into position upon the left of Hancock, on ground vacated by Geary. As Geary had simply bivouacked in mass without deploying in line, Sickles reported to Meade that Geary had no position, and that there was no position there, meaning that it was low and commanded by ground in its front, rendering it untenable. Meade repeated his general instructions; whereupon Sickles went to headquarters, and representing the great disadvantages of the position indicated, asked Meade to go with him over that part of the field. This Meade excused himself from doing, nor could he spare General Warren for that purpose; but General Hunt, Chief of artillery, did go, to whom Sickles

pointed out the ground, more elevated and commanding, a half or three-quarters of a mile in front, which he proposed to occupy.

It should here be observed that between Seminary and Cemetery ridges, which run nearly parallel with each other, is a diagonal ridge connecting them, which, touching Cemetery Hill at its northern extremity, and extending past the Peach Orchard, soon strikes Seminary Ridge, and along the crest of which runs the Emmittsburg pike. It nowhere attains to any great eminence, but affords excellent ground for artillery. From the Peach Orchard to Round Top is broken, rugged, and in part wooded surface, which it was exceedingly desirable to hold, inasmuch as it would have afforded cover for the enemy to have worked his way up very near to the position which is now known as Cemetery Ridge, and from which he could have assaulted with great advantage. In fact, there is a space from a half to three-quarters of a mile to the right of the Little Round Top swell, where there is no ridge at all, but low, swampy ground instead, easily commanded from the Emmittsburg Ridge, with a curtain of woods to the left reaching out in front of the Round Tops. Sickles believed this ground ought to be occupied, and seems to have had the sanction of Hunt in that opinion; but receiving no direct order from Meade to do so, he held his columns back, momentarily expecting the final mandate of his chief. At eleven o'clock the firing between the skirmishers on the Emmittsburg road being very sharp, General Birney, who commanded the division holding the extreme left of the line, by direction of General Sickles, sent a regiment and a battalion of sharp-shooters to reconnoitre. This reconnoissance showed that the enemy was moving in three columns under cover of the woods to the left. At length General Sickles, finding his outposts gradually driven back, determined to await no longer for more explicit orders, and moved out his whole corps upon the advance ground, Birney's division stretching from a point near the Devil's Den, in front of Round Top somewhat *en échelon* over the rough wooded heights, his right bending back and resting at the Peach Orchard, and Humphreys' division extending along the Emmittsburg pike from Peach Orchard to a point nearly opposite, but a little in advance of Hancock's left, thus leaving a slight break in the line at that




D. B. Birney

MAJ. GEN. DAVID B. BIRNEY.

point. Technically, this fulfilled the direction of Meade. His left rested at Round Top, and his right connected with Hancock; but being so much advanced, it was necessarily very long and presented too much front for so small a corps to cover. Besides, it formed an angle at the Peach Orchard, where was open ground, which was consequently a source of weakness.

He had scarcely got his corps out upon the line he had decided to take, when he was summoned to a council of officers at Meade's headquarters. Perceiving that the enemy was about to attack him, and feeling the necessity of his personal supervision, he excused himself from attending, in the meantime hastening forward his troops and posting his batteries; but he soon after got a peremptory order to report, and turning over the command of the corps to General Birney, he hastened back with all speed. Before he had reached headquarters the battle opened; but spurring on, he was met at the door by Meade, who excused him from dismounting, and said he would soon join him on the field, the council having broken up as the guns announced the opening of the fight. On reaching the ground and hastily examining the position which the corps had taken, General Meade remarked that it was too much advanced, and expressed his doubt about being able to hold it. Sickles observed that it was not too late to withdraw; but to this Meade objected and said he would send up the Fifth to put in upon the left, and to the right troops could be called from General Hancock, while a free use of the reserve artillery was tendered. General Meade's headquarters were not over a three minutes' walk from a position on Hancock's front, where the whole ground, both the advance and more contracted lines, was plainly visible. Why General Meade did not give explicit orders for the formation on the left early in the day and himself see that the proper dispositions were made, seems inexplicable, and can only be accounted for on the supposition that he did not anticipate that the enemy would attack from that direction. In the document above quoted it is reported that in answer to Sickles' urgent need of preparation to meet the enemy, Meade remarked: "Oh! Generals are all apt to look for the attack to be made where they are." No possible business of the Commander-in-chief could have been more important or more pressing than this.

Unfortunately for General Sickles, Buford's cavalry, which had been posted on the left flank of his corps, was ordered away at a time when the enemy was moving in that direction, and its place was left unsupplied until it was too late to be of any use on that day. General Pleasanton in his testimony says: "On the 2d of July, Buford's division having been so severely handled the day before, was sent by me back to Westminster, our depot, to protect it, and also to recruit." These were worthy objects, and Buford had well earned a claim to repose; but at the moment when the enemy was swarming forth upon that flank which had been reported by Hancock as the one most vulnerable, it is almost beyond belief that General Pleasanton should have ordered the cavalry entirely away, before other and equally reliable troops were ready to relieve them. It left unchecked the whole power of the enemy's force to be employed in turning that flank.

Lee had early seen the importance of the ground which General Sickles had been so intent to occupy, and had determined to make his main attack to regain it. He says in his report: "In front of General Longstreet the enemy held a position, from which if he could be driven, it was thought that our army could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond, and thus enable us to reach the crest of the ridge. That officer was directed to carry the position, while General Ewell attacked directly the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified. General Hill was instructed to threaten the centre of the Federal line, in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to either wing, and to avail himself of any opportunity that might present itself to attack."

This plan was studiously carried out, though the attack of Ewell was not coincident with that of Longstreet, being nearly two hours delayed, perhaps designedly, in the hope that troops would be taken from his front to strengthen other parts of the line, and would leave him an easier task in carrying it, an event which did actually transpire. As it was planned that the weight of the attack should be made by Longstreet, he was active all through the early part of the day in getting his troops and his guns upon that part of the field where he could make it with the hope of success. It has been asserted that Longstreet vigorously

opposed the making this attack until his division under Pickett, which was still at Chambersburg, should come up, significantly saying that he did not wish to be compelled to walk with one boot off. But, having been peremptorily ordered by Lee to fight, he did not hesitate. Having only two divisions, those of Hood and McLaws, he led them around upon the extreme Union left. Instead of being able, as perhaps he had hoped, to wedge his way in upon the rear of the Union column, which to him appeared to be holding the line of the Emmittsburg road, he found a line refused, and nearly at right angles to that road stretching away to Round Top. To face that refused line he formed his own line, with Hood upon the right and McLaws upon the left, leaving the front occupied by Graham and Humphreys to be faced by Anderson's division of Hill's corps, and along the commanding ground upon the left he planted thick his artillery. To face these two powerful divisions of Longstreet, Sickles could only oppose the two weak brigades of Ward and De Trobriand. Ward, who was upon Sickles' left, opposite Hood, had posted his brigade across the open ground covering the approach to Little Round Top, his left extending across the front of Round Top, and his right reaching up into the wooded ground beyond the wheat-field. De Trobriand had posted two of his regiments, the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania and the Fifth Michigan, upon the front in line with Ward; but with his right refused and reaching back towards the Peach Orchard, making it conform to the advantages of the ground. He held two of his regiments in reserve, the Fortieth New York and the Seventeenth Maine, while the Third Michigan was deployed as skirmishers to cover the open ground to his right and connect with the left of Graham.

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, General Birney, who was in temporary command of the Third corps, having for some time been watching the columns of the enemy, now plainly visible, ordered Clark's rifled battery in position to the left of the Peach Orchard, to open on them. It did so with good effect. The enemy's guns, which had been brought up in large numbers, were wheeled into position, and answered; and soon after, along all that ridge, where he had advantageously posted battery upon battery, seemingly an interminable line, the

fire was terrific, and the very air was filled with shots and bursting shells, like hail in the thick coming storm. The brigade of Graham, in rear of which the Union guns were posted, was fearfully exposed, as it occupied both legs of the angle.

For some time the fire of artillery was appalling. But this was only the prelude to more desperate work. Longstreet had formed his lines under cover, and was now moving down to strike the extreme Union left a stunning blow and if possible crush it. But he found the troops of Ward prepared. With screeches and yells the foe pressed on; but before the deliberate aim of that veteran brigade they were forced to fall back. Ward realized from the strength of the attack that his weak line would be unable to withstand another, and called for supports. De Trobriand sent the Seventeenth Maine, which took position behind a low stone wall, to the left of the wheatfield, where its fire would have a deadly effect if the line of Ward should be forced back. Soon afterwards the Fortieth New York, the last reserve, was hurried away to the support of Ward, and took position, on his extreme left and front, so as to block the way to Little Round Top, which was now in imminent danger of falling into the enemy's hands. But the foe did not stop to carry that part of the line at once, but bore down in succession upon one part after another along Birney's whole front, rapidly reaching forward towards the Peach Orchard. The front of Ward had hardly been reinforced before De Trobriand was struck. "*Allons-y ferme, et tenons bon! Il n'y a plus rien en réserve,*" was the word of that well schooled and skilled leader. Knowing full well that the storm would soon reach them, his men had brought together the rocks and trunks of trees which they found lying about, and when the men in grey came swarming on not twenty paces distant, a crash of musketry, like the crack of a thunderbolt, arrested for a moment their progress; but recovering themselves they answered the fire, and the fusilade was rapid. "*Des deux côtés, chacun visait son homme, et malgré toutes les protections du terrain, morts et blessés tombaient avec une effrayante rapidité.*" It was an unequal struggle; for the enemy were thrice their strength; but the accuracy of their fire was unsurpassed. "Never have I seen," says De Trobriand, "our men strike with equal

obstinacy. It seemed as though each one of them believed that the destiny of the Republic depended upon the desperate vigor of their efforts."

But if the assault proved deadly to De Trobriand's men, who had a good position and were shielded by some works, how fared the troops of Graham, who were on open ground, and had no protection except such as accidentally fell to their lot? The position at the Peach Orchard was a commanding one for artillery, and could the pieces have been protected by lunettes, as were those of Steinwehr, they could have defied the whole weight of opposing metal from right to left, that was brought to bear upon them. But they were naked, and were forced to endure the brunt of a concentric fire. As for the infantry, the cut where the roadbed makes up to the Emmittsburg way afforded some protection while the artillery fire was hottest; but when that slackened, and a charge of the enemy's infantry came, there was no alternative but to boldly face it. Then it was that Greek met Greek, and bayonets were crossed in the deadly encounter. The One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania, of Graham's brigade, was posted in support of these guns, facing south, when this charge came. They were lying down, and apparently were not seen by the foe as they swept forward, looking only to the guns, which they confidently regarded as their certain spoil. But waiting until they had come near, the tried men of this regiment sprang to their feet, and pouring in a well-directed volley, dashed at them with the bayonet. Swept down by ranks, and bewildered by the suddenness of the apparition, the enemy halted and for a moment attempted to beat back their assailants. But the tide was too strong to stem, and they fled with precipitation. The horses of the Union artillery had all been killed, and many of the officers and men had fallen. The ammunition was well nigh spent. The guns were accordingly seized and drawn back by the infantry to the rear of the road-bed.

Fortunately for the rest of Graham's line, and for that of Humphreys, the order of General Lee to Hill was only to threaten the force in his front and watch for a favorable opportunity to attack, and consequently that officer for some time contented himself with simple demonstrations, and a vigorous fire of artillery.

While this wave of battle, commencing at Round Top, rolled on towards the Peach Orchard and dashed with such fearful violence against the faces of that devoted Third corps, the calls for reinforcements were long and loud. Every man of the Third corps was almost from the first put in, making altogether barely one single thin line, and not a musket in reserve. It is no wonder that the time seemed long, and the troops summoned appeared tardy in coming. General Birney says: "I sent a staff officer to General Sykes, asking him to send me up at once the division that had been ordered from his corps to support me; that an attack by the enemy was imminent, and that I thought it would be made at once. The staff officer saw him, and he returned for answer that he would come up in time; that his men were making coffee and were tired, but that he would be up in time. He came up with one of his divisions in about an hour." General Sykes may have made the answer attributed to him; but he was a regular army officer, and he was not the man to disregard an order upon the field of battle, or execute it tardily. He had a long distance to march, and what, in his extremity seemed a full hour to Birney, may have actually been less.

General Warren, after proceeding with Meade to inspect the position of Sickles, just after the battle opened, had, by the direction of the latter, proceeded to Little Round Top. "From that point," Warren says, "I could see the enemy's lines of battle. I sent word to General Meade that we would at once have to occupy that place very strongly. He sent, as quickly as possible, a division of General Sykes' corps; but before they arrived the enemy's line of battle, I should think a mile and a half long, began to advance, and the battle became very heavy at once." The first onset, as we have seen, was stayed by Birney's division. But the fiery and impetuous Hood, he who attacked Sherman with such daring before Atlanta, had discovered that Little Round Top was not occupied, and that only a thin curtain, composed of the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania, hung in its front. This rocky fortress was the great prize of the day. Could he break through the feeble force which held its front and plant himself amid the rocks and fastnesses of that precipitous height, the whole army of Meade might beat itself against it in

vain attempts to dislodge him. Taking only his most trusted men he formed them for the death grapple and led them forth. He pointed to the dark ground whereon he desired them to plant their footprints. It was enough. Where had their bold leader ever led them, that was not to victory? But before they had reached the thin line which they thought easily to brush away, supports had come. The Fortieth New York was there, the Sixth New Jersey and the Fourth Massachusetts had been gathered in, and now the path across Plum Run, which they had hoped to stealthily pass, they found closed. But they were desperate men, formed with ample supports, and as the repeated blows of the battering ram will finally loosen the strongest wall, and topple it down, so did the head of this column by the mere weight of numbers force its way through, and press rapidly forward to climb the heights unopposed. But as they dash heedlessly on, suddenly a sheet of flame leaps out from the very roots of the mountain, that sweeps down the boldest and the bravest, and throws back that fiery column in disorder and confusion. Whence so suddenly have come these bold defenders? Ten minutes before and not one was there; but the hill all peaceful and unguarded was inviting approach.

When General Warren arrived upon this hill, as the battle opened, he found there only some officers who had been using it for a signal station. When these signal officers saw the long lines of the enemy sweeping on, inferring that Sickles would be totally unable to check them, they commenced folding their flags to make way for the men in grey. But Warren, knowing instinctively that all was lost if that hill was lost, bade them unfurl their flags and signal on the supports that were approaching. Eagerly he had watched that first assault, and when he saw the enemy's line broken and driven back, he secretly rejoiced; for now he knew that hope still remained. He saw at a glance, what a terrible effect the plunging fire of artillery would have, delivered from this eminence, if guns could once be got upon its summit. Hazlett's battery in the neighborhood was immediately ordered up, and by almost superhuman exertions was brought upon the glad crest. And now seeing the head of Barnes' division of the Fifth corps approaching on the double quick to reinforce

the Third, he assumed the responsibility of detaching Vincent's brigade, and ordering it upon Little Round Top. Passing rapidly to the rear of the mountain, Vincent hastened his men into position at its very base; the Sixteenth Michigan, Lieutenant Colonel Welch, upon the right, facing the wheat field; next it the Forty-fourth New York, Colonel Rice, facing the Devil's Den; by its side its twin regiment, the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, Captain Woodward, facing the little valley between the two mounts, and not inaptly called the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and upon the extreme left, looking towards the rear of Round Top, was the Twentieth Maine, Colonel Chamberlain. So hastily had they been brought upon the field that they had not stopped to load. The work of formation was momentary, and before the men had been five minutes settled behind the huge boulders which lie scattered over all its broad breast, away to the left was heard, says Captain Judson of the Eighty-third, "a loud, fierce, distant yell, as if all pandemonium had broken loose, and joined in the chorus of one grand, universal war-whoop." Three lines deep, at double-quick, with bayonets fixed, on came that mass of Hood's impetuous men. It was the supreme moment, and the stoutest held his breath, grasping with firmer grip his trusty piece. Not upon the Old Guard in its most desperate hour ever rested a graver trust. The weight of the shock fell upon the Forty-fourth New York, and the Eighty-third Pennsylvania. The first impulse was scarcely broken, ere the line was new formed, and from behind rocks and trees, at close quarters, a most deadly fire was poured in. Again and again with fresh troops and ever increasing numbers did the enemy assault; but each time to be thrown back broken and bleeding. "Hundreds of them," says Judson, "approached even within fifteen yards of our line, but they approached only to be shot down or hurled back covered with gaping wounds. It was a death grapple in which assailant and assailed seemed resolved to win or fall in the struggle."

As soon as Colonel Vincent had discovered that this assault was coming, he dismounted, and sent an aid to General Barnes requesting immediate reinforcements. "Tell him," said he, "the enemy are coming in overwhelming force." When the enemy found himself spending his strength in futile attempts to carry

the centre of Vincent's line, he moved over to the left and attacked with renewed vigor the Sixteenth Michigan. That regiment had a weaker position and was less protected than the rest of the line, and when the pressure upon it became heavy, it yielded somewhat to the current and was fast giving way, exposing that flank to sudden turning. At that instant, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, of Weed's brigade, which had been sent to support and reinforce Vincent, came upon the field, and moved down to the wavering line. In doing so it was much exposed, receiving a volley by which the gallant O'Rourke, who commanded the regiment, was killed, and large numbers of the rank and file were laid low. Confusion followed, and it seemed for the moment that it, too, would give way. But Vincent, seeing the peril of the hour, rushed from point to point, threatening and encouraging by turns, and by the aid of his officers, finally succeeded in bringing order out of confusion, and the enemy was again foiled. When once the line had become settled, and felt in a measure protected, it was invincible. The personal courage and activity of Vincent saved the brigade from what promised inevitable destruction. But his tireless intrepidity made him a mark for the enemy's sharp-shooters, and he paid the forfeit with his life. He was standing upon a rock part way down the declivity, watching the movements of the enemy, when he was struck in the groin by a minié ball, and was borne helpless and bleeding with a mortal hurt from the field. He was succeeded by Colonel Rice, of the Forty-fourth, who on assuming command immediately passed along the line, encouraging the men to strike for their fallen leader a deadlier blow, and insisting that they must hold the position to the very last extremity.

In making his assaults thus far, the foe had done so with a strong hand, his ranks having been well filled. But now they were visibly weakened, many having fallen, and many others having chosen secure positions behind rocks, were loth to leave them; some even climbed into the tree tops, and hid themselves in the thick foliage of the branches, keeping up from their concealments a most galling fire. But the enemy had not yet reached the left of the brigade line, and, finding the valley open, he determined to again marshal his forces and make one more

resolute struggle for the mastery. Forming under cover of the wood, they advanced, and now with a fury apparently inspired by desperation. The Twentieth Maine met them, as had the other regiments, with a volley which had a staggering effect; but though fearful destruction followed the deadly missiles, the survivors rushed on unchecked, and were soon upon Chamberlain's men. In the haste of coming into position, they had neglected to fix bayonets; but clubbing their muskets and with the might of mad men, braining their assailants, these hardy sons of the forest beat back the foe, and finally succeeded in shaking them off. But now a new peril threatened. The enemy had been repulsed, though not destroyed. He was still defiant, and the left flank of the Twentieth was entirely unprotected and unsupported. Early in the fight, Colonel Chamberlain, seeing the danger to which he was exposed from this cause, had swung the left battalion around until it faced in the opposite direction to the other extremity of the brigade line. The enemy saw his advantage, and, immediately pushing through, vigorously attacked this battalion. Chamberlain called upon Captain Woodward for a company to support him in this dire extremity. This the Captain was unable, from paucity of his own numbers, to do, but sent word that he could stretch out his line, which relieved a part of Chamberlain's regiment, and enabled him to maintain his ground and to protect the flank. The enemy's bullets were now falling in the rear of the right of the brigade line, coming from exactly the opposite direction from what they had in the earlier part of the contest. But the force of the enemy's daring was by this time in a measure spent, and in fifteen minutes his fire began to slacken. Chamberlain now saw that his time had come, and ordering his left battalion to fix bayonets, he led it with the greatest gallantry, and with inspiriting cheers—in which the voices of the whole brigade joined—in a counter-charge which swept the dispirited foe back in utter rout. At this juncture, a brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserves, also of the Fifth corps, which had been sent to the support of Vincent, charged up the hill and helped to swell the shout of victory. The enemy, believing that heavy reinforcements had arrived, gave up the contest, and Colonel Chamberlain, swinging his whole regiment

around upon the front, cleared the valley between the Round Tops, his left sweeping the declivity of Round Top. Over five hundred prisoners were taken by this brigade alone, including two Colonels and fifteen other commissioned officers, and over a thousand stands of arms. That narrow valley was strewn with the dead and the wounded, mangled in every conceivable way in which relentless battle leaves its victims. Behind one single rock were found, after the battle, twenty-five dead bodies, many wounded, doubtless, having crawled behind it for shelter and there yielded their lives.

The severely wounded, who were taken prisoners, were in the main boastful and defiant. The attacking column was principally composed of Alabama and Texan troops. They spoke in a manner dissatisfied with the result, which they had in no way anticipated. They acknowledged that they had been badly cut up; but said that only one brigade had yet been engaged, while there were two others behind them ready to follow up the assault. One experience, however, of that dark valley was enough, and no further advances were made to enter it.

No prouder victory was achieved on any part of that bloody field, nor one which more largely contributed to the accomplishment of the final triumph, than that of this small brigade of Vincent, composed of less than twelve hundred muskets, supported and aided by Weed's brigade and Hazlett's battery; but principally fought by this handful of men. No valor could have exceeded theirs. Their spirit is illustrated by an incident which occurred at a moment when the fight was at its climax. An overgrown, uncouth but resolute young man, belonging to company F, of the Eighty-third regiment, who had a sheltered position behind a rock, was noticed to rise up when he fired in such a manner as to expose nearly his whole body. He was repeatedly cautioned, and called to, to "get down." Finally, irritated by the reprimand, he drew himself up to his full proportions, and swaying his brawny arm in an impressive gesture, at the same time calling upon God to witness, he exclaimed: "I am on the soil of old Pennsylvany now, and if they get me down they'll have to shoot me down." The feeling prevailed throughout the army that it was now on northern soil, and to the last man they would fight before they would yield an inch.

The loss upon the Union side in this struggle, on account of the shelter, was in numbers small in proportion to that inflicted on the enemy. But upon the officers the blow fell with cruel force. General Weed, who commanded the brigade which had come to the support of Vincent, received a mortal wound, and while Captain Hazlett, whose battery had been brought upon the summit with so much difficulty, was bending over his prostrate form, endeavoring to catch his last broken accents, he also was struck by the fatal bullet, and fell lifeless upon the gasping form of his dying chief. Thus fell Vincent, Weed, and Hazlett, the three chief commanders on the hill, and O'Rourke, the leader of a regiment, besides numbers of others of a less degree.

When we consider the small chance by which this hill was saved to the Union arms, and its vital importance to the integrity of the whole army, the inquiry strongly presses itself, Why was it left so late unoccupied, and why was the opportunity of grasping it allowed to remain open all the day long, and until its summit was casting fitful shadows? Is it answered, that General Meade had given Sickles orders to occupy it, and that he supposed it was firmly held? This can hardly be accepted as a satisfactory answer. For, from the window of General Meade's headquarters, Little Round Top is plainly seen, and by using his glass he could have verified the belief at any moment, or by means of an aid he could have examined each nook and cranny of the hill every half hour in the whole day. But General Sickles says, when he was ordered to relieve General Geary, he proceeded to do so, and notified General Meade that Geary had been simply massed and not in position, that he had executed the first order, and was awaiting further directions. Finally, says Sickles, "Not having received any orders in reference to my position, and observing, from the enemy's movements on our left what I thought to be conclusive indications of a design on their part to attack there, and that seeming to me to be our most assailable point. I went in person to headquarters and reported the facts and circumstances which led me to believe that an attack would be made there, and asked for orders. I did not receive any orders, and I found that my impression as to the intention of the enemy to attack in that direction was not concurred in at headquarters;

and I was satisfied, from information which I received, that it was intended to retreat from Gettysburg."

The testimony of General Meade conflicts somewhat with this statement. He says: "I had sent instructions in the morning to General Sickles, commanding the Third corps, directing him to form his corps in line of battle on the left of the Second corps, commanded by General Hancock, and I had indicated to him in general terms, that his right was to rest upon General Hancock's left; and his left was to extend to the Round Top mountain, plainly visible, if it was practicable to occupy it. During the morning I sent a staff officer to inquire of General Sickles whether he was in position. The reply was returned to me that General Sickles said there was no position there. I then sent back to him my general instructions which had been previously given. A short time afterwards General Sickles came to my headquarters, and I told him what my general views were, and intimated that he was to occupy the position that I understood General Hancock had put General Geary in, the night previous. General Sickles replied that General Geary had no position, as far as he could understand. He then said to me that there was in the neighborhood of where his corps was, some very good ground for artillery, and that he should like to have some staff officer of mine go out there and see as to the posting of artillery. He also asked me whether he was not authorized to post his corps in such manner as, in his judgment, he should deem the most suitable. I answered, 'General Sickles, certainly, within the limits of the general instructions I have given to you; any ground within those limits you choose to occupy I leave to you.' And I directed Brigadier-General Hunt, my Chief of artillery, to accompany General Sickles, and examine and inspect such positions as General Sickles thought good for artillery, and to give General Sickles the benefit of his judgment." General Sickles held his corps back until the last moment, and at length, when his outposts had been driven in, and the enemy was about to attack, took what has been called the advanced position, which General Meade expressed his disapprobation of, when he came upon the ground. "I am of the opinion," says General Meade, "that General Sickles did what he thought was for the best; but I

differed from him in judgment. And I maintain that subsequent events proved that my judgment was correct, and his judgment was wrong."

General Sickles, in his testimony, says upon this point: "I took up that position which is described in the report of General Halleck as a line from half to three-quarters of a mile in advance, as he says, and which, in his report, he very pointedly disapproves of, and which he further says I took up through a misinterpretation of orders. It was not through any misinterpretation of orders. It was either a good line or a bad one, and, whichever it was, I took it on my own responsibility, except so far as I have already stated, that it was approved of in general terms by General Hunt, of General Meade's staff, who accompanied me in the examination of it. I took up the line because it enabled me to hold commanding ground, which, if the enemy had been allowed to take—as they would have taken it if I had not occupied it in force—would have rendered our position on the left untenable; and, in my judgment, would have turned the fortunes of the day hopelessly against us. I think that any General who would look at the topography of the country there would naturally come to the same conclusion."

Thus we perceive that in respect to the two positions in general, the opinions of Meade and Sickles are diametrically opposed to each other. But we should recollect that all this is testimony given after the event, when the questions at issue were under sharp discussion, when much feeling on the one side and on the other existed, and when the opinions were naturally colored by prejudice. Enough is however brought to light by the reports made at the time, and by this testimony, to enable us to form an intelligent conclusion concerning the occupation of Little Round Top.

In his testimony, General Meade says "his left [Sickles'] was to extend to Round Top mountain, plainly visible, if it was practicable, to occupy it." Two facts are deducible from this statement; first, that this commanding position was visible from his headquarters, and he was able for himself to have any moment determined whether it was occupied or not; and second, that he was in ignorance whether it was practicable to occupy it.

There are no principles of military strategy more fundamental, more apparent to even the casual observer, or more vital to the safety of an army when deployed in line of defensive battle, than these: first, that the flanks of the infantry should be firmly posted, with some natural or artificial protection; and second, that the flanks should be well guarded by cavalry, ready at all times to make a stand and to give notice of the movements of the enemy. Both these principles were violated in this instance. The whole left wing was unstable until the last moment, and the line was actually formed and the position finally taken, after the battle had begun, and Little Round Top, a fortress in itself, formed and fashioned by the fiat of the Almighty, ready for its armament and its defenders, was left entirely unoccupied until after the battle had begun to rage with great fury, and was finally saved from the clutches of the foe by the most determined and bloody fighting of troops which gained their position but five minutes in advance of their assailants. The cavalry, too, was removed just before the battle opened, and was left unsupplied at a time when it was most needed. It would seem as though the gates were swung wide open deliberately and purposely to allow the enemy to walk in.

Is it offered, in defence of the Commander-in-chief, that he had ordered Sickles to occupy this ground? This is not enough. It was his duty to know that it was occupied and made firm. Hour after hour passed, and he knew that it was *not* occupied; for he had the direct testimony of his senses, and Sickles was repeatedly informing him that he was not in position, both by messenger and in person, and begging that the chief, or some member of his staff, would examine the ground and give definite orders. To the last moment no such orders were given, and Sickles was finally compelled to take position upon his own responsibility, and by the testimony of General Meade himself, under a discretion which was accorded him. Sickles' forces were insufficient to cover his line and occupy Little Round Top; but he covered the front of that position and the approaches to it by causing his line to abut upon Round Top, which was impracticable for offensive or defensive purposes. Troops were at the disposal of Meade, with which Little Round Top might have been

covered early in the day; for the Fifth corps had arrived at two o'clock in the morning within easy call. The responsibility of the non-occupation of this stronghold, so vital to the integrity of his position and the safety of his whole army, must rest with the Commander-in-chief, and it must ever remain an inexplicable mystery how he could have permitted the hours to pass,—after the bloody experience of the preceding day, knowing that the whole rebel army was close in upon his front,—with his left wing in the disorganized condition in which the opening of the battle found it.

Respecting the ordering away of the cavalry, no question has ever been made in the inquiries into the conduct of the battle. But it was no less a grave violation of principle, and should have received the severest censure. The fault cannot be imputed to General Pleasanton who commanded the cavalry, for having given the order without the knowledge of his chief; for had such been the case, why was not Pleasanton at once cashiered, as he would have richly merited? As the latter received no censure, we must conclude that it was either the direct order of Meade, or that it received his sanction.

The enemy, in guarding his flank, exercised a commendable care, in marked contrast with the negligence of his opponent. The extreme right of his line was, from the nature of the country, exposed and weak. Accordingly, at the point where the Emmittsburg pike crosses the Seminary Ridge, which it does about three-quarters of a mile beyond the Peach Orchard, he built, as soon as he felt himself menaced, a strong and quite elaborate fortification with re-entrant angles so as to sweep the ground in all directions, and here he planted his heavy guns.

Leaving the citadel that guards the left of the Union line in the firm grip of the gallant men who so heroically defended it, turn now to the further conduct of the fight on Sickles' front. As soon as it was apparent that the enemy was intent on making a determined fight upon the Union left, realizing the danger which was threatening Sickles' thin line, General Meade exerted himself to the utmost to succor these hard-pressed men. General Hancock, who had been called on for help, promptly sent an entire division composed of four brigades under General Caldwell.

General Humphreys, though expecting every moment to be himself attacked, and having a difficult position to hold, detached one of his regiments, having previously parted with one of his brigades, and hurried it away, in response to the urgent appeals of the aids of both Sickles and Birney. The divisions of Barnes and Ayers of the Fifth corps were also brought up.

While Hood was making his desperate onslaught upon the defenders of Little Round Top, McLaws, with the aid of Anderson's division of Hill's corps, was making a no less determined, and far more successful assault upon Birney's right. It fell with the greatest weight upon that part of the line about the Peach Orchard; and here it was first broken. But the brigade of De Trobriand had originally been formed principally facing westward, and as the enemy advanced to follow up the retiring forces on his front at the Peach Orchard, De Trobriand was still able to maintain his position, and to do good execution. But the pressure soon became too great for him to withstand, and he was obliged to give ground. The enemy having forced his way in upon the wheatfield, was pressing upon his flank and rear. It was a critical moment. Instantly rallying the remnants of the Fifth Michigan, and the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, and by the aid of General Birney, who brought the Seventeenth Maine and a New Jersey regiment under Colonel Burling into line, he made a determined charge, and regained the lost ground and the stone wall which had afforded him protection. This was the last effort of this brigade, for it was shortly after relieved by Zook's brigade of Caldwell's division.

In the meantime, Barnes, with the divisions of Tilton and Sweitzer, had moved forward and taken position in a wood on the right of the wheatfield, Sweitzer upon the left and Tilton upon the right. The ground occupied by the latter was rocky and wooded, while the left extended into an open ravine. Barnes' division had scarcely gained its position, when the enemy was seen advancing up this ravine. In danger of being outflanked, Sweitzer wheeled the several regiments of his brigade to the left and rear, giving the advantage of three lines supporting each other. Sweitzer was thus able easily to hold his position. But Tilton, having been less fortunately posted, was unable to main-

tain his ground. This left Sweitzer in a perilous situation, and he likewise fell back. The rugged country to the west and south of the Peach Orchard was now the dark and bloody ground, and over it the tide of battle swayed with destructive force. The enemy had gained possession, and was doubtless settling down upon it to console himself for his grievous losses, when the division of Caldwell came to the rescue. With the brigades of Cross and Kelley in advance, supported by Brooke and Zook, Caldwell swept forward. No troops ever evinced greater valor, and the enemy was driven before them; but their losses were fearful, as the irregularities of the field enabled the enemy, who was concealed in advantageous positions, to rise up from unexpected quarters and pour in a most destructive fire. Indeed, the contest had been so long and stubbornly maintained, that the foe was becoming desperate and impatient of further resistance. The First brigade was commanded by the gallant Colonel Cross of the Fifth New Hampshire, who, while leading his troops in the most intrepid manner, was slain. The situation was every moment becoming more and more complicated, as the enemy, having broken the line, was able to dispose his troops under cover so as to sweep the ground from several directions. The wheatfield and the broken surface to its west had become a slaughter-pen. As the second line, composed of the brigades of Brooke and Zook, came up, it was discovered that a battery had been so posted by the enemy as to greatly annoy the Union troops. Determined to capture or silence it, Colonel Brooke led a charge of his brigade. But though it was vigorously made, and with the most unwavering intrepidity, Brooke soon found his flanks exposed to a withering fire, which, if continued, would annihilate his line, and he was forced to withdraw, himself receiving a severe wound.

The original position of Sickles, facing south, which had been held by Birney with such stubborn valor, had finally to be yielded, the supports which had been sent forward from the Second, Fifth, and Humphreys' division of the Third corps, being unable with all their strength to preserve it. As Caldwell's division was gradually retiring, having been engaged in the most deadly encounters, and having sustained severe losses, Ayres' division of the

Fifth corps moved in, and though assailed with a fury that was appalling, it steadily fought its way forward, routing the enemy and succeeded in holding the important wooded ground in front and to the right of Little Round Top, which Sickles had regarded as so important to the retention of the field. In the midst of the desperate fighting, which, like fiery billows swept over that devoted ground, General Sickles, who had exercised ceaseless vigilance and a tireless energy in maintaining the position and beating back the foe, fell, severely wounded, and was carried from the field, the command devolving upon General Birney.

While these struggles were continued in the wooded and broken ground which enveloped in its dark folds the little wheat-field, now tangled and torn, and blood-washed, as masses of living valor were borne over it, the line facing west, composed of Humphreys' division and a part of Graham's brigade, did not escape unscathed. Humphreys had sent out, early in the day, working parties who had levelled all the fences in his front, giving the opportunity for perfect freedom in manœuvring his troops, and, at a little after four o'clock, had taken position along the diagonal ridge on which runs the Emmittsburg pike. Little beyond occasional demonstrations had thus far occurred upon his front. But the time was rapidly approaching when the favorable moment for attack, directed by the order of Lee, would come. At a little after six, Humphreys received notice from Birney that Sickles had fallen, and that he was in command of the corps, that he was about to fall back from his position facing south, which was nearly at right-angles to Humphreys' line, and requesting the latter also to fall back, so as to connect with his right. In other words, Humphreys and Graham were expected to swing back with Birney so as to keep the line intact. This was accomplished in tolerable order, Birney's men maintaining a resolute front, and gallantly checking any undue forwardness of the enemy in following up. But this movement left the right of Humphreys' division, where he clung to the Emmittsburg pike, in an exceedingly perilous position. The enemy were not slow in discovering it, and now pressed upon him with terrible earnestness. The interval between Humphreys' right and Hancock's left had been

filled by the Fifteenth Massachusetts and the Eighty-second New York, and subsequently two other regiments, all from the Second corps, were hurried forward to the support of Humphreys' hard-pressed line. Humphreys says: "I was attacked on my flanks as well as on my front. I never have been under a hotter artillery and musketry fire combined. I may have been under a hotter musketry fire. For a moment, I thought the day was lost. I did not order my troops to fall back rapidly, because, so far as I could see, the crest in my rear was vacant, and I knew that when troops got to moving back rapidly, it was exceedingly difficult to stop them just where you wanted to stop them. At that moment I received an order to fall back to the Round Top ridge, which I did, slowly, suffering a very heavy loss."

As will be seen by an examination of the position in which Humphreys found himself at this juncture, he could have scarcely been in a worse condition to receive a determined attack. His division was almost in the shape of the side and the two ends of a parallelogram, and upon front and both flanks the enemy were rushing with the impetuosity of some demon guide. They were some of the best troops of Anderson's fresh division, which had escaped the fight of the preceding day, and had been held in hand through the long hours of that terrible struggle upon the extreme left, ready to spring forward with the agility of a tiger leaping upon his prey. These were the brigades of Wilcox, Perry, and Wright. Posey and Mahone stood next, and then the division of Pender. It is asserted on the authority of a correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, that these also had been ordered to advance. But as the movement of each brigade upon the rebel right was to be the signal for the next upon the left to move, the failure of Posey caused all the others to be withheld. The powerful brigade of Wright did come down with overwhelming force. Humphreys was a soldier by profession, and skilled in hard fighting, and to his cool courage and determination is due the preservation of his line as it retired to the Cemetery Ridge. So sudden was the onset, and so strong the pressure, that he was obliged to abandon three of his guns, the horses of which had all been killed.

But as the enemy came within range of the Second corps, crouched behind the low stone wall on the Cemetery Ridge, in their pursuit of Humphreys' retiring troops, an oblique and very destructive fire was poured in upon them, producing terrible slaughter. At a clump of trees, a little in advance of the Union line where a battery had been posted, the enemy had swarmed in considerable numbers, as they here found some protection from the rapid fire of the infantry: Here they had seized a brass piece from which the cannoniers had all been killed or driven away. Finding ammunition, they had loaded it and were turning it upon Owen's brigade, temporarily under command of General Webb. The regiments upon the front line were instantly ordered by Webb to charge and recapture the piece. With a gallantry habitual to that brigade, the order was executed, and after a sharp and sanguinary struggle, the enemy was routed and the piece retaken. It was instantly turned upon the retiring foe with deadly effect, helping them to make good time back to their lines.

The enemy felt keenly this last repulse; for when they saw Humphreys' line falling back, they believed the day was won, confidently anticipating that he would be unable to stay its backward course, and reform it so as to present any considerable opposition to their own victorious and impetuous assault. How great was their disappointment, the wails of their wounded, and the bitter reproaches of the survivors against their comrades who failed to support them, but too plainly tells. The correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, who was present upon this part of the field and witnesssed the struggle, says: "We now had the key to the enemy's stronghold, and, apparently, the victory was won. McLaws and Hood had pushed their line well up the slope on the right; Wilcox had kept well up on his portion of the line; Wright had pierced the enemy's main line on the summit of McPherson's [Zeigler's] heights, capturing his heavy batteries, thus breaking the connection between their right and left wings. I said that, apparently, we had won the victory. It remains to be stated why our successes were not crowned with the important results which should have followed such heroic daring and indomitable bravery. Although the order was peremptory that

all of Anderson's division should move into action simultaneously, Brigadier-General Posey, commanding a Mississippi brigade, and Brigadier-General Mahone, commanding a Virginia brigade, failed to advance. This failure of these two brigades to advance is assigned, as I learn upon inquiry, as the reason why Pender's division of Hill's corps did not advance—the order being, that the advance was to commence from the right and be taken up along our whole line. Pender's failure to advance caused the division on his left—Heth's—to remain inactive. Here we have two whole divisions, and two brigades of another, standing idle spectators of one of the most desperate and important assaults that has ever been made on this continent—fifteen or twenty thousand men resting on their arms, in plain view of a terrible battle, witnessing the mighty efforts of two little brigades (Wright's and Wilcox's, for Perry had fallen back overpowered), contending with the heavy masses of Yankee infantry, and subjected to a most deadly fire from the enemy's heavy artillery, without a single effort to aid them in the assault, or to assist them when the heights were carried. . . . It was now apparent that the day was lost—lost after it was won—lost, not because our army fought badly, but because a large portion did not fight at all."

Had all the enemy's troops advanced, as is here shown that they were ordered to do, it is doubtful whether the Union line, disorganized and broken as it was, and before the new and more contracted one had been fairly taken, would have been able to withstand the shock, and the impression of Humphreys, "For a moment I thought the day was lost," would have been realized. In addition to the reason here given by the rebel correspondent for the failure of Pender and Heth to move, there is another far more weighty which probably influenced them: After the rough handling they received from the First corps on the day before, it is probable they had little stomach for another fight.

There is no doubt that the successes which the enemy supposed he had gained here, by the unaided strength of one brigade, that of Wright, emboldened and encouraged him to make a second attempt at this very point on the following day.

Upon the fall of Sickles, General Hancock was ordered to turn over the command of his own corps to General Gibbon, and

himself to assume the general supervision of the Second and Third corps. This he did, establishing his headquarters midway between the Cemetery and Little Round Top, and proceeded to patch up the new line with such troops as were at hand. The divisions of Doubleday and Robinson, of the First corps, were brought up and posted to the left of the Second corps. Doubleday's division had been strengthened by ordering to it Stannard's brigade of Vermont troops some days before, but only joined on this day. The enemy had been repulsed before Doubleday reached the front; but he sent forward part of the Thirteenth Vermont under Colonel Randall, and the One Hundred and Forty-ninth and One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania regiments, which together rescued six pieces of artillery, that in retiring had been abandoned. The First Minnesota regiment also came up opportunely, which General Hancock led in person against a detachment of the enemy that was pushing through a part of the line under cover of a wood, and drove it back. General Williams, who had succeeded to the command of the Twelfth corps, ordered Ruger's division forward, to which Lockwood's Maryland brigade was attached, and put it in upon the left of the First corps troops. Williams also ordered Geary's division, with the exception of Green's brigade, over to the left; but, through some strange oversight in the direction of march, it never reached the point indicated.

The fighting upon the left continued with terrible earnestness until evening. Ayers' division of regulars was the last to advance into the mazes of this masquerade of death. Sickles, Barnes, Caldwell, and Ayers had gone out upon this ground in their pride of strength; but they had all been forced back finally by reason of the break at the Peach Orchard, where the enemy had penetrated, and had thus been able to flank every fresh reserve that had been sent against him; and for this cause Humphreys, upon the right, had finally been compelled to retire. All these disasters were the result of the loss of the key point, the little eminence at the Peach Orchard. An angle in the line of battle formed as was this, is intrinsically weak, inasmuch as the direct impact can be brought to bear upon it from two directions. But the same objection may be urged against the position of Steinwehr at the Cemetery. Could

Sickles have taken this ground early in the day, and had lunettes and rifle-pits thrown up, he would have been invincible.

But though the advance position on the Emmittsburg pike had to be given up, the wooded ground in front of Round Top, from the occupation of which by the enemy Sickles feared so much, was held. It was just at dusk, and when Ayers, after having sustained severe losses and fought with the most determined valor, was retiring before a resolute and hopeful foe, that a brigade from Crawford's division of the Pennsylvania Reserves, which he had formed upon the fringe of Little Round Top, came dashing through the low ground drained by Plum Run, and with a chorus peculiar to this noted body of men, went to his relief. Crawford had seized the brigade colors at the moment of moving, and, riding up and down the line, had called upon the men to make Pennsylvania their watchword, and to quail not upon its soil. McCandless, of the Second Reserve, commanded, and led them on. They had scarcely emerged from the hill, and begun to cross the low, swampy ground, when they were hailed by a shower of bullets. But to such a welcome had they been inured on many a gory field, and it only had the effect to quicken their onward pace. The rebels were ensconced behind a low stone wall at the edge of the wood. But the bayonets and bullets of the Reserves were directed by hands too steady and resolute for successful resistance, and they were swept back. Under this stone wall McCandless formed his line, and threw out his skirmishers to the edge of the Wheatfield.

This ended substantially the fighting for the day on this part of the field. The other brigade of the Reserve corps, under Fisher, as we have seen, went to the support of Vincent's and Weed's brigades, and during the night, with the Twentieth Maine in the lead, climbed to the summit of Round Top, and with the aid of the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, established a line and erected a substantial stone breastwork from the loose boulders and broken fragments that cover the breast of the mountain. The enemy were at the westerly base of the hill, and were also fortifying, holding as far north as the Devil's Den, in the rocky cavern of which they took shelter.

## CHAPTER XII.

### FIGHTING ON THE UNION RIGHT AT GETTYSBURG.

WHILE these momentous events of the battle were transpiring upon the left, the enemy made no less desperate and well directed efforts to carry the right of the Union line. General Lee's order, as already noted, required that Ewell should "attack the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified." This was to be done simultaneously with the attack of Longstreet on the left. But Ewell did not move until the fierce fighting by Longstreet had been more than two hours in progress. This delay was evidently by design, as his corps had been in position and in entire readiness since the night before. The heat of the engagement on the left had thoroughly aroused the Union Commander, and he had hurried on corps after corps, and detachment after detachment, to the support of that wing. On the extreme right, a strong position had been taken, and well fortified by the Twelfth corps. The position and fortification of that flank was such as to fulfil the principle in strategy to which reference has already been made, that the flanks of the infantry line should so rest as to be either by nature or by art made firm. But in his zeal to feed the left, the right flank was completely stripped, the whole of the Twelfth corps, with the exception of Greene's brigade of Geary's division, having been hurried away. Free course was thus given to the enemy to enter. This action seems the more inexplicable, inasmuch as the Sixth corps, the strongest in the whole army, had arrived on the ground at two P. M., two full hours before the fighting for the day had commenced, and it was neither used to reinforce the left until the fighting had nearly ceased, nor was it

put into the breastworks upon the right to supply the place made vacant by the withdrawal of the Twelfth. A worse blunder could not have been committed, for Greene's brigade was left hanging in the air, and would have been utterly routed, had a man of less nerve than Greene commanded, or troops less resolute and daring occupied that ground.

Ewell was not long in discovering the advantage offered him, and at a little before sunset, he put his troops in motion. It was composed of soldiers who had so often followed the indomitable and tireless Stonewall Jackson to victory.

The Union line, commencing at the Baltimore pike, extended around the breast of the Cemetery Hill, the artillery, Weiderick's and Ricketts' batteries, upon the summit, and the infantry, a part of the Eleventh corps, under cover of the stone walls. To the right of the Cemetery Hill is a little ravine or depression, marking the end of Cemetery and the beginning of Culp's Hill. Upon the little table-land, at this extremity of the latter, was posted Stevens' Maine battery, which had played so important a part in the action of the first day. His pieces looked across this ravine and the approaches from the town to Cemetery Hill. Just at his right commenced the heavy breastworks, built by Wadsworth, upon the very brow of Culp's Hill, overhanging the steep, rugged acclivity which reaches down almost to the bank of Rock Creek that runs at its base. This breastwork was carried around the hill, and was taken up by Greene, whose right rested at a ravine that descends to a considerable wooded plateau. Greene had refused his right, and carried his breastwork back so as to protect his flank, and from which he could command the passage up this ravine—the ravine itself being left open. On the opposite side the breastworks were again taken up and carried around nearly to Spangler's spring. But beyond this little ravine at Greene's right, no troops were in position.

Upon Benner's Hill, opposite to Cemetery Hill, Ewell had planted his artillery, which opened with great vigor when the battle commenced. But the guns on Cemetery Hill had no sooner got the range, than they speedily silenced it. A gentleman "residing near Gettysburg," as related by De Peyster, "on the road past Benner's, said to have been an eye-witness, stated

Jno W Geary

that the Union batteries on Cemetery Ridge knocked the rebel batteries, on Benner's Hill, into *pi* in twenty minutes after the former got the range." The superiority of the Union guns here was no doubt largely due to the fact that they were protected by lunettes, while the rebel guns stood all uncovered. As soon as he discovered his artillery fire slackening, Ewell prepared his infantry to advance. The sun was already near his setting, and the evening shades were gathering. Lines of rebel troops were discernible from Cemetery Hill, away to the right of Culp's Hill, apparently moving to attack. Soon a small column was seen proceeding from the town, across the Union front, away towards Benner's Hill, as if to join the troops already there. Colonel Von Gilsa, whose brigade was posted at the foot of Cemetery Hill, detached a regiment and sent it forward to observe the movements of this force, and what was passing farther to the right beyond his view. This regiment had not proceeded far, before there suddenly emerged from behind a hill to the left of the town, a long line of infantry formed for an assault, which moved onward in magnificent array. This isolated regiment could do nothing but hasten back to its position; but this grand column, reaching from near the town to Rock Creek, moved with the steadiness and precision of parade. They were the brigades of Hayes and Hoke, led by the famous Louisiana Tigers. The instant they emerged to view, Stevens to the right opened with all his guns, and Weiderick and Ricketts joined in the chorus. The slaughter was terrible. Ricketts charged his guns with canister, and with four shots per minute, was, at every discharge, hurling death and confusion upon their ranks. Stevens' fire was even more effective, as it enfiladed the enemy's line. As the rebels came within musket range, Howard's infantry, who had lain completely protected by the stone wall, poured in volley after volley, sweeping down the charging host. But that resolute body of men believed themselves invincible, and now, with the eyes of both armies upon them, they would not break so long as any were left to go forward. The stone walls were passed at a bound, and when once among the Union men, Stevens was obliged to cease firing for fear of killing friend and foe alike, and Weiderick was unable to withstand the shock, his supports and his own

men being swept back with the whirlwind's force. But Ricketts quailed not, upon whom the force of the blow now fell. "With an iron hand," says the chronicler of this battery, "he kept every man to his post and every gun in full play. The giving way of our line upon the left brought the Tigers upon his flank. Pouring in a volley from behind a stone wall that ran close to his left piece, they leaped the fence, bayonetted the men, spiked the gun, and killed or wounded the entire detachment, save three, who were taken prisoners. But the remaining guns still belched forth their double rounds of canister, the officers and drivers taking the places of the fallen cannoniers. The battery's guidon was planted in one of the earthworks, and a rebel Lieutenant was pressing forward to gain it. Just as he was in the act of grasping it, young Riggin, its bearer, rode up and shot him through the body, and seizing the colors, he levelled his revolver again, but ere he could fire, he fell, pierced with bullets, and soon after expired. The rebels were now in the very midst of the battery, and in the darkness it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. A struggle ensued for the guidon. It had fallen into the hands of the rebel. Seeing this, Lieutenant Brockway seized a stone and felled him to the ground, and the next instant the rebel was shot with his own musket. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued. The men at the batteries were outnumbered, and were being overpowered by a maddened and reckless foe. But still they clung to their guns, and with handspikes, rammers, and stones, defended them with desperate valor, cheering each other on, and shouting, 'Death on our own State soil, rather than give the enemy our guns.' At this critical moment, Carroll's brigade came gallantly to the rescue, and the enemy retreated in confusion. The men again flew to their guns, and with loud cheers gave him some parting salutes, in the form of double-shotted canister. Thus ended the grand charge of Early's division, headed by the famous Louisiana Tigers, who boasted that they had never before been repulsed in a charge. They came forward, 1700 strong, maddened with liquor, and confident of crushing in our line, and holding this commanding position. They went back barely 600, and the Tigers were never afterwards known as an organization."

But while this daring and desperate struggle was being fought out for the possession of Cemetery Hill, a no less persistent and far more formidable force was breaking in upon the extreme right flank. This was Johnson's division of Ewell's corps, led by the old Stonewall brigade which had given Jackson his sobriquet, full of the spirit of its old leader, and now that he was fallen nerved to strike for his sake. Johnson was supported by the division of Rodes. Crossing Rock Creek, which at this season is easily fordable at all points, the rebel line advanced through the forest which covers the whole plateau that spreads out at the base of the hill. The Union skirmishers who had been thrown out to the front were quickly driven in, and, following them up rapidly, the enemy soon came under fire from the breastworks where the brigade of Greene, and farther to the left the division of Wadsworth, were posted. Before this fire the rebels recoiled; but they were not long in discovering that the strong breastworks to Greene's right, built with much engineering skill and with great labor, were vacant, and with alacrity they sprang forward and occupied them unresisted. As has been already noted, when, on the evening of this day the pressure was at its height upon Sickles' front, Ruger's and Geary's divisions, with the exception of Greene's brigade of the latter, had been withdrawn from this flank, and sent to reinforce the left. They had not long been gone when this advance of the enemy was made, and these works fell into their hands. The principal resistance they encountered was from Greene; but they were confident of their ability to sweep him away, and take the whole Union line in reverse. Fortunately, Greene had caused his flank to be fortified by a very heavy work, which the make of the ground favored, extending some distance at right-angles to his main line. Against this the rebel commander sent his cohorts. The men behind it swept the assailants with swift destruction. Again and again did the rebels attack in front and flank; but as often as they approached they were stricken down and disappeared. To a terrible ordeal was this little brigade of the intrepid Greene subjected; but he was a veteran soldier, and he made a most gallant fight, which saved the left flank of the army from disaster. Passing over the abandoned breastworks further to the right, the enemy

found nothing to oppose him, and pushed out through the woods in their rear, over the stone fences that skirt the fields farther to the south, and had nearly gained the Baltimore pike. Indeed, the reserve artillery and ammunition, and the headquarters of General Slocum, the commander of the right wing of the army, were within musket range of his farthest advance.

But darkness had now come on, and Ewell was disposed to be cautious, lest he might fall into a trap. Had he known the advantage which was open to him, and all that we now know, he might, with the troops he had, have played havoc with the trains, and have set the whole army in retreat. But he was ignorant of the prize that was within his grasp. To break and drive the right flank of the Union line, occupied by Greene, was legitimate and proper work, and here he spent his strength, but in futile and vain efforts.

Why Slocum, who was particularly charged with the command of this part of the field, ever allowed these works to be entirely stripped of defenders, or why Meade, whose headquarters were in sight of this natural stronghold, and the importance of which he must have become perfectly familiar with during the morning hours, when he was meditating an attack upon the enemy from that very ground, should have called them away, are questions which, if answered at all, must be by some new school of strategy.

It was fortunate for the Union army, that fast-coming darkness drew its curtain around the vulnerable parts everywhere spread out, and that under its cover opportunity was given to mend that which was broken and disjointed. Geary's division was ordered back to occupy its abandoned works, and having marched to a point opposite, on the Baltimore pike, was making for them directly across the fields, all unsuspicious of danger, when it was suddenly arrested by a volley from behind a stone wall, by which one officer and three men of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania were killed, and ten wounded. Believing that he was being fired into by men of the First brigade, General Kane, who was in advance, withdrew to the pike, and marching up nearer the Cemetery Hill, again proceeded towards the breastworks, and after connecting with the right of Greene, sent forward skirmishers, who soon

met the enemy, and then for the first time he realized that the foe, in strong force, was in full possession of all of the eastern part of Culp's Hill.

Geary immediately formed on the right of Greene, stretching out nearly at right-angles to the main line of battle, taking advantage of the ground which was here quite broken, covered with loose rocks and ledges, and a medium growth of forest trees. The men slept upon their arms, only disturbed by occasional firing of skirmishers. During the night, Ruger's division was brought back and posted upon the flank and rear of the enemy, and General Williams assumed chief command. At three o'clock on the morning of the 3d, objects could be seen moving cautiously about on the rebel line, and it soon became evident that the foe was preparing for a charge. General Kane was upon the alert, and quickly divined the purpose. His men were aroused, and the whole line was prepared for action. General Geary discerned the advantage which would be gained by opening the battle himself, instead of allowing the enemy to charge with the impression that he was surprising the Union line. Hence, at twenty minutes before four, he discharged his pistol, which was the signal for opening along his whole front. "The Confederate General Johnson's division led," says General Kane, in his official report, "followed by Rodes. The statement of our prisoners is, that they advanced in three lines, but they appeared to us only as closed in mass. Every advantage was taken of rock and tree and depression, on both sides, the lines being within close range, and the fight, for the most part, partook of the nature of sharp-shooting on a grand scale. Occasionally the enemy formed in heavy lines and charged; but before they could reach the Union front, so terrible was the slaughter, that the survivors would not respond to the frantic appeals of their officers to advance."

As the day wore on, the heat from the fire and smoke of battle, and the scorching of the July sun, became so intense as to be almost past endurance. Men were completely exhausted in the progress of the struggle, and had to be often relieved; but, revived by fresh air and a little period of rest, again returned to the front. "We ceased firing, occasionally," says Kane, "for a minute or two, to induce the enemy to come out of advantageous

positions, when they paid for their temerity; but with this exception, kept up a fire of unintermitting strength for seven hours."

As soon as it was light, and the position of the Union forces was sufficiently determined to fire with safety, the artillery, posted on little eminences to the rear, opened upon the points where the rebels were supposed to be, for friend and foe were hidden from view by the dark foliage of the wood. Whitelaw Reid, now Editor of the New York *Tribune*, who was upon the field throughout the last two days, as chronicler of the battle, says: "I had gone down the Baltimore pike at night, to find a resting place. Coming up between four and five, I heard clearly on the right the old charging cheer. Once, twice, three times I counted it, as my horse pushed his way for less than a mile through the curious or coward throng that ebbed and flowed along the pike. Each time a charge was made, each time the musketry fire leaped out from our line more terrific than before, and still the ground was held. To the left and centre, firing gradually ceased. All interest was concentred on this fierce contest on the right; the rest of the line on either side was bracing itself for still more desperate work. From four to five, there was heavy cannonading also, from our batteries nearest the contested points, but the artillery fire diminished and presently ceased. The rebels made no reply; we were firing at random, and it was a useless waste of ammunition. A cloud of smoke curled up from the dark woods on the right; the musketry crash continued with unparalleled tenacity and vehemence, wounded men came back over the fields, a few stragglers were hurried out to the front, ammunition was kept conveniently near the line. In the fields to the left of the Baltimore pike stood the reserve artillery, with horses harnessed to the pieces and ready to move on the instant. Cavalry, too, was drawn up in detachments here and there. Moved over already within supporting distance of Slocum's line, stood a part of Sedgwick's corps, the reserve of to-day, ready for the emergency that seemed likely soon to demand it. . . . The Rodman guns on the hill [Powers', Slocum's headquarters], were all manned, and the gunners were eager to try their range, but it still seemed useless. . . . As I rode down the slope and up through the wheatfields to Cemetery Hill, the

batteries began to open again on points along our outer line. They were evidently playing on what had been Slocum's line of yesterday. The rebels, then, were still in our rifle-pits. Presently the battery on Slocum's hill gained the long-sought permission, and opened, too, aiming apparently in the same direction. Other batteries along the inner line, just to the left of the Baltimore pike [McAllister's Hill], followed the signal, and as one after another opened up, till every little crest between Slocum's headquarters and Cemetery Hill began belching its thunder, I had to change my course through the wheatfields to avoid our own shells. Still no artillery response from the rebels. Could they be short of ammunition? Could they have failed to bring up all their guns?"

To one conversant with the ground, it is now apparent why the enemy did not reply. The creek, the forest, and the steep acclivities, made it utterly impossible for him to move up his guns, and this circumstance constituted the weakness of his position, and the futility of his occupation of this part of the line. Could he have supported his advance with powerful artillery, he might have made a more serious break, and defied all attempts to rout him from this ground. But though he fought with a determined bravery well worthy the name of the old-time leader, yet he gained no ground, and had sustained terrible losses. Unwilling to accept the hopelessness of their situation, or the possibility of ultimate failure, the rebel leaders gathered in their scattered strength and prepared to deliver a final charge, with such determined might as they confidently anticipated would utterly break down and scatter any force which could oppose them. The men were encouraged with the hope of victory, and were appealed to, by the memories of other fields. Every incentive was employed to stimulate their zeal. The charge was made full upon the line held by Kane's brigade. With little intermission, his men had been engaged since early dawn; but, though exhausted by fatigue and oppressive heat, they were as resolute and full of fight as at the first. There had been a lull in the battle, a brief respite, and the dense cloud of sulphurous smoke had lifted, giving place to a gust of sweet air. It was the calm that precedes the storm. Suddenly the quiet was broken by a

yell bursting from thousands of lungs, and the next instant their grey lines emerged in sight, dashing madly on. Singularly enough, they were preceded a few yards by a rabid dog, with vengeful eyes and teeth, yelping and sounding defiance. They had scarcely come into easy musket range, when the men in blue along the line sprang to their feet and poured in a deliberate volley. The shock was terrible. The on-coming force was staggered, and for a moment sought shelter behind trees and rocks; but obedient to the voices of their officers they struggled on, some of the more desperate coming within twenty paces of the Union front. "It cannot be denied," says Kane, "that they behaved courageously." They did what the most resolute could do; but it was all in vain, for never were men more firmly rooted to the ground, and less in the mood to be torn from it than were Kane's forces. Broken and well nigh annihilated, the survivors of the charge staggered back, leaving the ground strewn with their dead and desperately wounded. "Then did the shouts of victory," says a soldier, who bore a musket and shared in the triumph, "resound and echo from all parts of the line on the right flank, telling our comrades miles away of the result, and Lee's discomfiture. Men cheered themselves hoarse, laughed, rolled themselves upon the ground, and threw their caps high in air, while others shook hands with comrades, and thanked God that the Star Corps had again triumphed."

Though this was the last of the enemy's determined assaults, a vigorous fusilade was kept up along his whole front. But now a cordon was being drawn about him, which was beginning to threaten his way of retreat. A brigade was thrown in upon his flank on Rock Creek, which sent a few well directed volleys into his rear, and when, soon after, Geary charged from the front, the foe easily yielded to the pressure, and the breastworks were again joyfully occupied, after a struggle rarely paralleled for prolonged severity. This flank was now secure; but the enemy still held a barricade in the immediate front of the breastworks, and kept a skirmish line well advanced, from which a deadly fire was directed upon any object which showed itself above the defences. Beyond this, no further offensive movements were made.

But, what a field was this! For three hours of the pre-

vious evening, and seven of the morning, had the most terrible elements of destruction known to modern warfare been wielded with a might and a dexterity rarely if ever paralleled. The wood in which the battle had been fought was torn and rent with shells and solid shot, and pierced with innumerable minié balls. Trees were broken off and splintered, and that entire forest, where the battle raged most furiously, was, on the following year, leafless, the stately but mute occupants having yielded up their lives with those whom they overshadowed. The ground, as it presented itself when the battle was over, bore a mournful spectacle. "We awoke early on the 5th," says the soldier above quoted, "as we had done on the three preceding mornings, and discovered that the foe had disappeared from our front. A number of us immediately sprang over the breastworks, and descended the hill towards the creek. Before advancing many paces, we came upon numberless forms clad in grey, either stark and stiff or else still weltering in their blood. It was the most sickening and horrible sight I had yet witnessed. Many of the dead bodies had lain here for twenty-four hours, and had turned to a purplish black, being greatly distended and emitting a horrible stench. Turning whichever way we chose, the eye rested upon human forms, lying in all imaginable positions, some upon their backs, others upon their faces, and others still upon their knees, the body supported against a rock. Not a few were killed while in readiness to discharge their pieces, the bodies still in position. Some of them had erected a slight protection of stone against the front and right flank fire, yet the fatal bullet reached them even there. We were surprised at the accuracy, as well as the bloody results of our fire. It was indeed dreadful to witness. Further down the hill, we found Major Light, Assistant Adjutant-General on Ewell's staff, dead, as well as his horse, which lay partly upon him. One of the rebel wounded, informed us that he had been killed while superintending one of the advances made against us during the night. We turned from the sickening spectacle of the dead to the wounded, of whom there were many, all helpless; those who could be, having already been removed. To these we gave the contents of our canteens. Their haversacks were better filled than our

own, for they had good bacon and pork, which they had foraged from the farmers of the Cumberland Valley." General Geary relates that while passing over the field after the battle, his attention was called to one of the enemies killed who must have been an anomaly among men. The dead, after lying in the hot sun for a day, always appear distorted. But this man was nearly seven feet in stature, of giant proportions, and his body was completely covered with hair like an animal. He had apparently belonged to a Virginia organization, and had fallen in one of those desperate charges which the old Stonewall brigade had delivered. Of such commanding figure, his body was a target for the unerring rifles of Geary's men.

Thus ended the fighting upon the right, which, though interrupted by a few hours of darkness, and made to reach into two days, was really one battle; but in considering the influences which swayed the two commanders, the aspects of the field at the close of the second day should alone be regarded.

The results of that day on the part of the enemy were, in a measure, successful, but not to that extent which had been hoped. Longstreet had made his assault with great power. He had driven the Union line back from the Peach Orchard, and the rugged position to the south and east of it, and from the whole length of the Emmittsburg road, gaining ground nearly three-quarters of a mile in width at the centre, and running out to a point at either end. But he had failed to gain Little Round Top, which was the great advantage craved; and he had likewise been unable to grasp the wooded eminence to the right and front of Little Round Top, and the heavy wooded ground northeast of the wheatfield, which served as outposts to the citadel. At Cemetery Hill he had been signally repulsed, suffering severe losses and gaining no advantage whatever. On the extreme Union right, he had effected a lodgment, and had pushed forward in dangerous proximity to the very vitals of the army; but darkness fell before the fruits of the manœuvre could be gathered, and the night was sure to give opportunity for dispositions which would oust him from his already dear-bought advantage. The outlook was not, therefore, particularly encouraging. A good share of the potential force of his army had been spent,

and on no part of the field had any real, substantial gain been made. In his official report Lee, says: "After a severe struggle, Longstreet succeeded in getting possession of and holding the desired ground. Ewell also carried some of the strong positions which he assailed, and the result was such as to lead to the belief that he would ultimately be able to dislodge the enemy. The battle ceased at dark. These partial successes determined me to continue the assault next day." It will be seen that he does not speak in very strong terms of the results of the day's work, terming them "partial successes."

Curiosity is excited to know the feelings of the citizens of Gettysburg during these days of terror and destruction, as they were now entirely within the enemy's lines. Professor Jacobs, who gives many interesting experiences, says: "To us, however, who were at the time within the rebel lines, the result seemed doubtful; and gloomy forebodings filled our minds as we laid ourselves down, to catch, if possible, a little sleep. The unearthly yells of the exultant and defiant enemy had, during the afternoon, been frequently heard even amidst the almost deafening sounds of exploding cannon, of screaming and bursting shells, and of the continuous roar of musketry; and it seemed to us, judging from the character and direction of these mingled noises, that the enemy had been gaining essentially on our flanks. At about six P. M., it is true, we heard 'cheering' different from that which had so often fallen dolefully upon our ears; and some of the rebels said to each other, 'Listen! the Yankees are cheering.' But whilst this—which we afterwards found to have been the cheering of General Crawford's men, as they charged down the face of Little Round Top—afforded us temporary encouragement, the movement of Rodes' division, which we saw hurried forward on a double-quick for the purpose of uniting in a combined attack upon our right centre and flank, the incessant and prolonged musketry fire, and the gradual cessation of the reports of our artillery on Cemetery Hill, caused us to fear that our men had been badly beaten, and that our guns had either been captured or driven back from the advantageous position they had occupied. . . . The rebels returned again to our street at ten P. M., and prepared their supper, and soon we began to hope that all

was not lost. Some of them expressed their most earnest indignation at the foreigners—the Dutchmen—for having shot down so many of their men. . . . We afterwards found the explanation of this indignation when we learned what had taken place that evening on the eastern flank of Cemetery Hill. Then again, soon after this, some were heard to say: 'The Yankees have a *good* position, and we must drive them out of it to-morrow.' This assured us that our men had been able to hold their position, and that our lines were unbroken. There seemed now to be an entire absence of that elation and boastfulness which they manifested when they entered the town on the evening of the 1st of July. Still later at night, one said to another in tones of great earnestness, 'I am very much discouraged,' from which we learned that the results of the day were not in accordance with their high expectations, although they said, during the evening, they had been driving us on our right and our left."

If such was the aspect at the rebel headquarters and in the town, what was it within the Union lines? On the left severe fighting had occurred. Terrible losses had been sustained, and though driven back from the advanced line, a new one had been taken that was strong in itself throughout many of its parts, and had now been made doubly strong by art. It had the advantage of being much shorter than the first, and hence required a less number of men to hold it. At the centre, where Howard was, the killed and wounded were numerous, but not an inch had been lost, and there was very good assurance from the result of the mad attempt upon it, that such temerity would not be repeated. On the extreme right, works which had been left without a defender had been occupied, the foe walking coolly in and taking undisputed possession. But the troops who were in position, and who had been struck by the enemy, held their own with a stubbornness and a heroism that will shed a halo over this part of the field, as long as the struggles of Gettysburg shall be recounted. Hence no ground, that was defended even here had been lost. Could this ground, which had unopposed been occupied, be repossessed, and this slight break be repaired, the Union situation for delivering a defensive battle would be admirable. There had, indeed, been severe losses during the two

days of fighting. The First corps, the Eleventh, the Third, parts of the Second and the Fifth, and one brigade of the Twelfth, had been subjected to the most terrible shocks, and at least a third of their numbers had been blotted out; but what remained were more defiant and full of stubborn valor than ever, and would everywhere make a gallant stand, while the whole of the Sixth corps, most of the Twelfth, and parts of the Second and Fifth were comparatively fresh.

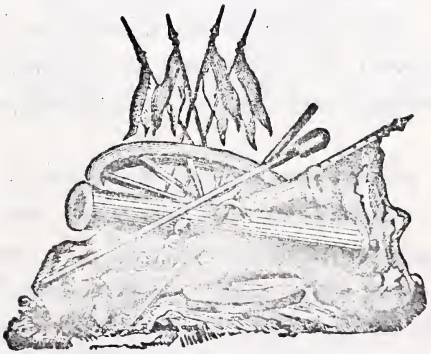
But though this hopeful view in reality existed, there appears to have been entertained a despondent one at headquarters. Just previous to the opening of the battle on the afternoon of the 2d, a council of corps commanders had been summoned, which, before proceeding to business, or even before all the officers had arrived, had been broken up by the roar of the artillery which heralded the fight. What the object of that meeting was, and what business would have been transacted, has never transpired. But later in the evening, and before the fighting had entirely subsided on the right, another council was held at which General Butterfield, General Meade's Chief of staff, reports that the only question put was, "Whether our army should remain on that field and continue the battle, or whether we should change to some other position." The minutes of that council appear to have been lost; but the majority voted to stay and fight it out there, though General Newton is reported to have said that "he was not prepared to vote to leave it, but he wanted the council to understand that he had objections to it." "After the council had finished," says Butterfield, "General Meade arose from the table, and remarked that in his opinion, Gettysburg was no place to fight a battle." General Meade in his supplementary testimony declares that the object of this council was not to consider the question of withdrawal, but, "first, whether it was necessary for us to assume any different position from what we then held; and secondly, whether, if we continued to maintain the position we then held, our operations the next day should be offensive or defensive."

With the exception of General Butterfield, General Hancock is the only officer who gives a clear and connected account of this council, though all agree, that such a question was pro-

pounded. General Hancock testifies: "There was a council held that evening at General Meade's headquarters. All the corps commanders were sent for. I was present. Some of this fighting was going on at twilight, and after we had assembled. . . . After each corps commander had reported the actual condition of things along his front, the question was submitted to the council, General Meade being present, and General Butterfield questioning the members, whether we should remain there or the army fall back to a better position—I understood with a view of protecting our supplies. One corps commander, I think it was General Newton, said he did not think the position of Gettysburg a very good one. General Gibbon, who was the junior officer, I believe, and voted first, said that he had not seen the entire ground, but he had great confidence in General Newton's military eye for these matters, and he voted in accordance with that view of the case, except that he objected to anything that looked like a retreat. I understood afterwards that General Newton really had the same view, and did not propose to make a retreat. But all the other commanders, I understood, said they wished to fight the battle there, and General Meade announced that to be the decision. The council then adjourned, and that was the last operation of the second day of the fight." This testimony of General Hancock may be taken as a correct statement of the business transacted. For offensive operations the field was not favorable, and if the enemy had succeeded in making a permanent lodgment in rear of the right wing, the position of the Union army would have been an anomalous one, calling for wise consideration. It was this uncertainty in the mind of General Meade, and the desire to have the explanations of his corps commanders who knew the ground each on his own part of the field much better than he himself could, that induced him to call the council. The question of staying or retiring involved in its discussion the information which he sought.

In the first grey of the morning of the 3d, opened the struggle for the mastery of the right, as has been already related, which ended in the complete rout of the enemy, and the reëstablishment of that flank. From a little after ten, when the battle on this part of the line gradually died away, until after one P. M.,

there was a complete lull in the fighting. But it was apparent by the movement of troops and guns on the part of the enemy, which could be plainly detected from various points in the Union line, that preparations were in progress for another attack. Dispositions were accordingly made to meet the onset from whatever quarter it might come. Batteries were repaired and replaced, ammunition was brought up in convenient distance, and the infantry line was revised and strengthened. Nor was the cavalry idle. Kilpatrick, who had encountered Stuart at Hanover, was on the lookout for the latter as he returned from Carlisle. At Hunterstown, on the evening of the 2d, they had met, and there ensued a warm artillery engagement in which the enemy was driven; Kilpatrick then moved over to the Baltimore pike, and was thence ordered on the morning of the 3d to the extreme left, where he was joined by Merritt, who had come up from Emmittsburg. It was here posted to guard against any flank movement in that direction. Gregg was sent out upon the right between the York and Bonaughtown roads, where he encountered the enemy and drove him back.

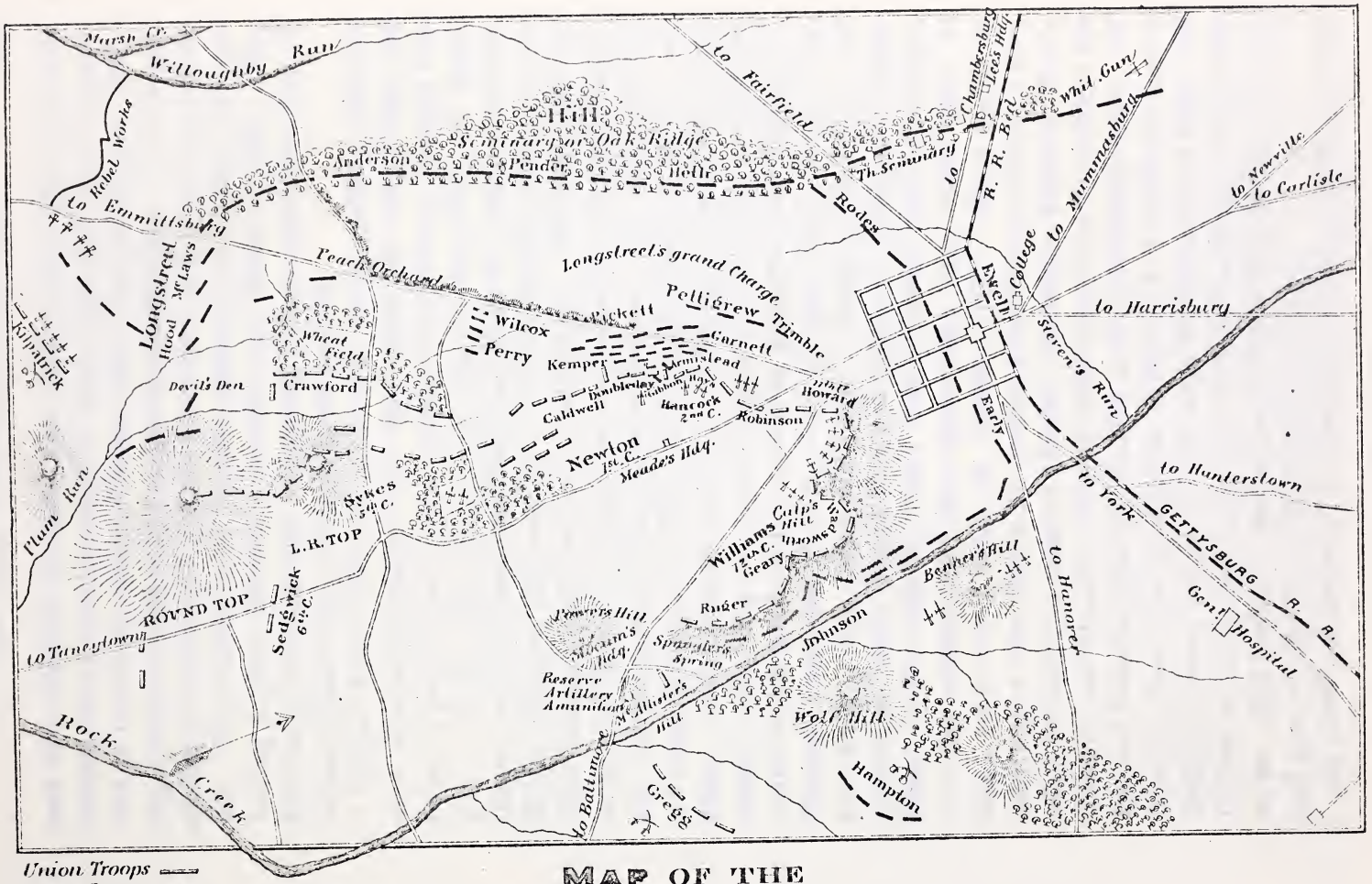


## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE FINAL STRUGGLE AT GETTYSBURG.

SINCE the Union army had come into its present position, on the evening of the 1st of July, the rebel leader had exerted his utmost efforts to put it to rout. He had, with much skill and daring, attempted, first to break the left flank and gain that commanding ground. With equal pertinacity, he had striven to break and hold the left centre. On the right centre he had made a bold, yea, reckless attack, with some of the most daring troops in his army. Finally, he had sent the major part of a corps to fall upon the extreme right, where he made an entrance, and for more than twelve hours held it. But in all these operations he had been foiled, and for all the extravagant waste of the strength of his army, he had no substantial advantage to show. Unless he could strike his antagonist at some vital point, and send home the shaft, the battle to him was hopelessly lost, and he would no longer be able to remain on Northern soil. To stand on the defensive, or attempt to manœuvre in presence of a victorious foe, would be fatal; for he had no supplies except what he foraged for.

He accordingly determined to hazard all on one desperate throw. He had one division, that of Pickett of Longstreet's corps, which had not yet been in the fight, having just come up to the front from Chambersburg. This, with other of the freshest and best of his troops, he determined to mass on his right centre, opposite the point where Wright's brigade had, the night before, made so gallant a charge on Humphreys' division, and, after having disposed all the artillery he could use to advantage on the two miles of line from which he would concentrate its fire,




Union Troops
Rebel Troops

# MAP OF THE
## GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD, THIRD DAY, JULY 3rd 1863.

and had subjected the fatal spot on the Union line to a terrific cannonade, to hurl this mass of living valor upon that scourged, and as he hoped, shattered front, with the expectation of breaking through by the weight and power of the shock. To this end, artillery was brought up from the reserve and from his extreme left. The infantry was likewise gathered in, Pickett's division having a place between Anderson's and Heth's of Hill's corps, Hill being charged with supporting Pickett when the time of action should come, and Longstreet over all.

On the Union side, the space from which artillery could be used was much shorter than that which the enemy held, and hence a proportionately less number of pieces was brought into play. On the right, commencing with Cemetery Hill, was Major Osborne with the batteries of Ricketts, Weiderick, Dilger, Bancroft, Eakin, Wheeler, Hill, and Taft. But few of these, however, from their location, could be used to advantage. Next him, directly in front of Meade's headquarters, commencing at Zeigler's Grove, and extending south along Hancock's front, was Major Hazzard with the batteries of Woodruff, Arnold, Cushing, Brown, and Rosty. Still further to the left, reaching down to the low ground where, by training the guns obliquely to the right, a raking fire could be delivered on the assaulting lines, were the batteries of Thomas, Thompson, Phillips, Hart, Sterling, Rock, Cooper, Dow, and Ames, under Major McGilvray. Away to the left, on the summit of Little Round Top, were those of Gibbs and Rittenhouse. "We had thus," says General Hunt, Chief of artillery, "on the western crest line, seventy-five guns, which could be aided by a few of those on Cemetery Hill." From eighty to ninety guns were hence in position for effective service. Later, when the enemy's infantry charged, Fitzhugh's, Parson's, Weir's, Cowan's, and Daniel's batteries were brought up to reinforce the line and take the place of disabled and unserviceable guns. Of infantry, there was the division of Robinson of the First corps at Zeigler's Grove, and to his left were the divisions of Hays and Gibbon of the Second corps, and that of Doubleday of the First corps. Still farther to the left, were Caldwell of the Second corps, and parts of the Third, Fifth and Sixth corps.

At about one o'clock P. M., the enemy, having perfected all his

plans, made the attack. Silence, for more than two hours, had reigned, when, of a sudden, 150 guns were run to the front. No sooner were they planted and sighted, than from their mouths tongues of flame leaped forth throughout the whole lurid circumference, and the ground rocked as in the throes of an earthquake. For an instant, the air was filled with a hissing, bursting, fiery cloud, and a torrent, as if suddenly let loose in mid-sky, hitherto all glorious and serene, descended, in its death-dealing mission, upon the long lines of the living crouched below. Nor was it the casual dash of a fitful April day; but in steady torrents it descended. The Union guns were not unprepared, and from eighty brazen throats the response was made, in tones

"That mocked the deep-mouthed thunder."

The Union infantry officers had cautioned their men to hug closely the earth and to take shelter behind every object which could afford them protection, well knowing that this cannonade was only the prelude to an infantry attack. The enemy's infantry was out of harm's reach. But notwithstanding every precaution was taken to shelter the Union troops, the destruction was terrible. Men were torn limb from limb, and blown to atoms by the villainous shells. Horses were disembowelled, and thrown prostrate to writhe in death agonies. Caissons, filled with ammunition, were exploded, cannon rent, and steel-banded gun-carriages knocked into shapeless masses. Solid shot, Whitworth, chain shot, shrapnell, shells, and every conceivable missile known to the dread catalogue of war's art, were ceaselessly hurled upon that devoted ground. Major Harry T. Lee relates an incident that occurred while lying prostrate near General Doubleday, whose aid he was, which illustrates the indifference with which one long schooled in military duty may come to look upon the most appalling dangers. The General, having been busy manœuvring his troops, had had no dinner. He had already had two horses killed, and having thrown himself upon the ground, had pulled from his pocket a sandwich, which he was about to eat, when a huge missile from one of the enemy's guns struck the ground within a few feet of his head, deluging his sandwich with sand. Coolly turning to the Major,

he remarked, "That sandwich will need no pepper," and immediately proceeded with his lunch.

Scarcely had the battle opened, ere the powerful missiles began to fall in the very midst of the little farmhouse, where General Meade had made his headquarters. As the shots began to strike about him, the General came to the door and told the staff who were in waiting, that the enemy manifestly had the range of his quarters, and that they had better go up the slope fifteen or twenty yards to the stable. "Every size and form of shell," says Mr. Wilkinson, in his correspondence from the field to the New York *Times*, "known to British and American gunnery, shrieked, moaned, and whistled, and wrathfully fluttered over our ground. As many as six in a second, constantly two in a second, bursting and screaming over and around the headquarters, made a very hell of fire that amazed the oldest officers. They burst in the yard—burst next to the fence, on both sides garnished as usual with the hitched horses of aids and orderlies. The fastened animals reared and plunged with terror. Then one fell, then another. Sixteen lay dead and mangled before the fire ceased, still fastened by their halters, which gave the impression of being wickedly tied up to die painfully. These brute victims of cruel war touched all hearts. Through the midst of the storm of screaming and exploding shells, an ambulance, driven by its frenzied conductor at full speed, presented to all of us the marvellous spectacle of a horse going rapidly on three legs. A hinder one had been shot off at the hock. A shell tore up the little step at the headquarters cottage, and ripped bags of oats as with a knife. Another soon carried off one of its two pillars. Soon a spherical case burst opposite the open door. Another ripped through the low garret. The remaining pillar went almost immediately to the howl of a fixed shot that Whitworth must have made. During this fire, the horses at twenty and thirty feet distant were receiving their death, and soldiers in Federal blue were torn to pieces in the road, and died with the peculiar yells that blend the extorted cry of pain with horror and despair."

For an hour and three-quarters this angry storm continued. During this space, which seemed an age to the unhappy victims upon whom it beat, the enemy had delivered a ceaseless fire.

General Howe, an accomplished soldier, testifies: "I have never heard a more furious cannonade, nor one where there was greater expenditure of ammunition on both sides." The Union guns did not, however, continue to answer the whole time; but, that the guns might have time to cool, and ammunition be saved for the emergency which was sure to follow, the order was given to cease firing. "I ordered them," says General Hunt, Chief of artillery, "commencing at the Cemetery, to slacken their fire and cease it, in order to see what the enemy were going to do, and also to be sure that we retained a sufficient supply of ammunition to meet, what I then expected, an attack. At the same time, batteries were ordered up to replace those guns which had been damaged, or which had expended too much ammunition."

The enemy, perhaps interpreting this silence in part to the accuracy and telling effect of his fire, soon after ordered his own to cease. And now was discovered the indications of the part which his infantry was to play. Just in front of the rebel fortified line, which was concealed from view by a curtain of wood, a mass of infantry suddenly appeared, and were quickly marshalled in battle array. Pickett's fresh division was formed in two lines, Kemper and Garnett leading, supported by Armistead, with Wilcox and Perry of Hill's corps upon his right, so disposed as to protect his flank, and Pettigrew commanding Heth's division, and Trimble with two brigades of Pender, also of Hill's corps, for a like purpose upon his left. Thus compactly formed, presenting as it were three fronts, this powerful body, estimated at 18,000 men, moved forward to the assault.

"Firm paced and slow a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze but dreadful as the storm."

No obstacle intervened to prevent the sight of the enemy's formation and advance by nearly the entire Union line, so that the dullest private, alike with the General, saw plainly from the start the cloud that was gathering over him. Each as he grasped his weapon, felt that the impact of that well-wrought and high-tempered mass would be terrible. Was there strength enough in that thin line against which it was hurrying, to withstand the dreadful shock, and send it back in fatal rebound?

The position of that portion of Hays' troops, commencing near Bryan's well, just south of Zeigler's Grove, was favorable for resistance. For a shelving rock crops out along the ridge, three or four feet in height, looking towards the Emmittsburg pike upon the crest of which, extending a quarter of a mile, is a low stone fence composed of loose boulders, and behind this, affording very good shelter, they were lying. To the left of Hays the fence makes a sharp angle jutting out towards the pike, for a few rods, when the same low stone fence, surmounted by a single rail, continues on towards the left along the ridge which gradually falls away, and at the plain it is met by a post-and-rail fence, in front of which a slight rifle-pit had been thrown up. Commencing at the angle and extending south was General Owen's brigade, now temporarily commanded by General Webb, comprising the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, Owen's own,—composed mostly of Irishmen, whose fighting qualities had been proved in many desperate conflicts, and who had received the commendations of Kearney, and Sumner, and Hooker, upon the Peninsula for their gallantry,—the Seventy-first, originally recruited and led by the gallant Edward D. Baker, untimely cut off at Ball's Bluff, since commanded by Wistar the friend and associate of Baker, and now by Colonel R. Penn Smith; and the Seventy-second, Colonel Baxter. The two former were upon the front; the latter held in reserve, in a second line just under the hill to the rear. To the left of this brigade were Hall and Harrow, and General Doubleday, who that day, in addition to Stone's (now Dana's), and Rowley's, had Stannard's brigade of Vermont troops, of which the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Sixteenth were present for duty. Doubleday had put the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania and the Twentieth New York State militia upon the front, with the remainder in two lines in rear, except Stannard's men, whom he had thrown out to a little grove several rods in advance of the whole line, where they were disposed to resist a front attack.

As the rebel infantry began to move forward, its direction was such that Pickett's centre would strike Stannard; but when half the distance had been passed over, the column suddenly changed direction, and, moving by the left flank till it had come opposite

Owen's brigade, again changed front and moved forward. Whether this manœuvre was premeditated, or whether the discovery of Stannard's position, and strong front, or the fire of the batteries away to the Union left, caused this veering of the rebel line, is uncertain. Unfortunately for the enemy, when he made this turn, Wilcox, who commanded the right flanking column or wing, instead of moving to the left with Pickett, kept straight on leaving Pickett's right uncovered, and open to a flank attack. Fortunately for the Union side, Stannard was thrown out a considerable distance in front, so that when Pickett came forward, Stannard was precisely in the right place to deliver a telling fire full upon Pickett's exposed flank. Unfortunately again for the enemy, Pettigrew's men, who formed Pickett's left flanking column, were raw troops who were ill fitted to stand before the storm which was to descend upon them, and had been frightfully broken and dispirited in the first day's fight. But Pickett's own men were of the best, and they moved with the mien of combatants worthy of the steel they confronted, obedient to their leader's signal, and ready to go as far as who goes farthest

This infantry column had no sooner come within cannon range, than the batteries to the right and left opened with solid shot, but, as it came nearer, shells, shrapnell, and canister were poured upon it in unstinted measure. Never was a grander sight beheld upon a battle-field than that of this devoted body of men, unflinching in their onward march, though torn by the terrible fire of artillery, and executing with the utmost precision the evolutions of the field. As they came within musket range the Union infantry, who had reserved their fire, poured it in with deadly effect. So decimated was the front line, that for an instant it staggered, but, recovering itself, and being closely supported by the second, moved on. When it came near, the fire was returned: but to what effect? The Union men were crouching behind the stone wall on the shelving rock, and few bullets could reach them. Nothing daunted, the enemy kept boldly on, crossed the Emmittsburg pike, and rushed madly upon that part of the line where the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first regiments were. Two or three rods to the rear of this was a little clump of small forest trees on the very summit of the ridge. Towards this they

rushed as though it had been the mark set for them to reach. Cushin's guns, which stood just in rear of the Sixty-ninth, had been for the most part disabled, the gunners having all been killed or wounded; but two of these were still serviceable, and the men of the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first had wheeled them down to the stone wall within the front line, and here they were worked with terrible effect. Unchecked by the fire, the enemy pushed resolutely forward. Just before this, Colonel Smith, with the right wing of the Seventy-first, had retired a few rods and taken position behind the wall coming in from the right, where his men would be less exposed to the fierce fire of canister of the Union artillery in its immediate rear, and where it could act with greater effect. The left wing, under Lieutenant-Colonel Kochersperger, in conjunction with the Sixty-ninth, hugged closely the stone wall, and continued to pour in death-dealing rounds with frightful rapidity. But the enemy, discovering that a portion of the wall was vacant, rushed over. This caused the flank to be exposed, and Kochersperger, with two companies of the Sixty-ninth, swung back, in order to protect it. The struggle was now desperate and hand to hand. A stalwart and determined rebel soldier, having reached the wall behind which the left of the Sixty-ninth still clung, called out to James Donnelly of company D to surrender, levelling his musket in readiness to fire. "I surrender," cried Donnelly, and suiting the action to the word, felled him to the earth with the barrel of his gun. Donnelly was at the time but a youth of eighteen. Corporal Bradley, of the same company, while attempting to beat back an infuriated rebel, had his skull crushed in by a single blow. Rebel flags waved upon the wall within the Union line. General Armistead, who led one of Pickett's front brigades, reached the farthest point of the enemy's advance, and with his hand upon a Union gun near the little grove, while under the shadow of the flags of his brigade, fell mortally wounded. But still only a small breach had been made, and that had been left in part by design. The vigor and power of the blow had been robbed of its blighting effect, long before it had reached the vital point of the Union line. As the column moved past the grove where Stannard's brigade had been thrust out in front by Doubleday,

Stannard suddenly formed the Thirteenth and Sixteenth regiments at right-angles to the main Union line, facing northward, and poured in a withering enfilading fire. This, Pickett's troops were able to withstand but a few minutes, and over 2000 of them laid down their arms and were conducted to the rear. On Pickett's left, a like disaster befell. For Pettigrew, with his green and already decimated levies, quailed before the terrific fire of Hays' men, and a number fully as large was swept in from that wing. The front centre of Pickett's own men continued the struggle through mere desperation. But no equal body of troops could have effected a lodgment there, or done more than had these. For the Union line, though slightly broken upon its front, was in a situation, unaided, to have beaten back the assailants, the Seventy-second regiment being but a few paces in rear of the little cluster of trees which marked the farthest rebel advance, and was in condition to have made a stubborn resistance. But beyond the original lines, the moment it was seen that the enemy was about to strike at this point, supports were hurried forward. The brigades of Hall, and Harrow, the Nineteenth Massachusetts, the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania, the Twentieth New York State militia, and the Forty-second of the line, being in close proximity, had reached the threatened ground, and stood four lines deep, ready to receive the foe, had he pushed his advantage.

The struggle was soon over, the greater portion of the living either surrendering or staggering back over the prostrate forms of the dead and the dying which strewed thickly all that plain. In the few moments during which the contest lasted, by far the greater part of that gallant division, that marched forth "in all the pride and circumstance of glorious war," had disappeared. Four thousand five hundred of them were prisoners, many more were wounded and weltering in their blood, and a vast number were stiff and stark in death.

The brigades of Wilcox and Perry, as already noticed, thrown off to the right, failing to move with Pickett's division, having sheltered themselves for the moment, no sooner saw that Pickett had gone forward and penetrated the Union line than they moved up to assault farther to the south. The Union guns

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MAJ. GEN'L VOLS U.S.A. CIVIL WAR

opened upon them; yet they kept on until they had reached a point within a few hundred yards of the front. But now Stannard was again in position to do great damage upon the flank of the passing column. Ordering the Sixteenth and a part of the Fourteenth into line again at right angles to the main line, but now facing south, he attacked upon the exposed flank. The enemy made but feeble resistance, a large number being taken prisoners, and the rest saving themselves by flight.

Thus ended the grand charge, perhaps as determined, deliberate, and impetuous as was ever made on this continent. It was undertaken in the confident anticipation of success and hope of victory. It resulted in the almost utter annihilation of this fine body of men, with no advantage whatever to the assailants. As an example of the futility, and at the same time the accuracy of their fire, it may be stated as an observation of the writer, made soon after the battle, that the splashes of the leaden bullets upon the shelving rock and the low stone wall along its very edge, and behind which were Hancock's men, for a distance of half a mile, were so thick, that one could scarcely lay his hand upon any part of either the wall or the rock without touching them. All this ammunition was of course thrown away, not one bullet in a thousand reaching its intended victim.

The field where this charge was made was of such a character, and so situated, that the greater part of both armies, as well as the population of the town, could behold it. When the terrible preliminary cannonade was in progress, the gravest apprehensions must have been excited in every Union breast; for, while the rebel infantry were all out of harm's way, the Union infantry were in the very mouth of it. But if apprehensions were aroused by the cannonade, what must have been the dismay inspired by the sight of the terribly compacted force which followed it? How with bated breath did each await the issue? The view from many parts of the town was perfect, and the progress of the charge was followed with eager gaze. Dr. Humphrey, surgeon of the Bucktail (Stone's) brigade, remained with the wounded on the field of the first day's conflict, and was a prisoner during the second and third days of the battle. He was assigned to duty in a hospital established at the Catholic church, situated on the very summit

of the hill on which the town of Gettysburg is built. A rebel Major, who was in charge of the hospital, had been jubilant over what he believed were triumphs of his army in the first and second days of the battle. Everything was represented to be moving on most gloriously for his side. Sickles' corps, and all that had been sent to his help, had been completely demolished and driven out of sight, according to his representations. The Doctor had no means of knowing anything to the contrary, other than that the fire of the Union guns indicated them to be now substantially where they were at the first. It is probable that the rebel file actually believed that they were gaining ground, and that they would ultimately carry the day. They admitted, however, that the Yankees had a good position, and were making a fair fight.

When the great cannonade and grand charge came to be delivered on the afternoon of the third day by Pickett's division, so elated was this rebel Major, that he invited Dr. Humphrey up into the belfry of the church to witness it. The prospect here was unsurpassed. Round Top and the Peach Orchard were in full view, and all the intermediate space, disclosing the Union and rebel lines throughout nearly their whole extent. When the awful cannonade had ceased, and the infantry in three lines with skirmishers and wings deployed, stretching away for a mile and a half, and moving with the precision of a grand parade, came on, the spectacle was transcendently magnificent. At sight of that noble body of men the joy and exultation of the rebel Major knew no bounds. "Now you will see the Yanks run." "What can stand before such an assault?" "I pity your poor fellows, but they will have to get out of the way now." "We shall be in Baltimore before to-morrow night," and exclamations of similar import were constantly uttered as he rubbed his hands in glee, and danced about the narrow inclosure. With measured tread the lines went forward. They came under fire of the artillery. They staggered, but quailed not. They met the storm of the infantry, but still they swept on. As the work became desperate, the Major grew silent; but manifested the deepest agitation. Great drops of perspiration gathered on his brow, and when, finally, that grand body of men went down in the fight, and were next

to annihilated, with a storm of black rage depicted on his countenance, he left the belfry without uttering a word. So desperate had he become that the Doctor says he dared not speak to him, though his inclination to cheer was almost beyond control.

"As our eye," says Professor Jacobs, who also watched the charge from the town, "runs over these grounds, we can yet call vividly to mind the appearance of this fan-shaped mass, as we saw it on the day of battle, moving over towards our line, with the intention of penetrating it, like a wedge, and reaching our rear. . . . In a few moments a tremendous roar, proceeding from the simultaneous discharge of thousands of muskets and rifles, shook the earth; then, in the portion of the line nearest us, a few, then more, and then still more rebels, in all to the number of about two hundred, were seen moving backwards towards the point from which they had so defiantly proceeded; and at last two or three men carrying a single battle-flag, which they had saved from capture, and several officers, on horseback, followed the fugitives. The wounded and dead were seen strewn amongst the grass and grain; men with stretchers stealthily picking up and carrying the former to the rear; and officers for a moment contemplating the scene with evident amazement, and riding rapidly towards the Seminary Ridge. . . . So sudden and complete was the slaughter and capture of nearly all of Pickett's men, that one of his officers who fell wounded amongst the first on the Emmittsburg road, and who characterized the charge as foolish and mad, said that when, in a few moments afterwards, he was enabled to rise and look about him, the whole division had disappeared as if blown away by the wind."

The victory here was signal and complete; and it was gained at a much less cost in killed and wounded than were many of the operations on other parts of the field. Generals Hancock and Gibbon were wounded, but not seriously. Of Pickett's three brigade commanders, Armistead was mortally wounded, and left in the Union lines; Kemper was severely wounded; and Garnett was killed. Fourteen of his field officers, including Williams, Mayo, Callcott, Patton, Otey, Terry, Hunton, Allen, Ellis, Hodges, Edmunds, Aylett, and Magruder, were either killed or wounded, only one of that rank escaping unhurt.

General Lee had confidently counted on success in this final conflict, and so sure was he that the Union army would be put to rout that he sent out his cavalry well supported by infantry, upon both flanks, to fall upon its rear and intensify the confusion. But the Union cavalry were on the alert, and ready to receive them. General David McM. Gregg upon the right, at the moment the artillery fire slackened on the front and Pickett began his charge, discovered the enemy's cavalry, under Hampton, advancing on the Bonaughtown road, with the evident intent of forcing its way through and gaining the Union flank and rear. The Third Pennsylvania cavalry was upon the skirmish line, and first felt the shock. Gregg's main line was well in hand; and when the skirmishers, after a brave resistance, were driven in, he met Hampton, who charged in close column of squadrons, with Custar's Michigan brigade—his Wolverines, as Custar termed them—while the skirmishers rallied and charged upon his flanks. The enemy started with drawn sabres; but according to their individual habits, many dropped them and took their pistols, while the Union men used the sabre alone. After a hard fight, in part hand to hand, the rebels were driven back with severe loss. A more skilful or triumphant sabre charge is rarely witnessed.

While this was passing on the right, a no less stubborn, but far more daring and desperate engagement was in progress on the Union left. Kilpatrick had been sent early to operate upon that wing of the army, and had been busily engaged during most of the day, the enemy manifesting considerable activity in that direction. Finally, towards evening, when the clangor of battle upon the centre was at its height, Kilpatrick, aroused by the noise of the fray, ordered in the brigades of Farnsworth and Merritt. Robinson's brigade of Hood's division was upon the rebel front, well posted behind fences and rugged ground, and supported by the cavalry of Stuart; but Farnsworth, who led, charged with the sabre, driving the foe from his shelter, and pressed forward up to the very mouths of the rebel guns. Here Farnsworth was killed, and many of his officers and men were killed or wounded, and the line was compelled to fall back, sustaining severe losses. Merrit pressed from the Union left and

made a gallant fight; but the rebel guns were too numerous and too well posted to be overcome, and Kilpatrick was obliged to call in his shattered ranks, and brace himself for any attempt of the enemy to follow and in turn become the assailants. The rebel column, however, by this time had little stomach for further offensive demonstrations.

A little later, and soon after the repulse of Pickett, McCandless' brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserves was ordered by Meade to advance from the stone wall behind which it had taken shelter on the evening previous, across the Wheatfield on its front, and drive out the enemy, who were annoying it. A gun upon the crest of an elevation a thousand yards distant had proved quite destructive, and to capture it McCandless manœuvred his command. With little loss he seized the gun and two caissons by its side. The flag of the Fifteenth Georgia, and three hundred prisoners were also taken, and six thousand muskets were collected.

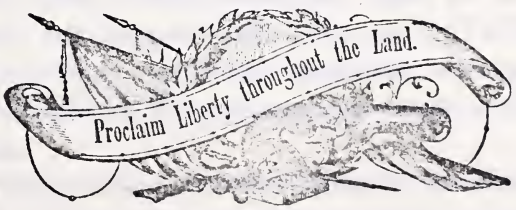
But the enemy was now becoming thoroughly aroused to the peril of his situation, and having gathered in his forces, he retired to the line of Seminary Ridge, and fell to fortifying. He feared a countercharge by a heavy Union force, and made every preparation to meet it.

General Meade, finding in the course of the artillery fire, that the enemy apparently had the range of his headquarters, moved over to Power's Hill, where he occupied the headquarters of General Slocum; but, soon after his arrival there, finding that the signal officer whom he had left at his old headquarters had abandoned it, and fearing that his staff would fail to find him, he returned. On the way back he could plainly distinguish by the sound, that the enemy's infantry charge was in progress. By the time he had reached his headquarters the battle was virtually decided, and the enemy repulsed. He accordingly rode up on to the crest of the ridge, and as he went, met the prisoners going to the rear, who had been captured in the fight.

There was some firing after he reached the summit, by which his own horse and that of his son were shot. It appears that as soon as the survivors of the assaulting column began to retire, the rebel artillery opened and delivered a hot fire, to cover the

retirement of the troops, which was kept up for some moments, and it was from this that the General and his son lost their horses. Meade rode over to Little Round Top, where he ordered the advance of Crawford's troops for the purpose of preparing the way for an immediate assault. But in his testimony he says: "The great length of the line, and the time required to carry these orders out to the front, and the movement subsequently made before the report given to me of the condition of the forces in the front and left, caused it to be so late in the evening, as to induce me to abandon the assault which I had contemplated."

The enemy along his whole line showed signs of trepidation, and was undoubtedly apprehensive of an attack. In the town itself the rebel wounded were gathered up and sent to the rear as rapidly as possible. At midnight his troops were aroused and drawn up in two lines along the streets, where they stood under arms as if awaiting a charge. The position here, and indeed throughout the whole of Ewell's line, was weak and exposed. Lee, accordingly withdrew it, and by three o'clock on the morning of the 4th Ewell's entire corps had disappeared from Gettysburg, and had taken position on the Seminary heights. Here the men were put to work, and during the day heavy breastworks were erected. Indeed, the best and strongest fortifications constructed by either army on the Gettysburg field were those built by the enemy on this day between the Chambersburg and Mummasburg pikes, and those at the other extremity of the rebel line, where that line strikes the Emmittsburg road. The position along all this ridge, naturally defensible, was made secure.



## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE RETREAT OF LEE FROM GETTYSBURG.

GENERAL LEE was now satisfied that a further attempt to maintain the contest would be fruitless, and consequently determined to yield to the inevitable, and make good his retreat. And now was seen the great strategic advantage to him of the possession of Gettysburg; for he was able to control the shortest routes to the Potomac. Had the Fairfield road been under the control of the Union army, Lee's retreat could have been cut off. But his army lying across the two shortest roads leading to Williamsport, he was able to retire without the danger of serious interruption. In his report, Lee says: "Owing to the strength of the enemy's position, and the reduction of our ammunition, a renewal of the engagement could not be hazarded, and the difficulty of procuring supplies rendered it impossible to continue longer where we were. Such of the wounded as were in condition to be removed, and part of the arms collected on the field, were ordered to Williamsport. The army remained at Gettysburg during the 4th, and at night began to retire by the road to Fairfield." This was the most direct road. But the wounded who could bear transportation were started back during the night of the 3d; and all day long of the 4th the two roads—the one by Fairfield and the other by Chambersburg, until the mountain was passed, and thence by Greenwood and Waynesborough—were incessantly filled with the trains.

As already noticed, Colonel Stone, of the Bucktail brigade, was wounded severely in the action of the first day, and fell into the enemy's hands. His Adjutant-General, Captain John E. Parsons,

afterwards Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, unwilling to desert his bleeding chief, remained to care for him, and was also a prisoner. During the rest of the battle, he was kept under guard at a rebel hospital. In the following letter, he records the varying hopes and fears by which his bosom was swayed as the dreadful hours wore on, and points out the first intimations which he interpreted as evidence that victory had at last crowned the Union arms: "On the morning of the 2d of July," he says, "I obtained permission from the rebel General Hood, to move Colonel Stone, and to remain with him. With the assistance of two soldiers, we carried him on a stretcher to a stone farmhouse, a half mile to the rear, and some 200 yards to the north of the Baltimore pike. We found the house deserted by the family, and in a sad condition; portions of the floor torn up for plunder, the beds ripped open and feathers scattered over the house, and the hand of the spoiler visible on every side. We found a soldier of the Iron brigade in the house, mortally wounded. He died by our side that night.

"During the afternoon of the 2d, the house was taken possession of by the Surgical corps of Hayes' brigade, 'Louisiana Tigers,' as their Brigade Hospital. The desperate charges made by this brigade, on the evening of the 2d, brought ambulance after ambulance of their wounded to the hospital. I could gather nothing satisfactory from their surgeons or their wounded, as to the result of the day; but they were in good spirits, and appeared sanguine of success in the end. Some of the officers who were slightly wounded, said to me that they were certain of success, and had marked out on their pocket-maps the line of march to Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. On the evening of the 3d, however, they seemed depressed in spirits, which first gave me the intimation of our victory. On the morning of the 4th, they commenced to haul to the rear all of their wounded that were able to be removed. Then I was satisfied that our army was victorious, and that the enemy was getting ready to retreat. When I asked some of the officers who were so sanguine only the day before, why they were hauling their wounded back, they said it was only to a place where water was more abundant. But their defeat was obvious on all sides. Depressed in spirits,

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and demoralized in manner, they hurriedly took their departure, and next morning at daylight, I found that the whole rebel army, except a light line of cavalry, had fled, leaving our hospital and the houses and barns about us filled with the worst of their wounded. By nine o'clock the cavalry line withdrew, concentrated on the Chambersburg pike in front of our hospital, and took their departure, followed in a short time by our cavalry. Colonel Stone was taken in an ambulance to Gettysburg, and our surgeons took charge of the rebel wounded. Both the Colonel and myself were treated kindly by the surgeons and officers at the hospital. A portion of the rebel army passed our hospital in their retreat."

The condition of the rebel army was now such that its Commander's best efforts were required to save it. The great thoroughfares on the direct line to Williamsport, it is true, were his, and by judicious dispositions and prompt action, he had a good prospect of bringing it off; but the longer he delayed, the more precarious his situation became; for, while his own force was constantly dwindling, the Union army was in a fair way to receive important accessions, the militia in the Cumberland Valley and at Harrisburg, and troops from the James being already on the way. General Imboden, who had been sent by Lee with his independent mixed command of cavalry and mounted infantry, for the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and had come up into Pennsylvania by the way of McConnellsburg, had arrived on the field at Gettysburg a little after noon of the 3d, at the moment when the last grand charge was in full tide. His men were fresh, and to him Lee called, and entrusted the removal of the wounded. Imboden has published an account of the doings of that night of horrors, in which he labored to carry back to Virginia such as could, and, though in a dying state, would be removed:

"When night closed upon the grand scene," he says, "our army was repulsed. Silence and gloom pervaded our camps. We knew that the day had gone against us, but the extent of the disaster was not known except in high quarters. The carnage of the day was reported to have been frightful, but our army was not in retreat, and we all surmised that with to-morrow's dawn would come a renewal of the struggle; and we

knew that if such was the case, those who had not been in the fight would have their full share in its honors and its dangers. All felt and appreciated the momentous consequences of final defeat or victory on that great field. These considerations made that, to us, one of those solemn and awful nights that every one who fought through our long war sometimes experienced before a great battle. Few camp fires enlivened the scene. It was a warm summer's night, and the weary soldiers were lying in groups on the luxuriant grass of the meadows we occupied, discussing the events of the day, or watching that their horses did not straggle off in browsing around.

"About eleven o'clock a horseman approached and delivered a message from General Lee, that he wished to see me immediately. I mounted at once, and accompanied by Lieutenant McPhail of my staff, and, guided by the courier, rode about two miles toward Gettysburg, where half a dozen small tents on the roadside were pointed out as General Lee's headquarters for the night. He was not there, but I was informed that I would find him with General A. P. Hill, half a mile further on. On reaching the place indicated, a flickering, solitary candle, visible through the open front of a common tent, showed where Generals Lee and Hill were seated on camp stools, with a county map spread upon their knees, and engaged in a low and earnest conversation. They ceased speaking as I approached, and after the ordinary salutations, General Lee directed me to go to his headquarters and wait for him. He did not return until about one o'clock, when he came riding along at a slow walk and evidently wrapped in profound thought. There was not even a sentinel on duty, and no one of his staff was about. The moon was high in the heavens, shedding a flood of soft silvery light, almost as bright as day, upon the scene. When he approached and saw us, he spoke, reined up his horse, and essayed to dismount. The effort to do so betrayed so much physical exhaustion that I stepped forward to assist him, but before I reached him he had alighted. He threw his arm across his saddle to rest himself, and fixing his eyes upon the ground, leaned in silence upon his equally weary horse, the two forming a striking group, as motionless as a statue. The moon shone full upon his massive

features, and revealed an expression of sadness I had never seen upon that fine countenance before, in any of the vicissitudes of the war through which he had passed. I waited for him to speak until the silence became painful and embarrassing, when to break it, and change the current of his thoughts, I remarked in a sympathetic tone, and in allusion to his great fatigue:

"'General, this has been a hard day on you.'

"This attracted his attention. He looked up and replied mournfully:

"'Yes, it has been a sad, sad day to us,' and immediately relapsed into his thoughtful mood and attitude. Being unwilling again to intrude upon his reflections, I said no more. After a minute or two he suddenly straightened up to his full height, and turning to me with more animation, energy, and excitement of manner than I had ever seen in him before, he addressed me in a voice tremulous with emotion, and said:

"'General, I never saw troops behave more magnificently than Pickett's division of Virginians did to-day in their grand charge upon the enemy. And if they had been supported, as they were to have been—but for some reason, not yet fully explained to me, they were not—we would have held the position they so gloriously won at such a fearful loss of noble lives, and the day would have been ours.'

"After a moment he added in a tone almost of agony:

"'Too bad! *Too bad!!* Oh! too bad!!!'

"I never shall forget, as long as I live, his language, and his manner and his appearance and expression of mental suffering. Altogether, it was a scene that a historical painter might well immortalize had one been fortunately present to witness it. In a little while he called up a servant from his sleep to take his horse; spoke mournfully, by name, of several of his friends who had fallen during the day; and when a candle had been lighted, invited me alone into his tent, where, as soon as we were seated, he remarked: 'We must return to Virginia. As many of our poor wounded as possible must be taken home. I have sent for you, because your men are fresh, to guard the trains back to Virginia. The duty will be arduous, responsible, and dangerous, for I am afraid you will be harassed by the enemy's cavalry. I can

spare you as much artillery as you require, but no other troops, as I shall need all I have to return to the Potomac by a different route from yours. All the transportation and care of the wounded will be entrusted to you. You will recross the mountain by the Chambersburg road, and then proceed to Williamsport, by any route you deem best, without halting. There rest and feed your animals, then ford the river, and make no halt till you reach Winchester, where I will again communicate with you.' As I was about leaving to return to my camp, he came out of his tent and said to me in a low tone:

"'I will place in your hands, to-morrow, a sealed package for President Davis, which you will retain in your own possession till you are across the Potomac, when you will detail a trusty commissioned officer to take it to Richmond with all possible dispatch, and deliver it immediately to the President. I impress it upon you, that, whatever happens, this package must not fall into the hands of the enemy. If you should unfortunately be captured, destroy it.' . . . Shortly after noon, the very windows of heaven seemed to have been opened. . . . The storm increased in fury every moment. Canvas was no protection against it, and the poor wounded, lying upon the hard, naked boards of the wagon-bodies, were drenched by the cold rain. Horses and mules were blinded and maddened by the storm, and became almost unmanageable. The roar of the winds and waters made it almost impossible to communicate orders. Night was rapidly approaching, and there was danger that in the darkness the confusion would become worse confounded. About four P. M. the head of the column was put in motion and began the ascent of the mountain. After dark I set out to gain the advance. The train was seventeen miles long when drawn out on the road. It was moving rapidly, and from every wagon issued wails of agony. For four hours I galloped along, passing to the front, and heard more—it was too dark to see—of the horrors of war than I had witnessed from the battle of Bull Run up to that day. In the wagons were men wounded and mutilated in every conceivable way. Some had their legs shattered by a shell or minié ball; some were shot through their bodies; others had arms torn to shreds; some had received a ball in the face, or a jagged piece of

shell had lacerated their heads. Scarcely one in a hundred had received adequate surgical aid. Many had been without food for thirty-six hours. Their ragged, bloody, and dirty clothes, all clotted and hardened with blood, were rasping the tender, inflamed lips of their gaping wounds. Very few of the wagons had even straw in them, and all were without springs. The road was rough and rocky. The jolting was enough to have killed sound strong men. From nearly every wagon, as the horses trotted on, such cries and shrieks as these greeted the ear:

"'O God! why can't I die?'

"'My God! will no one have mercy and kill me, and end my misery?'

"'O! stop one minute, and take me out and leave me to die on the roadside.'

"'I am dying! I am dying! My poor wife, my dear children! what will become of you?'

"Some were praying; others were uttering the most fearful oaths and execrations that despair could wring from them in their agony. Occasionally a wagon would be passed from which only low, deep moans and sobs could be heard. No help could be rendered to any of the sufferers. On, on; we must move on. The storm continued and the darkness was fearful. There was no time even to fill a canteen with water for a dying man; for, except the drivers and the guards, disposed in compact bodies every half mile, all were wounded and helpless in that vast train of misery. The night was awful, and yet in it was our safety, for no enemy would dare attack us when he could not distinguish friend from foe. . . . It was my sad lot to pass the whole distance from the rear to the head of the column, and no language can convey an idea of the horrors of that most horrible of all nights of our long and bloody war. . . . After a good deal of harassing and desultory fighting along the road, nearly the whole immense train reached Williamsport a little after the middle of the day. . . . The dead were selected from the train—for many had perished on the way—and were decently buried. Straw was obtained on the neighboring farms; the wounded were removed from the wagons and housed; the citizens were all put to cooking, and the army surgeons to dressing wounds."

Imboden was unable to obey the instructions of Lee, to pause only to feed his beasts at Williamsport, and then ford the river and push on to Winchester; for the sudden rains of the previous day had converted the Potomac into a raging torrent, giving it a tide of ten or twelve feet above the fording stage; and during the absence of the enemy, General French, who was stationed at Frederick, had sent up an expedition which had partially destroyed the pontoon bridge. Imboden, accordingly, parked his train, consisting of ten thousand animals and all the wagons, and disposed of the wounded about the town. Until some portion of the rebel army should come, he knew that his situation was precarious. He had twenty-two field guns and one Whitworth siege piece. These he planted most advantageously upon the hills just above the town, and held his troops, about three thousand in number, in readiness to repel an attack. On the morning of the 6th, Buford and Kilpatrick approached, and made vigorous demonstrations, dismounting their men and assaulting with great determination. But Imboden's artillery, which was skilfully distributed and effectively served, proved formidable, and by concentrating his forces upon the point attacked, made himself more than a match for the assaulting column. Towards evening Fitz-Hugh Lee with a powerful body came to the relief of Imboden, followed closely by Stuart, and the Union forces were obliged to withdraw. The rebel infantry soon after began to arrive, and all further demonstrations were futile.

As has been noticed, General Meade, the moment the result of the grand charge of Longstreet on the afternoon of the 3d was decided, had ridden to the left of the line, and ordered a demonstration there, with the intent to put in a heavy force and assault the rebel position; but the troops were slow in moving, and before they could be got ready, it was too late to make the attempt. Several officers have since testified, that they favored such an attack, and strongly advised General Meade to make one. General Hancock says: "I think that our lines should have advanced immediately, and I believe we should have won a great victory. I was very confident that the advance would be made. General Meade told me before the fight, that if the enemy attacked me he intended to put the Fifth and Sixth corps on the

enemy's flank; I, therefore, when I was wounded and lying down in my ambulance, and about leaving the field, dictated a note to General Meade, and told him if he would put in the Fifth and Sixth corps, I believed he would win a great victory. I asked him afterwards when I returned to the army, what he had done. He said he had ordered the movement, but the troops were slow in collecting, and moved so slowly that nothing was done before night."

It is possible that an instant advance by a strong column, had one been in readiness, might have broken the rebel line. But the probabilities were against it. There were, at most, but about 18,000 men in the enemy's assaulting column in the grand charge. Where was the rest of the rebel army? Principally concentrated upon Seminary Ridge, a good defensible position, running over with artillery at every point. The very best dispositions had doubtless been made of all but Longstreet's attacking force, that it was possible to make to meet any such counter assault as would naturally be anticipated. Hence there is little doubt that a direct assault upon that line would have proved to the Union side as disastrous as had that of Longstreet to the rebel.

During the evening and night of the 3d, the enemy's line on Seminary Ridge was greatly strengthened. Ewell's entire corps was drawn in and placed behind it, and ample security taken for defending every point. It was a position nearly as strong by nature as that where the Union army was planted. It is true, that the rebel army had suffered severely. But so had the Union. Feeling himself strong in his position, Meade courted attack. May we not believe that Lee, with a similar sense of security, would have welcomed a Union advance? This view, reasoning upon the knowledge which the Union Commander then had, had a strong warrant, and is doubtless that which influenced General Meade in withholding an attack. By information since obtained, we learn that such was the fact. Swinton, in his "Army of the Potomac," gives the testimony of General Longstreet, who said to him: "I had Hood and McLaws, who had not been engaged; I had a heavy force of artillery; I should have liked nothing better than to have been attacked, and have no doubt

I should have given those who tried as bad a reception as Pickett received."

But while Lee was invincible for the moment, he had no preparation for holding out any length of time. Accordingly, as soon as darkness had closed in on the evening of the 4th, the main body of his army was put in motion towards Williamsport, leaving only a strong rear guard, to hold the Union forces in check should they attempt to follow, and before morning was beyond the reach of its pursuers, taking the two shortest roads which he completely controlled. Lee himself, with his staff, had started at a little after midnight of the 3d, breakfasting on the morning of the 4th near C. Mussleman's house on the Fairfield road.

In the Union camp, on the evening of the 4th, a council of war was called, at which the four following questions were propounded: "Shall this army remain here?" "If we remain here, shall we assume the offensive?" "Do you deem it expedient to move towards Williamsport through Emmittsburg?" "Shall we pursue the enemy, if he is retreating, on his direct line of retreat?" Birney, Sedgwick, Sykes, Hays, and Warren voted in favor of remaining until there was unmistakable evidence that the enemy was really on the retreat. Newton, Pleasanton, and Slocum were for moving at once; and Howard was doubtful. The council was unanimous in favor of moving by the left flank, instead of following the direct route taken by the enemy, only sending cavalry supported by a small infantry force to operate upon his rear. Two reasons impelled to this last decision: first, the condition always imposed upon the Army of the Potomac, to cover Washington and Baltimore in addition to fighting the enemy; and second, to follow on the track of the foe would have no advantage, as the enemy, having the direct, short route to the Potomac, and having a night's march the start, was sure to reach there before either his flanks or his rear could be attacked to much effect, a strong rear guard being at all times ready to make a stubborn resistance. His trains being already there, or at least well out of the way, and the roads all clear for his infantry, one night's march was ample to preclude all possibility of overtaking it, or of bringing it to bay.

As soon as it became apparent, on the morning of the 5th, that

the enemy was retreating, the Sixth corps, which had been held in reserve, and, so far as fighting was concerned, was fresh, though worn down with rapid marching, was put upon the pursuit on the Fairfield route. At the Fairfield pass the column was halted, as Sedgwick did not deem it advisable to attack here, the enemy holding a strong position where he could easily repel many times his number. Accordingly, Neill's brigade of infantry was detached, and, with the cavalry, followed the direct line of retreat by the Fairfield road, as did also another cavalry force by the Cashtown route, while the rest of the Sixth corps moved on through Boonsboro, and after crossing a little stream near the latter place, took up a position near Funkstown.

The main body of the army remained at Gettysburg during the 5th, and large details were made to gather up the wounded and bury the dead. On the 6th the army moved, halting a day at Middletown for needed supplies; and, after crossing South Mountain, and passing Boonsboro, came up with the enemy on the 12th, who had formed upon a line extending from Hagerstown to Downiesville, which he had fortified. Lee had been unable to cross the Potomac, on account of its swollen condition. Finding that his trains and wounded could not be got over, nor moved higher up without great danger, he determined to defend himself there; and though to fight a battle, with a raging and impassable river at one's back, is not an alternative to be chosen, it was one into which he was forced. The ground favored his designs, and immense labor was bestowed to make it defensible and safe. On the evening of the 12th, the Union army having by this time come up, a council of officers was held, at which all voted against an attack except two. Accordingly, the blow was withheld, and the 13th was given to reconnoitring. The result of that examination was such as to induce Meade to order the whole army to move up on the following morning at daylight with a view of assaulting. But, during the night of the 13th, Lee commenced to withdraw, Ewell's corps fording the stream, and Longstreet and Hill crossing upon the pontoon bridge which had been reconstructed from parts of the old one recovered, and others improvised. The stream was still at high tide, and Ewell's men found much difficulty in stemming it; but they "linked

arms, and thus interlaced and steadied, forded the river in mass, nearly shoulder deep, with the loss of but three men."

Lee says, in his report, that the crossing was not completed until one P. M., when the bridge was removed. If any considerable force did remain so late as this, he manœuvred to preserve a strong front, and foiled every attempt of the Union troops to injure him.

The management of the Battle of Gettysburg, on the part of the opposing armies, has been the subject of sharp criticism. It is right, yea, it is the duty of a people who maintain military schools, and pretend to defend their flag by force of arms, to question closely the conduct of every battle, by the light of the established principles of military science, and endeavor to detect the errors committed, as well as the exemplification of meritorious conduct. It is only by such a critical search, that the useful lessons of the past may be garnered.

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE CONDUCT OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

THE battle of Gettysburg, as an agency in determining the result of the contest between the Government and its assailants was the most important of the war. It was the beginning of the end. That little crown of saplings which Pickett made the mark towards which his troops were to aim, and which a part of them did actually reach, has been styled the "high-water mark of the rebellion." The star which, to that moment, had appeared in the ascendant, began to pale and move to its setting. Though in a military view many of its features are open to question, its lessons are not the less important.

Lee has been blamed for being dilatory on the first day. He had undoubtedly sent Hill forward on that morning to seize and hold Gettysburg, and seems not to have been aware that Union troops were there in much force, though he could not have been ignorant of the fact that a corps of the Union infantry was, on the night of the 30th, near at hand. He no doubt anticipated that the arrival of Ewell upon the flank of the Union line would be ample for effecting the complete overthrow of the small Union force assembled. Anderson's division of Hill's corps rested all day at Cashtown, in hearing of, and in plain view of the battle. But Hill no doubt considered that he had as many troops on the field as he could use to advantage, and expected at every fresh onset that the First corps would yield. But the obstinacy of that intrepid body of men disappointed his most sanguine expectations, and delayed his progress in possessing the town till near nightfall. The rebel commander seems to have done all that a prudent officer, regarding all the

chances, could have been expected to do. It was the unlooked-for and unsurpassed valor of that First corps which balked his plans; for how could a body of eight thousand men, reduced finally to less than three, be expected to stand up nearly the whole day against twenty thousand, in an open field fight?

Lee is also severely censured for not having pressed his advantage on the evening of the 1st, after the First and Eleventh corps had been driven from before the town. "The attack," says Lee, in his official report, "was not pressed that afternoon, the enemy's force being unknown, and it being considered advisable to await the arrival of the rest of our troops." But what were the prospects of success, had Ewell attacked? It is not probable that either Lee or Ewell would have held back, had a flattering promise of victory been presented. A direct assault upon the front and face of Cemetery Hill would assuredly have been attended by a bloody repulse. There was no point, commencing with the Baltimore pike and extending half way around on Culp's Hill, where one could have been made with any better hope of success; for the guns of Stevens and the division of Wadsworth completely covered that ground, which afforded excellent opportunities for defence. Ewell might have pushed in, past Wadsworth's right, over Rock Creek and through the dense forest, as he did on the following evening; but it was difficult ground, and entirely unexplored; besides, the Twelfth corps was just then coming up on the Baltimore pike, and could have at once been wheeled into position to have met any advance from that quarter. Were the prospects any better on the Union left? Had Ewell advanced in that direction, he would first have had to encounter the cavalry of Buford, drawn out so as to completely cover that flank, with his artillery admirably posted for terrible execution, his skirmishers dismounted, and line of battle formed in such beautiful order, that it drew forth from that able soldier, General Warren, when he came upon the field, exclamations of admiration. He would, in addition, have come immediately under the fire of Steinwehr's guns on Cemetery Hill, which would have completely enfiladed his lines. But had he been successful in passing Steinwehr's guns, and in routing the hero Buford, he would then have found Geary's division of the Twelfth corps

in position, upon a line stretching away to Round Top, and behind Geary was the balance of the entire Twelfth corps, and the Third corps, General Sickles, already beginning to arrive. So that, on whatever side Ewell had chosen to have attacked, he would have been repulsed.

A criticism is also made against the rebel leader, that his attacks on the 2d were disjointed and incoherent, and they have been compared to a balky team swaying back and forth upon a swingle-tree. On the contrary, they seem to have been made with rare skill. It was apparently a misfortune to him, that the day had not been a few hours longer; but he made his attacks as soon as he could get his troops into position. His first effort was to brush away Ward's brigade, so as to open the way to Round Top. The obstinacy of Ward's men foiled this first attempt. It was necessary, before a second was made, that heavy attacks should be delivered along the whole line to the Peach Orchard, to prevent reinforcements being sent to Ward, which had been really despatched by De Trobriand, and to draw attention from the grand object of the fight, the possession of Round Top. The second attempt was successful, Hood breaking through Ward's line, but only to find Vincent in position on the very mount itself, which he had hoped to seize; and Lee was again foiled. The constant sending of reinforcements into the slaughter-pen above and around the Wheatfield necessitated constant fighting, as he had seized the Peach Orchard, the key to the position, from which he could easily repulse every force sent against him, and where he could inflict far greater loss than he himself sustained. Hill withheld his attack until he saw Birney's line crumble and Humphreys' division fearfully exposed, and then made his determined assault at the very moment when he could with absolute certainty inflict the greatest damage, and gain the most signal success. Had Wright, at the moment when he made his successful charge, and had a number of Union guns turned upon their former possessors, been supported by the troops which Hill had ordered to go, the result would, without much doubt, have effected the complete rout of the Union army. This should be considered the crisis when the rebel army came nearest to a triumph, and where the failure, at the exact instant, of Posey,

Mahone, and Pender to advance, cost Lee the battle. As soon as it was discovered that these operations had failed, and before troops could arrive from other parts of the field to stay his course, Ewell attacked on the extreme rebel left, and here delay was not a disadvantage; for the troops which had all the day been in position upon that part of the field, and which would have given him a bloody reception, had, a few moments before, been withdrawn to reinforce other portions of the line, and Ewell was left unopposed to overrun that part of the field; so that the delay was to him a positive advantage. The only part of the line which received any help from timely reinforcement that delay set at liberty, was where Carroll's brigade went to the aid of Howard. But this support would no doubt have been spared to go, if the Tigers had charged at the instant that Hill did on the left. Ewell has been blamed for not pushing his advantage further, on the night of the 2d; but he was unable, on account of the creek, the forest, and the rugged nature of the ground, to take his artillery with him, and it would not have been safe to have advanced further without it, as troops could have turned upon him from all quarters, and the reserve artillery on Benner's Hill would have easily reached him the instant he came in sight. The probabilities are, therefore, that he would not have got off with his troops without losing heavily in captures, had he done so.

Finally, Lee has been roundly berated for having made the last grand charge at all, and if he did make it, for having made it with so weak a column. It must be confessed that no one of his operations on the Gettysburg field shows so great a lack of insight into the conditions upon which he was acting, and reflects so little credit upon his military skill as this. But he had been led to take a hopeful view of the result of a heavy blow at this point, by the success which had attended the charge of a single brigade here on the day before, that of Wright. If so weak a column can accomplish so great results, what may we not expect from the assault of a body many times more powerful, fresh for the work, ably led, and preluded by an artillery fire that the world has rarely seen paralleled, was the problem that was presented before him; and although he must have been sanguine of success, or he would never have ordered it, yet he must have con-

templated it with the deepest solicitude, and only adopted it as his last desperate chance. But he failed to appreciate at its full value the fact that the field was nearly a level plain between the two lines, and that the instant his infantry crossed their works they came under view and concentrated fire of a full half of the Union army. Had the column been composed of thirty thousand instead of fifteen or eighteen, the result could not have been other than it was; for before they could have crossed that mile and a quarter of space, and reached the Union lines, they would have been so nearly annihilated as to have had little force remaining; and had any considerable body made a lodgment, the major part of the Union army could have been there to meet it, and it would have resulted in a grand hand to hand combat in which the Union men would have sold their lives dearly, and to the last one. Lee put in as many men as he could afford to do, and more would have been of no avail, the whole Union army being within a fifteen minutes' run of the place, most of it within five, and their resolution was beyond parallel in the history of warfare. This last act of Lee must ever be regarded as the one which had the least promise of success, and one the least defensible on sound principles of military tactics.

As an offensive battle, Gettysburg will be esteemed as one, on the whole, well fought on the part of the rebel leader. Had Lee, after the first day, sat down upon Seminary Ridge, and manœuvred to induce the Union side to have attacked, and have kept a portion of his cavalry busy foraging in his rear, he might possibly have gained such an advantage as to have secured a temporary triumph. It would have been fatal for him to have waited very long, for troops were being gathered up and sent to the Union side from all quarters, and in a few days he would have been too weak to have fought even a defensive battle. On the other hand, had he succeeded in bringing on an immediate battle, and been successful, he could never have long maintained his triumph, or have long remained on Northern soil. It is doubtful if he could have reached either Baltimore or Washington; for there would have still been an Army of the Potomac, a force at Harper's Ferry of 10,000, 36,000 in the Department of Washington, 25,000

militia at Harrisburg, an army upon the James, and besides, the whole North was full of men, who at the first tocsin of disaster, would have flocked to the Union standard.

In considering the conduct of the Union commander, many palliating circumstances must be allowed to have weight. He was, in the first place, pitted against a veteran soldier, who had almost from the first commanded the Army of Northern Virginia —an army which had been formed and moulded under his eye, and which he had led to triumph on numberless fields—whose men had implicit confidence in him, amounting to a blind infatuation, and who was surrounded by a corps of Lieutenants of rare ability, sincerely devoted to their chief, and impelled by one idea—at all hazards beat the foe. Meade, on the other hand, had only been three days at the head of the army, had never exercised an independent command before, and had only led a division in battle, the Fifth corps at Chancellorsville not having been seriously engaged. His army was dispirited by frequent defeats, and the corps and division commanders, for political and other reasons, were far from being that homogeneous body that clasped hands about the rebel chieftain.

Nevertheless, Meade was a soldier by profession, and it is just that his management of the battle should be subjected to discussion upon the principles that govern that profession. The lessons which the battle should furnish can never be appreciated or learned until it be examined without fear or favor, and with a desire to discover what were its real phases.

The first error which Meade committed was in allowing his corps to become so widely scattered, that at the moment of opening the battle the two extremes were over thirty miles apart. In the presence of an enemy, or in close proximity to him, it would have been a sound principle to have kept the infantry in as compact a body as possible. It is true that Meade seems to have been marching under the impression that the enemy was pushing for, or actually crossing the Susquehanna. But he should have held his army so in hand that he would at any time have been prepared for a change in the enemy's plans, and not have been bound to this one theory. Nothing was more likely than that the enemy should do precisely what he did

do, when he found the Union army moving in close upon his flank, intent on fighting him. It is unfortunate, at the least, that Meade should have been so deficient in scouts and spies as to have been so long ignorant of the enemy's intention to concentrate at Gettysburg, and to have first learned it through the Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, telegraphed from Harrisburg to Washington and from Washington back to the field. Could that knowledge have reached him twelve hours earlier, the order of march would have been essentially modified, and the two corps would not then have been thrust forward into the jaws of the enemy without the power to support them.

On the first day, it was unfortunate that the circular which he sent out was a circular and not an order; for while he and a part of his corps commanders regarded it as having the force of an order, others of them understood it to have no effect other than an intimation. It was of so mixed a character that two could scarcely understand it alike. For, while it indicated a purpose to fall back and concentrate on Pipe Creek, it still declared that contingencies might arise in which it would become expedient to fight from the present position. Buford, Reynolds, Doubleday, Howard, and Sickles when he learned that the battle was on, believed that such contigencies had arisen, while Meade himself ignored that part of his circular entirely, and clung to the part which would carry his army back to Pipe Creek, where he could leisurely prepare himself to fight. It would seem that he never forgave Doubleday and Howard for holding on at Gettysburg and fighting the whole day, instead of retiring and allowing him to carry out his preconceived plan. Technically and morally, Doubleday and Howard were undoubtedly right. In doing as they did, they obeyed the strict orders of Meade, and they avoided the demoralizing effect of running from the face of the enemy. As the battle resulted, it may be looked upon as almost a direct interposition of Providence. Meade was slow in going to the field, because he doubtless believed that the left wing would finally fall back, and then he would concentrate as he had intended. Both Slocum and Sickles were morally culpable for not going to the assistance of the forces engaged at Gettysburg on the first day, Slocum having full warrant for doing so in the orders

and circulars of Meade, and Sickles having early in the day been ordered up by Reynolds, and having no valid excuse for disregarding the summons. But here again that unfortunate circular comes to the surface, and is allowed to outweigh every other consideration.

When General Meade had become satisfied that Gettysburg was a suitable place to fight the battle, he showed great energy and skill in concentrating his army, and bringing up his remote corps. It was not until seven o'clock on the evening of the 1st that he came to this decision. It was after eight before the Sixth corps got the order to move, and having to go from Manchester by the way of Westminster, had thirty-four full miles to make, and yet it arrived at two of the following afternoon. All the rest of his army was practically on the field at two in the morning.

General Hancock assumed command as the two broken corps came back through the town, and as troops from other corps began to arrive. His dispositions were skilfully made, and it was the firm front he was able at once to present that staid the hand of the enemy and made it impossible for him to push further his advantage.

Meade's examination of the field on the morning of the 2d must have been extremely superficial and partial—a grave error. He appears to have been strongly impressed with the belief that the enemy would attack him upon the right, and to that part of the field he must give his exclusive attention. He, accordingly, put the whole of the Twelfth corps there with orders to fortify it thoroughly, and during the forenoon held the Fifth corps in reserve near by, intending also to put the Sixth in there as soon as it should arrive. It may be that the experience of other fields had taught him to expect that the tactics of the enemy would bring him upon that flank. At Beaver Dam Creek, Malvern Hill, Bull Run, Antietam, and Chancellorsville, the enemy had moved upon the Union right flank, and he may have anticipated that the same manœuvre would here be repeated. When he found the enemy slow in opening the battle, he himself decided to attack from that side. But after his engineer and General Slocum, who was to lead the assault, had reported the ground

impracticable for an advance, he seems to have become dissatisfied with the field, and despondent, and the conviction is forced upon us from his own conduct and sayings, and the testimony of a number of his officers, that he meditated changing to ground better suited to offensive operations; not necessarily to Pipe Creek, but to the first ground which he could find adapted to manœuvring his army.

In consequence of his mind being occupied with this idea, he appears to have neglected to look to his left, or to make the necessary preparations for a defensive battle. According to the testimony of Sickles, he discredited the idea of the enemy attacking him upon that side, lightly remarking, when the dangers to which that part of the line was exposed were urged, that Generals always believe that their positions are the ones in most danger, and up to the very moment when the battle opened, he seems to have been busy with other schemes, and to have given little or no attention to preparation for an attack from that quarter. The consequence was, that when the battle opened his troops were not in position, and were actually pushed out to the ground which they occupied under fire. To the repeated importunities of Sickles for orders, and for him to go personally upon the ground, he turned a deaf ear, and even refused to send his engineer, General Warren, who was certainly the person of all others most suitable to represent him in the decision of such a question.

It seems the more strange that he should have neglected to make his dispositions upon the left strong, as Hancock, in making his report upon the advantages of this ground for a battle, had particularly pointed out that, as being the weak part, and liable to be turned. It may be thought that the blame of this unpreparedness was due to the failure of Sickles to take the position assigned him. But this explanation is in no way satisfactory. Meade was early informed that Sickles was in trouble about his position, and by repeated messages was kept advised that the left of his line was not fixed and in readiness for battle. Sickles was evidently very solicitous about his formation. He saw that the ground in a direct line from the Cemetery Ridge to Round Top was unsuitable, being low and marshy, commanded by

ground to the front of it, and to the left was a screen of wood and rocky surface that it would be dangerous to allow the enemy to take, the altitude being considerably greater at the Peach Orchard than either Seminary or Cemetery lines opposite. Sickles undoubtedly sincerely desired to get the true position, but still, to satisfy his chief and have his approval of whatever ground he should take. When, therefore, Meade observed the solicitude of Sickles, and knew that he was liable at any moment to be attacked, it would appear that as a wise commander, knowing that a great battle was imminent, and intent on gaining a victory, he would not have rested until he had either thoroughly inspected every inch of the ground himself, or through his engineers, and have, early in the day, had his lines accurately traced and fortified, so far as was practicable, and the troops and their supports in position.

But what are the facts? Until the very opening of the battle, nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, he remained at his headquarters, situated near the centre of the field, from whence nearly every part was visible, with no preparation made to meet one of the most powerful and persistent assaults ever delivered on any field. His Lieutenant, Sickles, tired of waiting, and learning from his skirmishers, who had been engaged since nine o'clock in the morning beyond the Emmittsburg road, and from his own observation, that the enemy was massing upon his left and evidently preparing for a determined attack, took up the ground which he deemed the best, which with his small corps he was barely able to cover, and the battle opened before he was entirely in possession, the guns having been pushed forward upon that part which was the key to the whole position—the Peach Orchard—after the enemy had opened fire. The responsibility of this delay can never be shifted from the shoulders of General Meade. He had had the whole day until four o'clock, to decide on and fortify his line, and he was fully aware, up to the last moment, that the troops were not in position, and that no works were being thrown up for their protection. If the short line, which he claims he intended Sickles should take, was the one to be occupied, it needed much labor in fortifying through the swampy ground at the head of Plum Run. If the advance, or

long line, which Sickles did take, then the key to the position—the Peach Orchard—should certainly have been fortified, as it was much exposed, though commanding. A little work with the spade on this knoll would have rendered it impregnable.

But the culpability of the delay in taking and fortifying this line, or whatever one was to be adopted, is more than matched by the failure to hold Little Round Top. It was discovered by Warren, Meade's engineer, sometime after the battle had begun, and when the enemy was rushing with the force of the tornado to seize it, that it was entirely destitute of defenders, and that moreover it was a place of strength and importance. He also, for the first time, now discovered that artillery could be used from its summit to good advantage, and also that it was practicable to bring guns upon it. But why were these discoveries left to be made after the battle had begun? Was not the advantage of that stronghold as apparent at six, or eight, or ten in the morning as at five in the afternoon? It was finally occupied and held, but more by chance, or the overruling hand of Providence, than by any skill or strategy of the General.

The idea has been advanced that Longstreet, in moving as he did, behind the screen of forest trees on Oak Ridge to the extreme Union left, was not designing to fight, but was preparing to march away upon the Union rear, to capture Meade's trains, and make conquest of Baltimore and Washington; and that he was arrested by the opportune advance and attack of Sickles. But there is no evidence that such was the design, and every consideration of military strategy is against it. Longstreet had but two of his divisions with him, and the other had not been ordered up, and was not soon expected. Lee was too good a general to divide his army in the face of a united opponent, and allow himself to be destroyed piecemeal. Besides, there were troops enough in Washington to have held Longstreet in check until other armies could come up, if not to have beaten him. No! Longstreet was moving to do precisely what he attempted to do, to capture Little Round Top and the wooded rugged ground in its immediate front, and had he not been attacked and arrested by the timely offensive of Sickles, he would doubtless have effected his purpose, and the battle would have been fought out on other ground.

When Meade finally awoke to the fact that the enemy was determined to fight, he aroused himself to the uttermost, and pushed forward supports with a lavish hand. The Fifth corps, which had been resting since two that morning within a short distance of the field, and had come up in rear of Cemetery Hill during the forenoon, was sent over; portions of the Second, nearly the whole of the Twelfth, and portions of the Sixth which began to arrive at two in the afternoon, were pushed forward, and every part of Sickles' attenuated front was strengthened and patched. But now his zeal to establish his left was as excessive as in the morning it had been wanting. For when Sickles lost the Peach Orchard, the attempt to hold the parts of the line which were commanded and enfiladed from that key position was futile. With the loss of this, had Meade contracted his line to the ground in front of Round Top held by Crawford and Wheaton, on the night of the 2d, and drawn in Humphreys' to the Cemetery Ridge before he was attacked and forced back, and then acted purely on the defensive, thousands of killed and wounded would have been saved, and his position upon the left centre would not have been placed in jeopardy. But instead of this, brigade after brigade, and division after division were thrust out through the Wheatfield and over the wooded ground to the west and south of it, where the enemy rested in ambush to cut them down as fast as they came, and made that ground a slaughter-pen, with no advantage in the end.

Not only was an injudicious use made of the troops thus hurried forward, but more than could by any possibility be used were called; and the strange error was committed of stripping the breastworks upon Culp's Hill and entirely denuding his right flank, a vital part of his line, a portion of those very troops, as if in mockery of his infatuation, and impelled by fate, marching far out of their way, and never reaching the field where it was intended to use them. In the presence of the great peril, he seems to have lost the equipoise of his faculties. When, finally, he had the whole of the Fifth and Sixth, all but one brigade of the Twelfth, two divisions of the First, and a considerable part of the Second transferred to the left in support of the Third, leaving but one brigade of the Twelfth,

and one small division each of the First and the Eleventh north of the Baltimore pike, then it was that the enemy attacked that weak and partially denuded line, at two points, with a fury and a determination almost past belief. The abandoned works where should have been the left flank of the army, fell into the enemy's hands; but, thanks to the intrepid valor of the few troops left upon that line, the foe was bloodily repulsed in his first assault, and held at bay in the other, and a great disaster was averted. And here again the hand of Providence seems to have been interposed. For the nature of the ground was such that the enemy could bring no artillery with him upon the right flank, and without it he was robbed of his fighting arm. Could he have planted himself upon that rugged eminence with artillery, he might have fought as from a fortress, and bade defiance to his assailants.

The error, we might be pardoned a stronger word, of removing almost the entire right wing, and leaving a strong position, which had been well fortified, and was vital to the integrity of the entire army, does not alone rest with the Commander-in-chief. The responsibility must be shared by General Slocum. Slocum was in command of the right wing. He knew thoroughly the ground, for he had reconnoitred it during the morning hours with a view of making an attack from it, and had regarded it of so much importance as to thoroughly fortify it. He should never have consented to the withdrawal of those troops without remonstrance; and a vigorous protest from him would have prevented it. Or, if they were taken, he should not have rested till he had found troops, even though exhausted ones, to have taken their place. Men were not wanting; for the whole Sixth corps was up and at hand. A single brigade would have held it. But it seemed as though the heads of the army were turned, and all grown giddy together.

But with the setting of the sun on the evening of the 2d, the supremacy in generalship, which had been with the enemy, gravitated to the Union side. The dispositions of the artillery on commanding eminences bearing upon the enemy on Culp's Hill, for repelling an advance and driving him out, were admirable, and the marshalling of the infantry was no less judicious and skilful. There was none of that stripping of troops from one

part of the line and rushing them in superabundance to another, which had so blotted and shadowed the conduct of the preceding day. But there was an equipoise and a self-assurance, as of a General who felt the full command of his faculties, that is refreshing and inspiring to contemplate. The manœuvres for regaining the lost ground were dexterously conducted, and would have soon resulted in the capture of large numbers of the foe had he not made a timely retreat.

During the morning of the 3d, every arm of the service was kept in full tide. The cavalry was in strength, vigilant and active on either flank; the artillery was repaired and posted in abundance, well supplied with ammunition, and the infantry lines were everywhere strong, with ample supports well in hand to meet any emergency. When, therefore, that supreme effort of the foe came on the afternoon of the 3d, it was met and repulsed, without weakening any other part of the line, and in the spirit of a master. Another and another such assault on whatever part it might have come would have been welcomed with as determined a front as was this.

Several Union Generals give it as their opinion in their testimony, that if Meade had immediately ordered a countercharge with a strong column, the enemy might have been routed and his army destroyed. But such an opinion is in no case supported by any convincing reasons. The enemy was well prepared to meet a countercharge, in good position and behind breastworks. He had been prodigal of his ammunition; but Lee and Longstreet were too cool and calculating to have squandered all and not have saved enough to repel any assault that could have been made; besides, Longstreet expressly testifies that he was in readiness, and would have counted such an assault as a rare piece of good fortune. The very same condition which made it easy for the Union forces to repulse Longstreet, would have been in that officer's favor had an attack been made upon him. It was the fact that the ground between the two lines was perfectly open, enabling either side to see and prepare to meet a charge from the very moment of starting, and that in the whole distance to be passed over the advancing troops would be exposed to a destructive fire, certain to annihilate them, that rendered

it impossible for either party to make a front attack with any prospect of success.

Maintaining his position firmly during the night of the 3rd and day of the 4th, there was no hope of advantage by direct attack. When the night of the 4th came, Lee was able to withdraw, under cover of darkness, without fear of molestation. There was only left a rear-guard which on the morning of the 6th it was possible to reach. To fight a rear-guard is always a bootless task; for while it presents only a small front, it can by falling back gradually, and taking strong positions, inflict great slaughter upon the attacking party, which must expose itself in approaching; and even if it is overpowered and captured, it is in itself so insignificant as to be of small account.

To have followed Lee's rear-guard then would have cost an expenditure of blood not warranted by the fruits which gave promise of being gathered. Having complete control of the two shortest routes to the Potomac, and one night the start, Lee was able to reach it without molestation, except such as the cavalry could interpose, which was inconsiderable. Considering the situation in which the two armies were, relative to the roads leading to the Potomac, it was no lack of generalship on the part of Meade in allowing Lee to make unmolested the transfer; for it was inevitable, one night sufficing to put the major part beyond the reach of the pursuing army. Once safely at the Potomac, Lee might have crossed immediately had the river been fordable, or had his bridges been in position; but these were gone and the waters were at flood. His only alternative, therefore, was to fortify, which he had ample time to do, the hours of one night being enough. Meade might have followed by the direct roads over which the enemy had gone, whereby he would have saved several days. But it would have been of no avail, as he would have found the enemy fortified, had he made the march with as much expedition as the enemy himself. But he seems to have considered his instructions to cover Washington and Baltimore of as much importance while following a beaten foe, as in facing one in full strength.

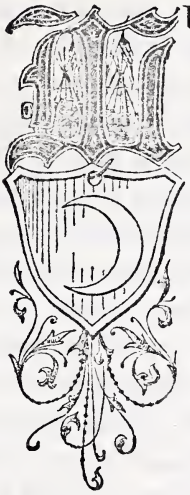
When Meade came again to confront the enemy, he found him in strong position and ready for a fight. Had Meade

attacked, he would have met the fate of Magruder at Malvern Hill or Burnside at Fredericksburg. It has been asserted that Lee was deficient in ammunition at Williamsport, and that a resolute attack would have insured success; but such was not the fact. Meade says in his testimony: "I had reason to believe that ammunition trains had been brought from Winchester, and crossed on the Ferry at Williamsport for the supply of General Lee's army. . . . I had positive information that ammunition trains had been ferried across at Williamsport;" and General Imboden, in the article above quoted, says: "This would have been fatal to us, but for the opportune arrival at the critical moment of an ammunition train from Winchester. The wagons were ferried across to our side as soon as possible, and driven on the field in a gallop." This was on the morning of the 6th, so that when Meade came on the 12th, there was no lack of ammunition for all arms.

There was only one contingency in which Meade can with justice be blamed for not attacking at Williamsport. General Lee says in his report: "Ewell's corps forded the river at Williamsport, those of Longstreet and Hill crossed upon the bridge. Owing to the condition of the roads, the troops did not reach the bridge until after daylight on the 14th, and the crossing was not completed until one P. M., when the bridge was removed." As at Gettysburg Lee held his front firmly until the evening of the 5th, giving no opportunity to attack with a prospect of success, and then retired under the cover of darkness, so here at Williamsport he held his impregnable ground until dark of the 13th, and again disappeared under the shelter of the night. But if it be true that any considerable part of his army was on the North bank at daylight of the 14th, Meade is guilty of negligence for not knowing it and attacking. It was the only occasion he had of striking a successful blow. But the probability is that only a small number of the enemy's troops remained at that time in the morning when Meade could have got his forces forward to the points of attack, and then only the opportunity of fighting a rear-guard would have been presented.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### NUMBERS ENGAGED, LOSSES, AND BURIAL OF THE DEAD AT GETTYSBURG.



UCH diversity of opinion has prevailed respecting the numbers engaged at Gettysburg, and the casualties on the part of the enemy. The rebels were accustomed in stating the forces brought into battle, to give the muskets actually carried in the ranks, instead of the names found on the rolls, while the Union leaders estimated their strength according to the latter basis, which was rarely less than a third, sometimes a half, more than the muskets actually borne. General Hooker, who was remarkably successful in keeping himself informed of the enemy's numbers as well as their designs, says: "With regard to the enemy's force, I had reliable information. Two Union men had counted them as they passed through Hagerstown, and, in order that there might be no mistake, they compared notes every night, and if their counts differed they were satisfactorily adjusted by compromise. In round numbers Lee had 91,000 infantry and 280 pieces of artillery; marching with that column were about 6000 cavalry. It will be remembered that a portion of the enemy's cavalry crossed the Potomac below Edward's Ferry and went into Maryland to join Ewell between me and Washington; this column numbered about 5000 men." General Meade says: "I think General Lee had about 90,000 infantry, from 4000 to 5000 artillery, and 10,000 cavalry." This would give an aggregate of one hundred and four or five thousand of all arms.

Longstreet says, that "there were at Gettysburg 67,000 bayonets; or above 70,000 of all arms." Lee was obliged to leave strong guards all the way from Winchester to Gettysburg;

besides, it is reported by the inhabitants, that the country was full of rebel stragglers, and when they heard that a great battle was in progress, believed that the rebel army was not half of it up.

According to the testimony of Butterfield, the strength of the Union army, as shown by returns made on the 10th of June, was 78,255, thus distributed: First corps, 11,350; Second, 11,361; Third, 11,898; Fifth, 10,136; Sixth, 15,408; Eleventh, 10,177; Twelfth, 7925. To this should be added two brigades of the Pennsylvania Reserve corps, some 4000 men, which joined the Fifth, Lockwood's Maryland brigade of 2500 that was attached to the Twelfth, Stannard's Vermont brigade, whose time of service had nearly expired, of 2500 more, which joined Doubleday's division of the First corps, and 12,000 cavalry, which would give a gross sum of 99,000 men. The force of 11,000 under French at Harper's Ferry and at Frederick, though under General Meade's orders, never joined the Army of the Potomac in Pennsylvania, and had no part nor lot in the battle, never having come nearer the field than Frederick, and should not therefore be taken into the account. These 99,000 represent the numbers borne upon the rolls, but by no means show the true numbers standing in the ranks. In this record the First corps is credited with 11,350; but we know that on the morning of the 1st of July it could muster but 8200. If the difference in all the corps between the number borne upon the rolls and the number present to go into battle was as great as in this, the sum total of the army was reduced to 72,000.

General Meade testifies: "I think the returns showed me, when I took command of the army, amounted to about 105,000 men; included in those were the 11,000 of General French, which I did not bring up, which would reduce it down to about 94,000. Of that 94,000 I was compelled to leave a certain portion in the rear to guard my baggage trains. . . . . I must have had on the field at Gettysburg but little short of 300 guns; and I think the report of my Chief of artillery was that there were not more than two batteries that were not in service during that battle." General Meade may have omitted in this estimate some portion of troops who joined him after receiving command of the army, probably those of Stannard and Lockwood.

The estimates of the numbers of Lee's army by both Hooker and Meade are substantially the same. They make the aggregate vary from 105,000 to 107,000. After allowing for straggling, and for troops not up, the statement of Longstreet of the number actually upon the Gettysburg field tallies very nearly with these figures; for applying the same rule which we did above to the Union numbers, we have 76,300. But there may have been, and probably was, more straggling on the rebel than on the Union side.

We may therefore fairly conclude that Lee crossed the Potomac with something over 100,000 men, and actually had upon the field in the neighborhood of 76,300, and Meade, rejecting the forces of French, with something less than 100,000, and went into battle with about 72,000.

But in neither army was there at any one time this number of effective troops on the field. On the first day, Doubleday had but 8200 infantry and 2200 horse, and when Howard came he brought an addition of 7410, making a total of 17,810, while the enemy had four divisions which could not have been less than 30,000.

On the second day the whole rebel army was up with the exception of Pickett, Stuart, and Imboden, whose several strengths subtracted from the gross sum would leave 63,800 upon the field, nearly all of whom were hotly engaged. On the Union side, the whole strength was up before the close of the day's work; but the Sixth corps, having marched thirty-four miles, was unserviceable, was not used, and was practically off the field, as was also Buford's division of cavalry, which was ordered away to Westminster before the battle began. Deducting these from the Union aggregate, it would leave a force actually on the field of barely 59,000.

On the third day Lee had his whole force, with the exception of the small body of Imboden, on the field, as did the Union commander.

But on no day are the estimates here given veritable; for the two armies represented quantities that were constantly varying, the losses during every moment of the actual fighting being very great. On the first day the losses of dead and wounded were

greater on the rebel than on the Union side, while the loss by capture was somewhat greater on the Union. On the second day the losses by killed and wounded were nearly equal, with but few prisoners on either side. On the third day the enemy lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, very heavily, while on the part of the Union it was an extremely economical fight, only a small portion of the army being engaged, and these under cover, so that the casualties were comparatively light.

The losses, in the aggregate, on both sides in the three days of fighting were immense. On the Union side, General Meade says in his official report, they "amounted to 2834 killed, 13,709 wounded, and 6643 missing; in all 23,186." Of the rebel losses no accurate report has been made. General Lee says: "It is not in my power to give a correct statement of our casualties, which were severe, including many brave men, and an unusual proportion of distinguished and valuable officers." It is estimated that the loss to the enemy in killed was 5500; though Mr. Samuel Weaver, who was charged with removing the Union dead to the National Cemetery, places the number considerably higher. He says: "In searching for the remains of our fallen heroes, we examined more than 3000 rebel graves. . . . I have been making a careful estimate, from time to time, as I went over the field, of rebel bodies buried on this battle-field and at the hospitals, and I place the number at not less than 7000 bodies." General Meade reports 13,621 rebel prisoners taken. Of the number of rebel wounded it is impossible to form a correct judgment. Many were left on the field and along the roadside, all the way from Gettysburg to Williamsport, and large numbers were taken back in the trains to Virginia. If we place the killed at 5500, and allow five wounded to one killed, which is about the usual proportion, we have 27,500 wounded. A. H. Guernsey, the author of "Harper's Pictorial History of the War," after the most patient research and careful observation, estimates the rebel loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners at Gettysburg, at 36,000 men. "The entire loss," he says, "to this army during the six weeks, from the middle of June, when it set forth from Culpeper to invade the North, to the close of July, when it returned to the starting point, was about 60,000." General Meade reports

the capture of three cannon, forty-one standards, and 25,000 small arms.

On the rebel side, Major-Generals Hood, Pender, Trimble, and Heth were wounded, Pender mortally; Brigadier-Generals Barksdale and Garnett were killed, and Semmes mortally wounded. Brigadier-Generals Kemper, Armistead, Scales, G. T. Anderson, Hampton, J. M. Jones, and Jenkins were also wounded, Archer was taken prisoner, and Pettigrew was wounded, and subsequently killed in the action at Falling Waters.

In the Union army, Major-General Reynolds, and Brigadier-Generals Vincent, Weed, and Zook were killed. Major-Generals Sickles, Hancock, Doubleday, Gibbon, Barlow, Warren, and Butterfield, and Brigadier-Generals Graham, Paul, Stone, Barnes, and Brooke were wounded, General Sickles losing a leg.

A great triumph had been achieved by the Union arms. But at what a cost! and what a spectacle did that field present! Amidst "the thunder of the captains, and the shouting," thousands of the gallant and brave, who three days before had marched as joyfully as the boldest, had been stricken down, and had poured out their life blood like water; and thousands, cold in death, were scattered on every conceivable part of that gory field.

Professor Jacobs in his "Later Rambles," says: "For several days after the battle, the field everywhere bore the fresh marks of the terrible struggle. The soil was yet red with the blood of the wounded and slain, and large numbers of the dead of both armies were to be seen lying in the place where the fatal missiles struck them. . . . The work of interring 9000 dead, and removing about 20,000 wounded to comfortable quarters, was a herculean task. The rebel army had left the most of their dead lying unburied on the field, as also large numbers of their badly wounded, and had fled for safety. . . . There was considerable delay in properly interring the corpses that lay on the field of battle. It was only after rebel prisoners, who had been taken in the vicinity after the battle, were impressed into this service, especially into that of covering up the bodies of their fallen comrades, that the work was finally completed. Whilst some of these prisoners went into this work with reluctance and murmur-

ing, others did it cheerfully, saying, 'It is just what we have compelled the Yankees to do for us!' Although the field was thoroughly searched, the dead were not all discovered until it was impossible to perform for them what humanity, under other circumstances, would have demanded. In front of Little Round Top, amongst huge rocks, lay all summer long the decaying bodies of half a dozen or more of rebels, who had probably belonged to Hood's division, and, having been wounded on July 2nd, in their desperate effort to take Little Round Top, may have crept into the open spaces between these rocks for shelter or for water. There they died undiscovered, and when found they were so far gone in decomposition that they could not be removed. And such also was the position in which they lay that it was impossible to cover them with earth.

"Great surprise is sometimes expressed by visitors because they do not find so many graves as they had expected to see. 'You tell us,' say they, 'that there were about 3500 Union, and about 5500 rebel soldiers killed in this battle; but we do not see so many graves. Where were they buried?' The answer has uniformly been, 'The whole ground around Gettysburg is one vast cemetery.' The men are buried everywhere. When they could conveniently be brought together, they were buried in clusters of ten, twenty, fifty, or more; but so great was their number, and such the advanced stage of decomposition of those that had lain on the field for several days during the hot weather of July, together with the unavoidable delay, that they could not be removed. In gardens and fields, and by the roadside, just where they were found lying, a shallow ditch was dug, and they were placed in it and covered up as hastily as possible. The ground is, consequently, all dotted over with graves; some fields contain hundreds of places indicating by the freshly turned up earth, and perhaps by a board, a shingle, a stick, or stone, that the mortal remains of a human being lie there. . . . Rose's farm, especially a wheatfield, and Sherfy's peach orchard, were points of desperate and bloody contest. The wheatfield was strewn with rebel dead, and one grave near Rose's garden alone contains 400 of them. . . . Their remains will probably never be removed from the spot they now occupy, and doubtless in future time the

plough will turn up their crumbling bones, together with the remnants of the weapons they used in the atrocious warfare. The vicinity of Gettysburg will thus remain a vast charnel-house, and for years to come will be visited by mourning friends."

A few weeks after the battle the writer passed over the field. It was not difficult then to trace the lines of the two armies, for the grass and even the turf was completely worn away for a considerable breadth throughout their whole extent. Cartridge-boxes, knapsacks, bayonet-sheaths, haversacks, coats, caps, and tin cartridge-cases were scattered in profusion over the whole ground, and trodden into the mud which the rains of the fourth day caused. None of the dead had then been removed, and they lay as they were left by the burying parties of the two armies. Many had never been moved from the places where they fell; all the burial they received being a little earth thrown upon them, and where earth could not be got, loose stones and fragments of rocks were used. As the rains came the earth was washed off, and in many places the extremities of the limbs were exposed. At one point, in front of Little Round Top, was a boot with the leg in it just as it had been torn from the body. Dead horses still lay thick on all parts of the field. The citizens had piled rails around some and burned them. Near the grove where stood Stannard's brigade, was a pool of stagnant water, in which were the carcasses of nine horses.

The roar of artillery, and the sulphurous smoke ascending heavenward, had scarcely told that the battle was on before the agents of the Sanitary Commission began to arrive upon the field with stores for the hospitals. Dr. Steiner, in charge of two wagons, well loaded, left Frederick on the 29th of June. One of them, accompanied by Dr. McDonald and the Rev. Mr. Scandlin, fell into the hands of the enemy, and these gentlemen, bound on errands of mercy and heavenly consolation to the wounded of friend and foe alike, were taken to Richmond, where they were subjected to the hard lot of rebel imprisonment, from the effect of which Mr. Scandlin died. He was a protegé of Father Taylor, of Boston, the sailor's friend; was a native of England, and had served in the British navy. He received his professional education at the theological school in Meadville, Pennsylvania. His

treatment by the enemy is one of the foul stains upon the conduct of the rebel authorities. The other wagon reached the field on the evening of the first day. "As soon," says Dr. Steiner, "as the wounded began to come in, I started out with the wagons to distribute the stores. We reached five different hospitals, which were all we were able to find that night, and early in the morning three others, which exhausted our stores. We were just in time to do the most good possible, as the government wagons had been sent back ten miles, and many of the hospitals were not supplied with material sufficient for immediate use. These stores consisted of concentrated beef soup, stimulants, crackers, condensed milk, concentrated coffee, corn starch, farina, shirts, drawers, stockings, towels, blankets, quilts, bandages, and lint, articles in immediate need among the suffering." Other supplies came by the way of Westminster, and before the railroad was open to Gettysburg, twelve wagon loads had been brought up.

The work of this commission, from long experience, was efficiently done. Every part was thoroughly systematized, and reached to the inmates of the most insignificant hospitals. Not the least useful was the system of visitation, which had for its object examination into the wants of the inmates, and the making complete lists of the names of the wounded, which were forwarded to Washington, enabling the authorities to promptly and intelligently answer any inquiries made there respecting them. Of the hospitals on the rebel line there were those of the divisions of Hood, McLaws, Anderson, Early, and Johnson, on the Fairfield road; of Johnson, on the Hunterstown; of Heth, at Pennsylvania College; of Rodes, on the Mummasburg road; of Pickett, on the Chambersburg; of Pender, on the Cashtown, containing in all 5452 wounded. On the Union side the hospital of the First corps was divided, part being in the town, and the remainder two and a half miles out on the Baltimore pike, and contained 260 rebel and 2779 Union wounded; that of the Second corps was on the banks of Rock Creek, and contained 1000 rebel and 4500 Union; of the Third corps, near the junction of White and Rock Creeks, and contained 250 rebel and 2550 Union; of the Fifth corps, in three divisions, and contained 75 rebel and 1400 Union; of the Sixth corps, also in three divisions, and contained 300 Union;

of the Eleventh corps, at George Spangler's, and contained 100 rebel and 1900 Union; of the Twelfth corps, at the house of George Bushman, and contained 125 rebel and 1131 Union, an aggregate of 16,370. Of these there were 7262 rebel, being the desperately wounded, all others having been removed, or gone back with the retreating columns.

As the Union army was obliged to follow immediately the fleeing enemy, but a limited number of medical officers could be left upon the field, and but few rebel surgeons remained behind. At first these were severely tasked; but volunteers soon began to arrive, many of the most eminent physicians of the country flocking to the field, and freely giving their services. "The labor," says J. H. Douglas, associate secretary of the Sanitary Commission, "the anxiety, the responsibility imposed upon the surgeons after the battle of Gettysburg, were from the position of affairs greater than after any other battle of the war. The devotion, the solicitude, the unceasing efforts to remedy the defects of the situation, the untiring attentions to the wounded upon their part, were so marked as to be apparent to all who visited the hospitals. It must be remembered that these same officers had endured the privations and fatigues of the long forced marches with the rest of the army; that they had shared its dangers, for one medical officer from each regiment follows it into battle, and is liable to the accidents of war, as has been repeatedly and fatally the case; that its field hospitals are often, from the changes of the line of battle, brought under the fire of the enemy, and that while in this situation, these surgeons are called upon to exercise the calmest judgment, to perform the most critical and serious operations, and this quickly and continuously. The battle ceasing their labors continue. While other officers are sleeping, renewing their strength for further efforts, the medical are still toiling. They have to improvise hospitals from the rudest materials, are obliged to make 'bricks without straw,' to surmount seeming impossibilities. The work is unending both by day and by night, the anxiety is constant, the strain upon both the physical and mental faculties unceasing. Thus after this battle, operators had to be held up while performing the operations, and fainted from exhaustion, the operation finished. One completed his labors to

be seized with partial paralysis, the penalty of his over-exertion. While his duties are as arduous, his exposure as great, and the mortality from disease and injury as large as among staff officers of similar rank, the surgeon has no prospect of promotion, of a brevet, or an honorable mention to stimulate him. His duties are performed quietly, unostentatiously. He does his duty for his country's sake, for the sake of humanity. The consciousness of having performed this great duty is well nigh his only, as it must ever be his highest, reward. The medical corps of the army is well deserving this small tribute."

Whoever has followed the phases of this battle, must have been impressed with the stubborn valor displayed on both sides by the common soldiers. The dauntless resolution exhibited in the attacks made it a terribly bloody and destructive conflict, and the unyielding and resolute front of the defence brought victory. But there was no possibility of achieving on either side such sweeping and complete triumphs as are recorded of wars in other countries, and in other days, in a contest between two armies where the common soldiers were of such a temper and in such earnest as were these.

It is a sad spectacle to see the manhood of two, claiming to be Christian peoples, thus march out to a field, like trained pugilists, and beat, and gouge, and pummel each other until one or the other, from exhaustion, must yield. It is revolting and sickening, and it is hoped that the day will come when disputes arising among nations may be settled by conference, as two reasonable and upright men would decide a difference, governed by the golden rule, instead of resorting to blows where right and justice must be subordinate to brute force. But in a great battle like that which we have been considering, it is not the soldiers themselves who are responsible; but the parties which make the quarrel. Hence, while the mind revolts at the scenes of destruction which the field discloses, the immediate actors are not to be held accountable. They go in obedience to the dictates of duty and of patriotism, and while they may indulge no personal hatred toward those who for the time they call enemies, they must in battle inflict the greatest possible injury upon them.

In all ages the highest honors have been reserved for those

who have fought the battles of their country. And this is right. For if there is any deed in the power of a mortal, which can sway the feelings or soften the heart, it is that of one man laying down his life for another. The breast heaves, and the eye is suffused with tears, at the spectacle of Damon putting his life in jeopardy only for his friend, and to how many souls have come the agonies of repentance, and the joys of sins forgiven in contemplation of the Saviour dying upon the cross. There is a halo of glory hovering about the profession of arms. It has its seat in the sacrifice of self, which is its ruling spirit. The man who stands upon the field of battle and faces the storm of death that sweeps along, whether he merely puts his life thus in jeopardy, or is actually carried down in death, torn and mangled in the dread fight, is worthy of endless honors; and though we may class the deed with the lowest of human acts, prompted by a hardihood which we share with the brutes, and in which the most ignorant and besotted may compete with the loftiest, yet it is an act before which humanity will ever bow and uncover. Who that walked that field of carnage, and beheld the maimed and mangled, and him cold in death, could withhold the tribute of honor and respect? for, could he make that dying soldier's lot his own, or that of his nearest and dearest friend, he would only then justly realize the sacrifice.

When, therefore, the friends of the dead came sorrowing, to seek their lifeless remains, they were struck with horror at the imperfect manner in which the burials had been executed. No one was more strongly impressed with the duty of immediately providing for the proper interment of these fallen patriots than Governor Curtin, the Executive of Pennsylvania. He intrusted the business of maturing a plan to Mr. David Wills, of Gettysburg. Acting under the instruction of the Governor, this gentleman purchased a plot of some seventeen acres on Cemetery Hill, adjoining the village cemetery on the north and west, where the centre of the Union line of battle had rested, and where the guns of Steinwehr and the men of the Eleventh corps fought. The eighteen states, whose troops gained the battle, joined in this enterprise. By an Act of the legislature, the title to the ground was vested in the State of Pennsylvania, in trust for all

the states having dead buried there, and a corporate body was created consisting of one from each state, to serve without pay, to whom its care was entrusted, the expense to be borne in proportion to the representation in Congress.

The work of laying out the grounds, and suitably adorning them, was performed by an eminent landscape gardener, William Saunders. His suggestions upon the subject, accompanying the drawings, were eminently just. The great disparity in the number of the dead from the different states to be interred, demanded a plan that should obviate criticism as to preference in position. To this end a semicircular form was adopted, the head of every body pointing towards a common centre, which should be made the site for the monument. "The prevailing expression," he says, "of the Cemetery should be that of simple grandeur. Simplicity is that element of beauty in a scene that leads gradually from one object to another, in easy harmony, avoiding abrupt contrasts and unexpected features. Grandeur, in this application, is closely allied to solemnity. Solemnity is an attribute of the sublime. The sublime in scenery may be defined as continuity of extent, the repetition of objects in themselves simple and commonplace. We do not apply this epithet to the scanty tricklings of the brook, but rather to the collected waters of the ocean. To produce an expression of grandeur, we must avoid intricacy and great variety of parts, more particularly must we refrain from introducing any intermixture or meretricious display of ornament. The disposition of trees and shrubs is such that will ultimately produce a considerable degree of landscape effect. Ample spaces of lawn are provided. These will form vistas, as seen from the drive, showing the monument and other prominent points. . . . As the trees spread and extend, the quiet beauty produced by these open spaces of lawn will yearly become more striking."

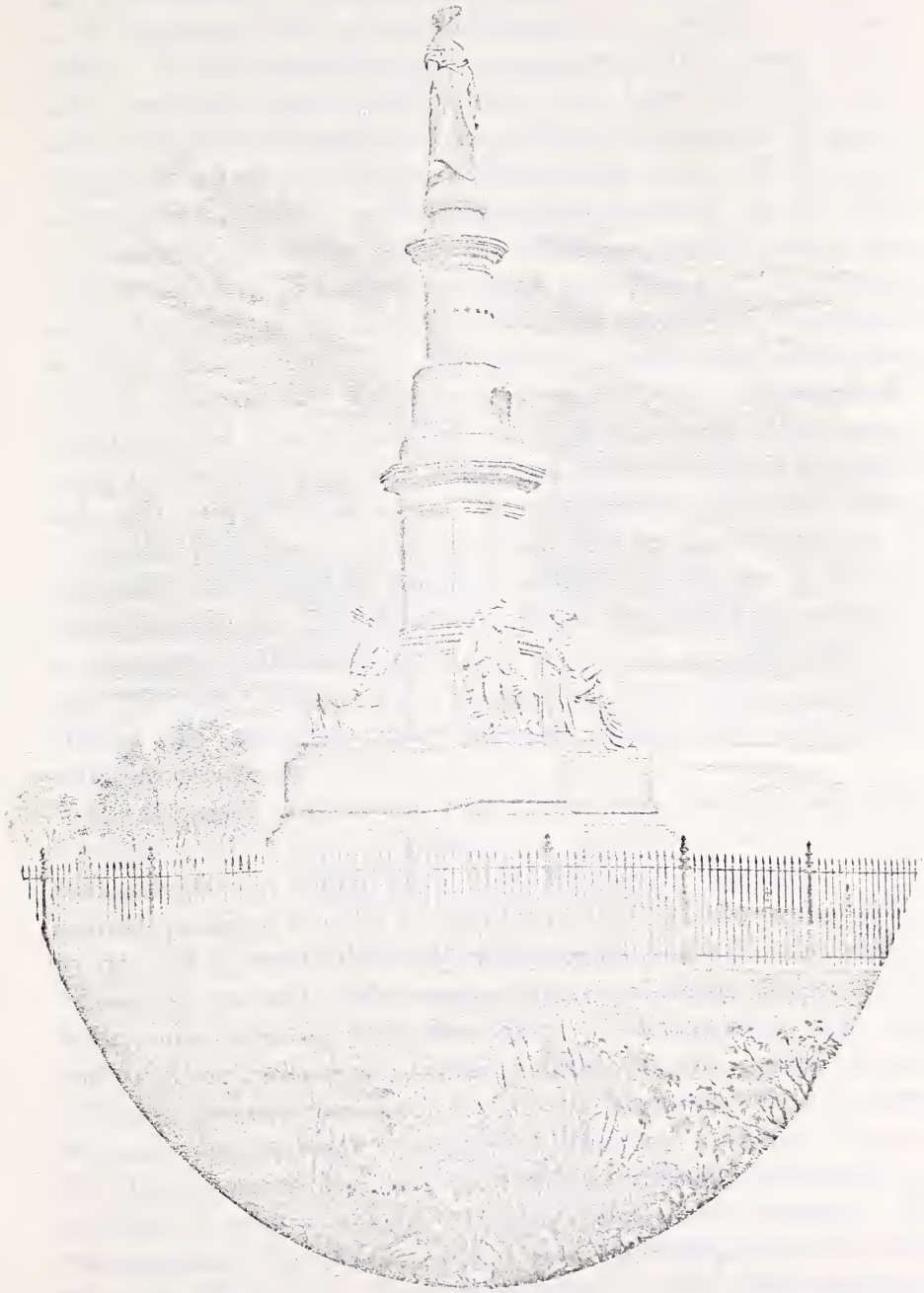
A contract was entered into with F. W. Biesecker, for disinterring the dead and reinterring their remains in their last resting place, a work which was commenced on the 27th of October, 1863, and completed on the 18th of March following. The whole number thus buried was 3512. The entire work was done under the superintendence of Samuel Weaver, who executed

his arduous trust with great care and judgment. "Through his untiring and faithful efforts, the bodies in many unmarked graves have been identified in various ways. Sometimes by letters, by papers, receipts, certificates, diaries, memorandum books, photographs, marks on the clothing, belts, or cartridge boxes, have the names of the soldiers been discovered. Money, and other valuables, have frequently been found, which, when the residence of the friends is known, have been immediately sent to them. Those not returned are carefully packed up and marked, and every effort will be made to find the friends of the deceased, and place these articles in their possession. Words would fail to describe the grateful relief that this work has brought to many a sorrowing household! A father, a brother, a son has been lost on this battle-field, supposed to be killed, but no tidings whatever have the bereaved friends of him. Suddenly, in the progress of this work, his remains are discovered by sure marks, letters, probably photographs, and they are deposited in a coffin with care, and buried in this very appropriate place, on the battle-field where he fell, the Soldiers' National Cemetery."

Of the condition in which the remains were found Mr. Weaver says: "Where bodies were in heavy clay soil, or in marshy places, they were in a good state of preservation. Where they were in sandy, porous soil, they were entirely decomposed." Of the articles found upon the bodies of the dead the following may be cited as examples: "G. W. Sprague, the grape-shot that killed him, two knives, two rings and comb;" "James Kelley, company K, Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania regiment, ambrotype, sixty cents, comb, medal;" "Unknown, pocket-book, and hair of father, mother, sister, and brother." Of the entire number interred, 3512, Maine had 104; New Hampshire, 49; Vermont, 61; Massachusetts, 159; Rhode Island, 12; Connecticut, 22; New York, 867; New Jersey, 78; Pennsylvania, 534; Delaware, 15; Maryland, 22; West Virginia, 11; Ohio, 131; Indiana, 80; Illinois, 6; Michigan, 171; Wisconsin, 73; Minnesota, 52; U. S. Regulars, 138; Unknown, 979. Several of the Western States had but few troops in the Army of the Potomac, and hence their loss was correspondingly small, while New York, which had the greatest number, suffered most severely. The Cemetery is enclosed on the

south, west, and north sides by a solid wall of masonry, surmounted with a heavy dressed coping stone, and on the east by an iron fence separating it from the village cemetery. The design for a monument by J. G. Batterson, of Hartford, Connecticut, was adopted by the commissioners, after an examination of a large number submitted. "The whole rendering of the design is intended to be purely historical, telling its own story, with such simplicity that any discerning mind will readily comprehend its meaning and purpose. The superstructure is sixty feet high, and consists of a massive pedestal, twenty-five feet square at the base, and is crowned with a colossal statue representing the Genius of Liberty. Standing upon a three-quarter globe, she raises with her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, while with the left she gathers up the folds of our national flag, under which the victory has been won. Projecting from the angles of the pedestal are four buttresses, supporting an equal number of allegorical statues, representing respectively WAR, HISTORY, PEACE, and PLENTY. *War* is personified by a statue of the American soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to History the story of the battle which this monument is intended to commemorate. *History*, in listening attitude, records with stylus and tablet the achievements of the field, and the names of the honored dead. *Peace* is symbolized by a statue of the American mechanic, characterized by appropriate accessories. *Plenty* is represented by a female figure, with a sheaf of wheat and fruits of the earth, typifying peace and abundance as the soldier's crowning triumph. The panels of the main die between the statues are to have inscribed upon them such inscriptions as may hereafter be determined. The main die of the pedestal is octagonal in form, panelled upon each face. The cornice and plinth above are also octagonal, and are heavily moulded. Upon this plinth rests an octagonal moulded base bearing upon its face, in high relief, the National arms. The upper die and cap are circular in form, the die being encircled by stars equal in number with the states whose sons contributed their lives as the price of the victory won at Gettysburg."

By the unanimous voice of the agents of the several states, Edward Everett, the eminent orator, statesman, and publicist, was invited to deliver an oration upon the occasion of the con-



secration of the grounds. In his note accepting the invitation Mr. Everett said: "The occasion is one of great importance, not to be dismissed with a few sentimental or patriotic commonplaces. It will demand as full a narrative of the events of the three important days as the limits of the hour will admit, and some appropriate discussion of the political character of the great struggle of which the battle of Gettysburg is one of the most momentous incidents." The ceremonies occurred on the 19th of November, at which time the address, modelled upon the plan sketched in the above sentence, was delivered in presence of the President of the United States, Mr. Lincoln, the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, the Ministers of France and Italy, the French Admiral, the Governors of many States, Members of Congress, and a vast concourse of citizens, among whom were many representatives of the Army and Navy. "One of the most sad and impressive features of the solemnities," says Mr. Wills, "was the presence, in the procession and on the grounds, of a delegation of about fifty wounded soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, from the York Hospital. These men had been wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, and were present in a delegation to pay this just tribute to the remains of their fallen comrades. During the exercises, their bronzed cheeks were frequently suffused with tears."

Mr. Everett's oration was one of the most eloquent and well wrought of his many addresses on important events in the national history which have made his name illustrious. The opening passages were in his peculiar vein, and are so beautiful, so apt, and so ornate that they will ever be recalled with delight. "Standing beneath this serene sky, overlooking these broad fields, now reposing from the labors of the waning year, the mighty Alleghenies dimly towering before us, the graves of our brethren beneath our feet, it is with hesitation that I raise my poor voice to break the eloquent silence of God and Nature. But the duty to which you have called me must be performed;—grant me, I pray you, your indulgence and your sympathy. It was appointed by law in Athens, that the obsequies of the citizens who fell in battle should be performed at the public expense, and in the most honorable manner. Their bones were carefully

gathered up from the funeral pyre, where their bodies were consumed, and brought home to the city. There, for three days before the interment, they lay in state, beneath tents of honor, to receive the votive offerings of friends and relatives,—flowers, weapons, precious ornaments, painted vases, (wonders of art, which after two thousand years adorn the museums of modern Europe,)—the last tributes of surviving affection. Ten coffins of funeral cypress received the honorable deposit, one for each of the tribes of the city, and an eleventh in memory of the unrecognized, but not therefore unhonored, dead, and of those whose remains could not be recovered. On the fourth day the mournful procession was formed: mothers, wives, sisters, daughters led the way; and to them it was permitted by the simplicity of ancient manners, to utter aloud their lamentations for the beloved and the lost; the male relatives and friends of the deceased followed; citizens and strangers closed the train. Thus marshalled, they moved to the place of interment in that famous Ceramicus, the most beautiful suburb of Athens, which had been adorned by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, with walks and fountains and columns,—whose groves were filled with altars, shrines, and temples,—whose gardens were kept forever green by the streams from the neighboring hills, and shaded with the trees sacred to Minerva and coeval with the foundation of the city,—whose circuit enclosed

> 'The olive Grove of Academe,
> Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
> Trilled his thick warbled note the summer long;'—

whose pathways gleamed with the monuments of the illustrious dead, the work of the most consummate masters that ever gave life to marble. There, beneath the overarching plane trees, upon a lofty stage erected for the purpose, it was ordained that a funeral oration should be pronounced by some citizen of Athens, in the presence of the assembled multitude.

"Such were the tokens of respect required to be paid at Athens to the memory of those who had fallen in the cause of their country. For those alone who fell at Marathon a peculiar honor was reserved. As the battle fought upon that immortal field was distinguished from all others in Grecian history for its influence

over the fortunes of Hellas,—as it depended upon the event of that day whether Greece should live, a glory and a light to all coming time, or should expire like the meteor of a moment,—so the honors awarded to its martyr-heroes were such as were bestowed by Athens on no other occasion. They alone of all her sons were entombed upon the spot which they had forever rendered famous. Their names were inscribed upon ten pillars, erected upon the monumental tumulus which covered their ashes, (where, after 600 years, they were read by the traveller Pausanias,) and although the columns, beneath the hand of time and barbaric violence, have long since disappeared, the venerable mound still marks the spot where they fought and fell,—

> 'That battle-field where Persia's victim horde
> First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword.'

"And shall I, fellow-citizens, who, after an interval of twenty-three centuries, a youthful pilgrim from the world unknown to ancient Greece, have wandered over that illustrious plain, ready to put off the shoes from off my feet, as one that stands on holy ground,—who have gazed with respectful emotion on the mound which still protects the dust of those who rolled back the tide of Persian invasion, and rescued the land of popular liberty, of letters, and of arts, from the ruthless foe,—stand unmoved over the graves of our dear brethren, who so lately, on three of those all important days which decide a nation's history,—days on whose issue it depended whether this august republican Union, founded by some of the wisest statesmen that ever lived, cemented with the blood of some of the purest patriots that ever died, should perish or endure,—rolled back the tide of an invasion not less unprovoked, not less ruthless, than that which came to plant the dark banner of Asiatic despotism and slavery on the free soil of Greece? Heaven forbid! And could I prove so insensible to every prompting of patriotic duty and affection, not only would you, fellow-citizens, gathered many of you from distant states, who have come to take part in these pious offices of gratitude,—you, respected fathers, brethren, matrons, sisters, who surround me,—cry out for shame, but the forms of brave and patriotic men, who fill these honored graves, would heave with indignation beneath the sod."

A single clause from the peroration will illustrate the happy manner in which, with a few master strokes, he glorified the field and the dead who there fell, whose last resting place he was aiding to consecrate. "The spots on which they stood and fell; these pleasant heights; the fertile plain beneath them; the thriving village whose streets so lately rang with the strange din of war; the fields beyond the Ridge, where the noble REYNOLDS held the advancing foe at bay, and, while he gave up his own life, assured by his forethought and self-sacrifice the triumph of the two succeeding days; the little streams which wind through the hills on whose banks in after times the wondering plowman will turn up, with the rude weapons of savage warfare, the fearful missiles of modern artillery; Seminary Ridge, the Peach Orchard, Cemetery, Culp, and Wolf Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top, humble names, henceforward dear and famous,—no lapse of time, no distance of space shall cause you to be forgotten."

The dedicatory address was reserved to President Lincoln, who after the conclusion of Mr. Everett's oration, delivered the following:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that the

dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that Governments of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Short and simple in sentiment and structure, it is yet a most impressive and appropriate piece of composition. So well does it embody the thought which seemed struggling for utterance in every breast, that a word added to, or subtracted from it, would mar its harmony and faultless conception. But, however perfect its formation, its delivery was more solemn and impressive than is possible to conceive from its perusal. Major Harry T. Lee, who was one of the actors in the battle, and who was present upon the platform at the dedication, says that the people listened with marked attention throughout the two hours that Mr. Everett spoke; that his oration was finished, grand, lofty, though as cold and unimpassioned as the marble which pressed the forms of the sleeping dead; but that when Mr. Lincoln came forward, and with a voice burdened with emotion, uttered these sublime words, the bosoms of that vast audience were lifted as a great wave of the sea; and that when he came to the passage, "The brave men living and dead who struggled here," there was not a dry eye, and he seemed bewailing the sad fate of men, every one of whom was his brother.

When he had concluded, Mr. Everett stepped forward, and taking him by the hand, said in a manner which showed how fully he felt what he uttered: "Ah! Mr. Lincoln, I would gladly give all my forty pages for your twenty lines." The *Westminster Review*, one of the most dignified and scholarly of the English quarterlies, always chary of praise for literary excellence in an American, and which during the late war preserved an attitude of little sympathy for the cause in whose interest the battle was gained, said of this address: "His oration at the consecration of the burial ground at Gettysburg has but one equal, in that pronounced upon those who fell during the first year of the Peloponnesian war, and in one respect it is superior to that great speech. It is not only more natural, fuller of feeling, more touching and pathetic, but we know with absolute certainty that it was really delivered. Nature here really takes precedence of art, even though it be the art of Thucydides."

The monument, above described, was completed in 1868. It is of granite procured from Westerly, Rhode Island. The four figures about the base, and the colossal one upon the summit, are of marble, and were cut in Italy. The whole was constructed by Mr. Batterson, the designer. The names of the dead are not inscribed on the monument, but on granite headstones, which mark the place where each reposes. Dedicatory services were held upon the ground on the 1st of July, 1869, when General Meade delivered a brief address, Governor O. P. Morton, of Indiana, an oration, and Bayard Taylor an ode. General Meade alluded in touching words to the bereaved by that battle, and earnestly urged in conclusion the propriety and the duty of gathering the remains of the Confederate dead and giving them burial in some suitable ground to be devoted to that special purpose, justly observing that the burial originally was from necessity very imperfect. Mr. Morton described briefly the course of the battle, and traced the progress of freedom since the memorable era of 1776, deducing the conclusion that the triumph of the Union cause was due to its devotion to the principles of liberty. Mr. Taylor dwelt in a chaste, and well conceived poetic vein upon the fruits which should be gathered from the struggle, and concluded in these fitting lines:

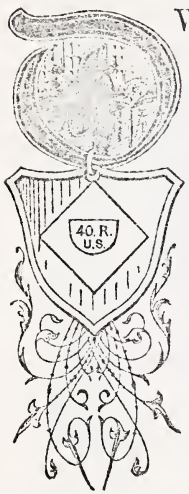
"Thus, in her seat secure,
Where now no distant menaces can reach her,
At last in undivided freedom pure,
She sits, the unwilling world's unconscious teacher;
And, day by day, beneath serener skies,
The unshaken pillars of her palace rise—
The Doric shafts, that lightly upward press,
And hide in grace their giant massiveness.
What though the sword has hewn each corner-stone,
And precious blood cements the deep foundation?
Never by other force have empires grown;
From other basis never rose a nation!
For strength is born of struggle, faith of doubt,
Of discord law, and freedom of oppression.
We hail from Pisgah, with exulting shout,
The Promised Land below us, bright with sun,
And deem its pastures won,
Ere toil and blood have earned us their possession!
Each aspiration of our human earth
Becomes an act through keenest pangs of birth;

Each force, to bless, must cease to be a dream,
And conquer life through agony supreme;
Each inborne right must outwardly be tested
By stern material weapons, ere it stand
In the enduring fabric of the land,
Secured for those who yielded it, and those who wrested!

This they have done for us who slumber here,
Awake, alive, though now so dumbly sleeping;
Spreading the board, but tasting not its cheer,
Sowing but never reaping;—
Building, but never sitting in the shade
Of the strong mansion they have made;—
Speaking their words of life with mighty tongue,
But hearing not the echo, million-voiced,
Of brothers who rejoiced,
From all our river-vales and mountains flung!
So take them, Heroes of the songful Past!
Open your ranks, let every shining troop
Its phantom banners droop,
To hail Earth's noblest martyrs, and her last!
Take them, O God! our Brave,
The glad fulfillers of Thy dread decree;
Who grasped the sword for Peace, and smote to save,
And, dying here for Freedom, died for Thee!"

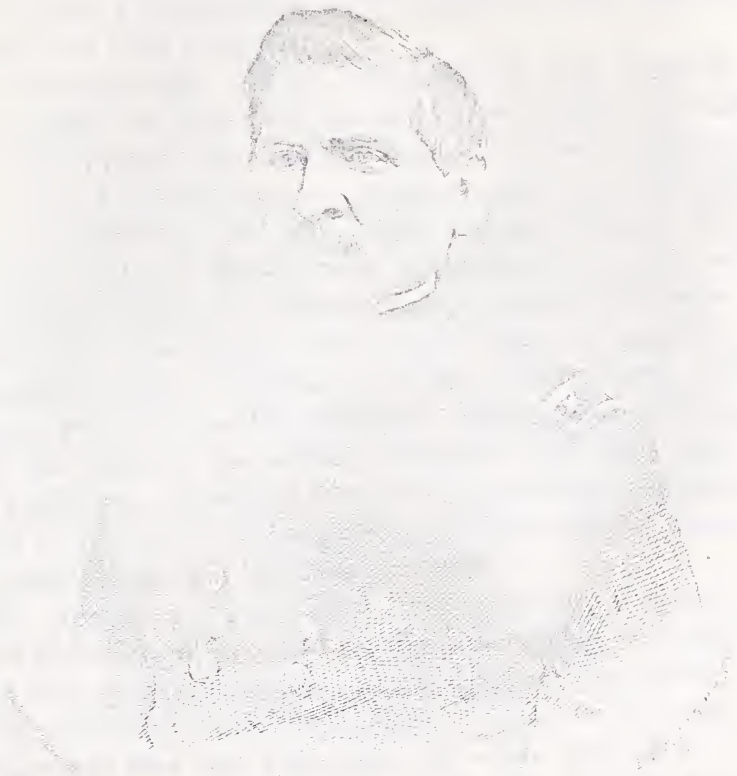
## CHAPTER XVII.

THE MILITIA—CAPTURE OF MORGAN—BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG—FINAL TRIUMPH—DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.




OWING to the suddenness with which the battle of Gettysburg was precipitated and won, the militia which had been called out for this emergency did not come to mortal conflict except in meeting the advanced guard of the enemy in the Cumberland valley, and after the battle, in advancing upon his flanks as he retired to the Potomac. General (Baldy) Smith, who had the active command in the valley, when he found the enemy retiring before him for the purpose of participating in the great battle, moved forward with his column cautiously, and when General Meade came up with the foe at Williamsport, Smith's column was reported in readiness to join in the battle which was expected there to take place. But the enemy having made good his escape across the river, the services of the militia were no longer needed.

The Thirty-sixth and Fifty-first regiments were sent to Gettysburg, where Colonel H. C. Alleman, the commander of the Thirty-sixth, was made Military Governor of the district embracing the battle ground and all the territory contiguous in any way pertaining to the battle. He was charged with gathering in the wounded and stragglers from both armies, in collecting the *débris* of the field, and in sending away the wounded as fast as their condition would permit. The following trophies are reported to have been gathered and turned over to the agent of the War Department deputed to receive them, or were shipped directly to the National Arsenal at Washington: 26,664 muskets, 9250



W. G. Sickel

bayonets, 1500 cartridge-boxes, 204 sabres, 14,000 rounds of small arm ammunition, 26 artillery wheels, 702 blankets, 40 wagon loads of clothing, 60 saddles, 60 bridles, 5 wagons, 510 horses and mules, and 6 wagon loads of knapsacks and haversacks. From the various camps and hospitals on the field and in the surrounding country, were sent away to hospitals in northern cities, 12,061 Union soldiers, 6197 wounded rebels, 3006 rebel prisoners, and 1637 stragglers.

The Forty-seventh, Colonel Wickersham, was sent to the mining regions of Schuylkill county, where trouble was threatened; but through the resolute front, and timely precautions of the Colonel commanding, no collision occurred. The Thirty-eighth, Colonel Horn, the Forty-ninth, Colonel Murphy, and the Fifty-third, Colonel Royer, were sent into the north central portions of the state, to enforce authority where disturbance was apprehended. The Forty-sixth, Colonel John J. Lawrence, the Fifty-ninth, Colonel McLean, and the Thirty-fourth, Colonel Albright, were sent to Philadelphia. Rioting and wild disorder was at the moment prevailing among the turbulent classes in New York city, and seemed ready at any moment to break forth here in lawless acts. By the prudence of these officers the excitement was allayed, and bloodshed averted.

John Morgan, a daring rebel cavalry leader, that he might make a diversion in favor of Lee, who was moving on Gettysburg, set out from Sparta, Tennessee, on the 26th of June, the day after that on which the last of Lee's forces crossed the Potomac, with two thousand men and four guns, for a raid through the border free states. Recruits joined him on the way through Kentucky until his numbers were doubled, and his guns increased to ten. He crossed the Ohio river at Brandenburg, forty miles below Louisville, on the 7th of July, and struck out boldly through the country, burning mills, destroying railroads and telegraph lines, and levying contributions of money and horses. Trees were felled to impede his course, and the militia sprang up on all sides to harass, but not in sufficient force to corner him. He was followed by Union cavalry under Generals Hobson and Shackleford, and gunboats upon the Ohio patrolled the river. Having passed through Salem, Versailles, Sardinia, Piketon, and Jackson

without encountering any considerable opposition, he approached the Ohio river at Pomeroy on the 19th, and commenced crossing, intending to make good his escape, when suddenly the gunboats hove in sight, and a force of infantry appeared upon his rear. Without awaiting a contest he betook himself to flight, leaving his guns, wagons, and about six hundred of his men to be captured, and made the best of his way to Belleville, where, on the following day, he again commenced to cross; but the gunboats again cut short the passage. Shackleford and Hobson, coming up in his rear, he was driven to an inaccessible bluff, where the major part of his command, after a brief parley, was compelled to surrender. The terms of the surrender were supposed to embrace all, but Morgan with a considerable body of his men stole away, and made for a point upon the river further up. As soon as it became evident that he was heading towards Pennsylvania, and seemed likely to reach it, General Brooks, in command of the Department of the Monongahela, sent a portion of his forces by rail from Pittsburg, to guard the upper fords of the Ohio. The Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania militia, Colonel R. B. McComb, was sent on the 11th to Parkersburg, and in company with troops under General Wallace, was posted in the vicinity, a part of the Fifty-fifth occupying the lower portion of Blennerhassett island. On Friday the 24th, General Brooks moved his headquarters temporarily to Wellsville, and ordered three of his regiments, the Fifty-fourth, Colonel Thomas F. Gallagher, the Fifty-seventh, Colonel James R. Porter, and the Fifty-eighth, Colonel George H. Bemus, to move down, and take position at the different fords along the river, between Steubenville and Wheeling. The Fifty-seventh arrived first, and halted at Portland Station to cover the Warrenton ford, Colonel Porter, with the right wing occupying strong ground on the Hill road, and the left wing under Major Reid, on the valley road. The Fifty-eighth arrived next, and in conjunction with a section of artillery, and two companies of Kentucky cavalry, occupied Le Grange opposite Wellsville. The Fifty-fourth came last, and was ordered first to Mingo Station, and afterwards to the ford at Rush Run, midway between the positions of the other two regiments. On Friday night, the 24th, Morgan was near Mount

Pleasant, heading for Warrenton ford, where he would have crossed but for the timely arrival of Colonel Porter. On Saturday morning, being pressed in the rear, he again attempted to break through at Warrenton; but finding his way blocked, he turned northward towards Smithfield, feeling successively the positions of Gallagher and Bemus. Seeing that escape by these routes was equally hopeless, he again struck out and made for Richmond, passing by Steubenville. At Wintersville, on Saturday afternoon, he encountered the Steubenville militia, and at night bivouacked between Richmond and Springfield, his scouts reconnoitring the fords above. To checkmate this last move, Porter's command was moved up to Island Creek, while Gallagher and Bemus were posted at fords higher up, to intercept him, if he should strike for Shanghai, Yellow Creek, or points further on. Learning by his scouts that all the avenues of escape were strongly held, he did not await the coming of the morning, but moved in the darkness in the direction of Salineville, where he was early attacked by Major Way, of the Michigan cavalry, and lost some three hundred in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Colonel Gallagher had reached Salineville by the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad, and had formed line of battle near the village; but after the charge of Major Way, the enemy drew off in the opposite direction, and turned again northward, as if to strike Smith's Ferry, or Beaver. Again were the Pennsylvania regiments moved up, and preparations made to meet this new disposition, when tidings were received that General Shackleford had captured Morgan, and what was left of his band. The prisoners were at once placed in charge of the Fifty-eighth, and were held until turned over to the authorities of the Department, by whom they were incarcerated in the Ohio Penitentiary in retaliation for alleged irregular treatment of Colonel Straight by the rebel government. As soon as the chase for Morgan was over, the Pennsylvania regiments returned to camp, near Pittsburg.

With the close of this raid ended the rebel invasion of the North of 1863. Further service for which the militia had been called was no longer required, and during the months of August and September, the majority of the men were mustered out. In the department of the Monongahela, there were five regiments

and a company of artillery, and one of cavalry, an aggregate of 3750. In the department of the Susquehanna were thirty-one regiments of infantry, besides a number of independent companies of infantry and artillery, aggregating 28,354. There were, in addition, 4486 troops recruited in this period in these departments for six months' service. The sum total called forth by the invasion in addition to the regular contributions to the United States service, was 36,574. With few exceptions, they did not engage the enemy. But they, nevertheless, rendered most important service. They came forward at a moment when there was pressing need. Their presence gave great moral support to the Union Army, and had that army been defeated at Gettysburg, they would have taken the places of the fallen, and would have fought with a valor and desperation worthy of veterans. Called suddenly to the field from the walks of private life, without a moment's opportunity for drill or discipline, they grasped their muskets, and by their prompt obedience to every order, showed their willingness—all unprepared as they were—to face the enemy before whom veterans had often quailed. The bloodless campaigns of the militia may be a subject for playful satire; but in the strong arms and sturdy hearts of the yeomanry of the land, who spring to arms at the moment of danger, and when that danger has passed cheerfully lay them down again, rests a sure guaranty for the peace and security of the country.

The year 1863 closed hopefully for the Union. The capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson in mid-summer had opened the Mississippi river, and had severed the rebel power. The victory at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge had saved the Union Army there from destruction, to which it was threatened, and rendered that important position secure. Longstreet, who had besieged Burnside at Knoxville, was foiled in his purposes and driven away with considerable loss. And the gaining of the Battle of Gettysburg by the Army of the Potomac had relieved the border territory at the east, and had so broken the power and *esprit* of the Army of Northern Virginia, as to greatly modify the dread which it had inspired.

But the rebel authority was everywhere defiant; and while the armies were in winter quarters, vigorous efforts were put forth to

fill their depleted ranks, and be prepared to enter upon the spring campaign with renewed power. So thoroughly was the country searched and the men gathered up that General Grant afterwards very significantly observed: "The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, guarding railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons in intrenched positions. A man lost by them cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force."

In the Union Army, a large portion of the Pennsylvania troops, recruited for three years, would in a few months be entitled to discharge. Opportunities were given them to re-enlist for an additional term, and thus become veteran regiments. On this condition a liberal furlough was offered, and the privilege afforded to fill up their depleted ranks with new recruits. Large numbers embraced this proposition, and the winter of 1863–64 was made memorable by the return of veteran soldiers, and activity in recruiting fresh levies.

The spring campaign of 1864 opened early in May on the part of the Army of the Potomac, General Grant, who had been made Lieutenant General and placed in command of all the armies of the United States, accompanying it, and having the general direction of its operations. The Battle of the Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg followed in rapid succession and with terrible destruction of life. In the meantime General Sigel had been left in command of the Department of West Virginia, and by his order, simultaneously with the movement of Grant into the Wilderness and Sherman towards Atlanta, General Crook moved from Kanawha for the destruction of the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, and General Averell, with another column, pushed out from Beverly to coöperate with Crook. Sigel in person, with 8500 troops, moved up the valley, and at New Market met the enemy under Breckenridge, where Sigel was defeated and retired to Cedar Creek. He was soon after relieved, and General Hunter succeeded him, who, having repaired losses and stripped to light marching order, again commenced an advance up the valley. At Piedmont a battle was fought in which Hunter gained a handsome victory, and the rebel commander, William E. Jones, was

killed. Hunter pushed forward to form junction with Crook and Averell, who had been ordered up, fought at Quaker Church, and moved upon Lynchburg, an important depot of supply to the rebel army, repulsing the enemy on the 18th of June in their attack upon him. From prisoners taken Hunter discovered that he was fighting veteran troops of Lee's army, and that Early had been detached with an entire corps, which was hourly arriving by rail. Hunter found that he was in a perilous situation, two hundred and fifty miles from his base, with ammunition running low, and greatly outnumbered. He, accordingly, determined to retire by the Kanawha Valley, and thence back by the Ohio river and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Martinsburg. This left the Shenandoah Valley open to the enemy, and he was not slow to take advantage of his opportunity.

Early advanced into Maryland at the beginning of July, was checked for a while at the Monocacy by General Lew Wallace, but soon forced his way to the outer defences of the city of Washington. By this time troops from the Army of the Potomac arrived—the Sixth corps under General Wright, and the Nineteenth under General Gilmore—and Early was driven back into the valley.

The approach of the enemy to the border created much solicitude among the inhabitants of Maryland and Pennsylvania, who had felt the weight of the invaders' blows in the previous years. Upon intelligence of the enemy's advance being received, the farmers again sent away their stock, and the merchants in the towns and villages their merchandize and valuables. General Couch was still at the head of the Department of the Susquehanna, and when it was discovered that Hunter had been driven, and that Early with a large army was moving down for the annual invasion, a call was made for volunteers from Pennsylvania to serve for the period of one hundred days in the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and at Washington and its vicinity. Under this call six regiments and a battalion of six companies were raised. Recognizing the great danger to which the border was exposed from daring rebel raiders, Governor Curtin, and Governor Bradford of Maryland united in a request to the General Government that the forces raised for this emergency

should be retained within the limits of these states; but this was refused. General Couch also made a request that the General Government should simply furnish uniforms to citizen soldiers to be raised in the six border counties most exposed, who should hold themselves as minute men ready to fly to arms the moment a rebel force was found approaching. This also was refused. The regiments of one hundred days men as fast as they were got ready for the field were called away, the last regiment leaving the state on the 29th of July.

On the very evening of this day, the rebel Generals McCausland and Johnson, with some three thousand mounted men with six guns, crossed the Potomac at Clear Spring and moved at once to Mercersburg, seizing and cutting the telegraph wires before any messages could be sent. The place was picketed by forty-five men under Lieutenant McLean, who gallantly checked the advance, as he withdrew, keeping his face to the foe. Another rebel column under Vaughn and Jackson, consisting of three thousand more mounted men, crossed at Williamsport, and advanced to and beyond Hagerstown, and a third crossed at Shepherdstown and marched to Leitersburg. General Averell with the remnants of his command, consisting of less than 2500 effective troops, worn out with the hard service in the Hunter campaign, was in the neighborhood of Hagerstown, and finding himself overmatched and hemmed in on three sides, withdrew towards Greencastle, and thence by Mount Hope, fearing a combined attack. Lieutenant McLean, at the instant he was apprised of the presence of the enemy, and found that the telegraph wires were broken, sent a messenger to warn General Couch, who was at Chambersburg. This officer, though a Major General, and in command of a department, was without troops, and the most he could do was to gather all the Government stores and move them away by rail, and give notice to the citizens to prepare themselves for the advent of the foe. Lieutenant McLean, who kept a bold front, was driven as far as the western turnpike at St. Thomas by one o'clock A. M. of Saturday the 30th, and at three A. M. had reached the western toll-gate leading into the town of Chambersburg. As the stores were not yet all ready for shipment, Major Maneely of Couch's staff determined to hold the enemy in check until all

could be got away, boldly pushed out with one gun, aided by a squad of men, and planting it on a hill a short distance west of the fair ground, opened fire, killing one and wounding five by his first discharge. As it was too dark to discover just what force was opposing them, the enemy halted until daylight. By that time the trains had all been moved, and, being well mounted, Maneely and McLean with the handful of men were able to withdraw without loss. The enemy employed his time, while thus checked, in planting his batteries in commanding positions, and in bringing up his entire column. At six A. M. he opened with his batteries upon the town; but after firing a few shots, which fortunately did no damage, and discovering that there was no force opposing him, he ordered an advance. Suddenly his skirmishers entered by every street and alley leading from the south and southwest, and finding the way clear, four hundred and fifty of the cavalry came dashing in. McCausland was in command, accompanied by Generals Bradley Johnson and Harry Gilmore. While the leaders were making terms with citizens whom they met for the ransom of the town, the soldiers were busy in plundering. "Hats, caps, boots, watches and silver-ware, and everything of value were appropriated without ceremony from citizens on the streets, and when a man was met whose appearance indicated a plethoric purse, a pistol was presented to his head, with the order to 'deliver,' with a dexterity that would have done credit to the freebooting accomplishments of an Italian brigand."

Not finding any representative persons to furnish the money demanded to save the place, McCausland ordered the Court House bell rung to draw the people together. But few persons, however, came. Captain Fitzhugh, an officer of McCausland's staff, produced an order, which he read to those present, signed by General Jubal Early, directing the command to proceed to Chambersburg and demand $100,000 in gold, or in lieu thereof $500,000 in Northern currency, and if the demand was not complied with, to burn the town in retaliation for six houses alleged to have been destroyed, or in some way injured by Hunter in his campaign in the upper part of the valley,—a town of 6000 inhabitants, with all its dwellings and public edifices, set

against six buildings of some sort, far up the Shenandoah Valley. But no attention was paid to the threat. Infuriated by the indifference of the citizens, Gilmore rode up to a group, consisting of Thomas B. Kennedy, William McLellan, J. McDowell Sharpe, Dr. J. C. Richards, William H. McDowell, W. S. Everett, Edward G. Etter, and M. A. Foltz, and ordered them under arrest. Hoping to gain by intimidation what he had failed to obtain voluntarily, they were told that they would be held for the payment of the sum demanded, and in default they would be driven captives to Richmond, and the town destroyed. While he was thus employed the torch was applied, and the fell work of destruction was begun, the hostages being released when it was found that threats would have no effect.

Scarcely ten minutes from the time the first building was fired, the whole business and most thickly peopled part of the town was in flames. No notice was given to the inhabitants of the intention to burn, and no time was allowed for the removal of women and children, but like fiends let loose from the nether world, they went straight to their work. Burning parties were sent into each quarter of the town, and having apportioned the streets, the work was made thorough and quick. Every house, or, at most every other house, was fired. Entering by beating down the door, if found closed, they would break up the furniture, and pouring oil upon it, apply the torch. No conception can be formed of the horrors of the scene. The following graphic account, published in the *Rebellion Record*, is understood to be from the pen of Mr. McClure, previously quoted: "They almost invariably entered every room of each house, rifled the drawers of every bureau, appropriated money, jewelry, watches, and any other valuables, and often would present pistols to the heads of inmates, men and women, and demand money or their lives. In nearly half the instances, they demanded owners to ransom their property, and in a few cases it was done and the property burned. Although we have learned of a number of persons, mostly widows, who paid them sums from twenty-five to two hundred dollars, we know of but one case where the property was saved thereby. The main object of the men seemed to be plunder. Not a house escaped rifling—all were plundered of everything

that could be carried away. In most cases houses were entered in the rudest manner, and no time whatever allowed even for the families to escape, much less to save anything. Many families had the utmost difficulty to get themselves and children out in time, and not one half had so much as a change of clothing with them. They would rush from story to story to rob, and always fire the building at once, in order to keep the family from detecting their robberies. Feeble and helpless women and children were treated like brutes—told insolently to get out or burn; and even the sick were not spared. Several invalids had to be carried out as the red flames threatened their couches. Thus the work of desolation continued for two hours; more than half of the town on fire at once; and the wild glare of the flames, the shrieks of women and children, and often louder than all, the terrible blasphemy of the rebels, conspired to present such a scene of horror as has never been witnessed by the present generation. No one was spared save by accident. The widow and the fatherless cried and plead in vain that they would be homeless and helpless. A rude oath would close all hope of mercy, and they would fly to save their lives. The old and infirm who tottered before them were thrust aside, and the torch applied in their presence to hasten their departure. So thoroughly were all of them masters of the trade of desolation, that there is scarcely a house standing in Chambersburg to-day that they attempted to burn, although their stay did not exceed two hours. In that brief period, the major portion of Chambersburg—its chief wealth and business—its capital and elegance, were devoured by a barbarous foe; three millions of property sacrificed; three thousand human beings homeless and many penniless, and all without so much as a pretence that the citizens of the doomed village, or any of them, had violated any accepted rule of civilized warfare. Such is the deliberate, voluntary record made by General Early, a corps commander in the insurgent army. The Government may not take summary vengeance, although it has abundant power to do so; but there is One whose voice is most terrible in wrath, who has declared, 'Vengeance is mine,—I will repay!'"

The Rev. Dr. Schneck, who was an eyewitness and a sufferer,

in addition to his own vivid description of the scene, has given, in a little volume devoted to this subject, the testimony of several citizens who saw all. "As to the result," says the Rev. Joseph Clark, "I may say that the entire heart or body of the town is burned. Not a house or building of any kind is left on a space of about an average of two squares of streets, extending each way from the centre, with some four or five exceptions where the buildings were isolated. Only the outskirts are left. The Court House, Bank, Town Hall, German Reformed Printing Establishment, every store and hotel in the town, and every mill and factory in the space indicated, and two churches were burned. Between three and four hundred dwellings were burned, leaving at least 2500 persons without a home or a hearth. In value three-fourths of the town was destroyed. The scene of desolation must be seen to be appreciated. Crumbling walls, stacks of chimneys, and smoking embers, are all that remain of once elegant and happy homes. As to the scene itself, it beggars description. My own residence being in the outskirts, and feeling it the call of duty to be with my family, I could only look on from without. The day was sultry and calm, not a breath stirring, and each column of smoke rose black, straight, and single; first one, then another, and another, and another, until the columns blended and commingled, and then one lurid column of smoke and flame rose perpendicularly to the sky, and spread out into a vast crown like a cloud of sackcloth hanging over the doomed city; whilst the roar and surging, the crackling and crash of falling timbers and walls, broke upon the still air with a fearful dissonance; and the screams and sounds of agony of burning animals made the welkin horrid with echoes of woe. It was a scene to be witnessed and heard but once in a lifetime."

Mr. McClure owned a beautiful residence about a mile from the town, called Norland. Passing over all the houses on the way this was singled out for destruction, and Captain Smith, son of the Governor of Virginia, was sent to apply the torch. Mrs. McClure had for several days been confined to her bed by severe illness. But her weak and infirm condition could not avail to save the home from destruction. This lady had shown great kindness to sick and wounded soldiers of both armies, care

which had been acknowledged since their departure in the most grateful manner; but even this service, the evidence of which was exhibited in the missives which had just been received, had no weight, and the mansion and well-stored barns were converted to a mass of ruins.

"The streets," says Mr. John K. Shryock, "were filled with smoke and flame, and almost impassable. After we had reached a temporary shelter, my wife returned to the scene of destruction, as a bird to its nest, and on her way was stopped before a burning house in which a corpse was lying and a little child at the point of death. The dead woman was gotten out with difficulty and buried in the garden without shroud or coffin, and the child was barely rescued and placed in her arms. . . . In some cases women attempted to extinguish the fire, and were prevented by threats and personal violence. Some were thrust from their houses, others were struck, and in some instances pistols were drawn upon them. One lady had a bucket of water, which she had brought to extinguish the fire, thrown in her face. In almost every case the sick and infirm were hindered from leaving their homes. There appeared to be a desire to have some burned if possible by accident. . . . Cows and dogs and cats were burned, and the death cries of the poor dumb brutes sounded like the groans of human beings. It is a picture that may be misrepresented but cannot be heightened."

"Never was there so little saved," says the Rev. T. G. Apple, "at an extensive fire. Sixty-nine pianos were consumed. The most sacred family relics, keepsakes, and portraits of deceased friends, old family bibles handed down from past generations, and the many objects imparting a priceless value to a Christian home, and which can never be replaced, were all destroyed. In the dim moonlight we meditated among the ruins; chimney stacks and fragments of walls formed the dreary outline of ruined houses. Not a light was left but the fitful glowing of embers, amid the rubbish that fills the cellars. The silence of the grave reigns where oft we have heard the voice of mirth and music, of prayer and praise. Now and then some one treads heavily along in the middle of the street; for the pavements are blocked up with fallen walls."

Of the spirit which was preserved under these calamities the Rev. Dr. Schneck says: "In regard to the first, I am enabled to say, that during the whole course of my life, I have not witnessed such an absence of despondent feeling under great trials and sudden reverses of earthly fortune, never such buoyancy and vigor of soul, and even cheerfulness amid accumulated woes and sorrows, as I have during these four weeks of this devastated town; and I leave you to imagine the many cases of extreme revulsion from independence and affluence to utter helplessness and want. The widow and fatherless, the aged and infirm, suddenly bereft of their earthly all, in very many instances, even of a change of clothing; large and valuable libraries and manuscripts, the accumulations of many years, statuary, paintings, precious and never to be replaced mementoes, more valuable than gold and silver,—gone forever. . . . A highly intelligent and pious woman in a remote part of the county, a few days after the burning, called at the house in which a number of the homeless ones were kindly cared for. The large dining table was surrounded by those who, a few days before, were in possession of all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Pleasant and cheerful conversation passed around the board. The visitor alone seemed sad and out of tune. Tears stood in her eyes as she looked around upon us. 'I am amazed beyond measure at you all,' she said, 'I expected to see nought but tears, hear only lamentations and sighs, and here you are as I have seen and known you in your bright and happy days, calm, serene, and even cheerful!' When one of our number replied, that no tear over the losses sustained had yet been shed by herself, but many tears at the numerous tokens of Christian sympathy and generous aid from far and near to relieve the immediate necessities of the sufferers, she added: 'God be thanked for your words; they flow like precious ointment, deep down into my heart. Oh, what a commentary on the promised grace of God.' And we all felt, I am sure, that among the many gifts of our heavenly Father, not the least was

'A cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.'

"In regard to the feeling of revenge, so natural to the human

heart, I have been gratifyingly disappointed. Among the heaviest sufferers, by far the largest proportion have not only expressed themselves decidedly opposed to the spirit of retaliation, but have used their best efforts to dissuade our soldiers from carrying their threats into execution when an opportunity should offer. They have gone farther, and have drawn up a petition in which they earnestly implore the Government in Washington to prevent to the utmost anything of the kind on the part of our army. They believe it to be morally wrong, no matter what may be the provocation from the other side, and have always condemned the destruction of private property by our troops in the South, whenever isolated instances of the kind were reported. They believe, moreover, with our wise and judicious Governor, that retaliation, 'can do no good to our own people, but a great deal of harm.'"

The leading journals of New York city were loud in their denunciation of the people of Chambersburg, because they did not rise and beat back the foe. But how senseless was this fault-finding will be apparent when we consider that the force actually surrounding the town was 3100 mounted men, accompanied by two batteries, and there were in addition two other columns within supporting distance amounting at least to 5000 more; that the advance guard stole upon the force at Mercersburg, and cut the wires before intelligence of their coming could be sent forward; and that the few officials and guards at Chambersburg had hardly time to gather up government property and get it away before the enemy were within the town, holding complete sway. There were not men enough in the town, nor the whole county together, had they been armed and thoroughly drilled, to have made any head against these veteran troops, well furnished with artillery, which were engaged in this raid. There were barely one hundred and fifty Government soldiers under General Couch's command, and consequently he was powerless. General Averell, with two or three thousand cavalry, was ten miles away, and might possibly have interposed, together with such help as he could have extemporised, a sufficient resistance to have saved the town, had he previously known the enemy's purpose. But he was himself expecting an attack, and was bracing himself to receive it, well knowing that he was inferior in numbers to the

foe, and that his command was broken down with hard service in the recent disastrous campaign in West Virginia. The large wagon train of Hunter's army, which had been sent back from the Potomac, had passed through Chambersburg on the afternoon of the 29th. With this train was a strong guard which, if it could have remained at the town, might also have afforded some protection, and with Averell's command would for a time at least have been more than a match for the advanced column of the enemy. But these, as well as Averell's troops, were under the command of General Hunter, and over them General Couch had no authority. So that to no party could any blame be reasonably attributed. We can now see how, if the purpose of the foe had been known in advance, Averell and the train guard, and the soldiers of Couch, and the citizens, might have been gathered up and moulded into a force sufficient to have protected the town for the moment, yet even then not to have made headway against the combined forces of the enemy. But McCausland came as a thief in the night, and his work in two hours was done. Averell reached the town at three P. M. of the 30th; but the foe had then been gone five hours.

The city of New York, whence these diatribes came which were levelled against the people of Chambersburg, had throughout the war been the seat and hiding place of a most turbulent and dangerous class, and it had been necessary to call veteran soldiers from the front in large bodies to hold it in subjection. If, then, that great and populous city could not control the disaffected class in its own midst, with how poor a grace could it point the finger of reproach to the people of a defenceless town for not beating back a powerful body of veteran enemy, when suddenly attacked?

Governor Curtin, on the 1st day of August, issued his proclamation calling together the Legislature, which convened on the 9th of that month, to take measures for the state defence. In his message to that body, on this occasion, his Excellency referred in just terms of rebuke to the sentiment which had been so ruthlessly displayed. "How could an agricultural people, in an open country, be expected to rise suddenly, and beat back hostile forces which had defeated organized veteran armies of the Govern-

ment? It is of course, expected that the inhabitants of an invaded country will do what is in their power to resist the invaders; and the facts hereafter stated will show, I think, that the people of the counties have not failed in this duty. If Pennsylvania, by reason of her geographical position, has required to be defended by the national forces, it has only been against a common enemy; it has never been necessary to weaken the army in the field, by sending heavy detachments of veterans to save her cities from being devastated by small bands of ruffians, composed of their own inhabitants, nor have her people been disposed to sneer at the great masses of law-abiding citizens in any other state who have required such protection. Yet when a brutal enemy, pursuing a defeated body of Union forces, crosses our border and burns a defenceless town, the horrid barbarity, instead of firing the hearts of all the people of our common country, is actually in some quarters made the occasion of mocks and jibes at the unfortunate sufferers, thousands of whom have been rendered homeless; and these heartless scoffs proceed from the very men who, when the state authorities, forseeing the danger, were taking precautionary measures, ridiculed the idea of there being any danger, sneered at the exertions made for the purpose of meeting it, and succeeded, to some extent, in thwarting their efforts to raise forces. These men are themselves morally responsible for the calamity over which they now chuckle and rub their hands. It might have been hoped—nay, we had a right to expect—that the people of the loyal states, engaged in a common effort to preserve their Government and all that is dear to a freeman, would have forgotten, at least for the time, their wretched local jealousies, and sympathized with all their loyal fellow citizens, wherever resident within the borders of our common country. It should be remembered that the original source of the present rebellion was in such jealousies, encouraged for wicked purposes by unscrupulous politicians. The men who for any purpose now continue to encourage them, ought to be held as public enemies—enemies of our Union, our peace—and should be treated as such. Common feelings, common sympathies, are the necessary foundations of a common free government."

After reciting the history of previous invasions of the state and the measures taken for its defence, he recommended the raising of a special corps for the protection of the border. He says: "I also recommend that the Governor be authorized to form, either by the acceptance of volunteers or by draft, in such parts of the state as he may deem expedient, a special corps of militia, to consist in due proportions of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, to be kept up to the full number of fifteen regiments, to be styled Minute Men, who shall be sworn and mustered into the service of the state for three years; who shall assemble for drill at such times and places as he may direct; who shall be clothed, armed, and equipped by the state, and paid when assembled for drill or called into service; and who shall at all times be liable to be called into immediate service for the defence of the state, independently of the remainder of the term enlisted for. As this force would be subjected to sudden calls, the larger part of it should be organized in the counties adjoining our exposed border, and as the people of those counties have more personal interest in their protection, the recommendation is made to authorize the Governor to designate the parts of the state in which it shall be raised, and save the time and expense of transporting troops from remote parts of the state, and the subsistence and pay in going to and from the border. A body of men so organized will, it is believed, be effective to prevent raids and incursions."

In compliance with the recommendations of the Governor, the Legislature promptly passed acts of the 22d and the 25th of August, providing for the organization to be known as the State Guard, to consist of fifteen regiments. Lemuel Todd was appointed Inspector General, under whose immediate agency the corps was to be organized. An order was issued on the 30th by the Governor calling for volunteers, to form three regiments of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and four batteries of field artillery, as the first portion of this corps. "Although strenuous efforts were made," says General Todd in his annual report, "to recruit the force in nearly every county of the Commonwealth, the attempt proved a total failure, attributable to inherent defects in the law, and the then pending United States draft." The acts

provided that if volunteering failed to bring out the requisite strength, a draft should be resorted to, and the assessors were required to make a careful enrolment of the arms-bearing population. An order was issued by the Governor directing such an enumeration to be made. Much time was consumed in this labor, and in hearing appeals for exemptions.

In the meantime a new military character had come upon the scene, destined to eclipse by the boldness of his achievements all previous conduct of affairs in the Valley, and to render a force for the defence of the border unnecessary. On the 2d of August, General Philip H. Sheridan was sent to Washington, and a few days after was put in command of the Middle Department including that of West Virginia, Washington, and the Susquehanna, and an ample force of all arms was given him. He soon initiated a campaign of unexampled brilliance, and so thoroughly beat the enemy in repeated encounters, and laid waste the fertile region whence the rebel supplies had heretofore been largely drawn, as to make it untenable even for a defensive army. No force being needed in Pennsylvania, further attempts to recruit the contemplated corps were abandoned.

The work of recruiting the national army, however, was vigorously pushed, a record of the number furnished by each locality was kept in the Provost Marshal General's office at Washington, where all recruits were accredited, and when calls were made for additional troops, each township and village was allowed the opportunity of filling its share by volunteers. If not able to do so, then the draft was resorted to.

The campaign for the spring of 1865 opened early, and with great activity along the whole front. Indeed, the army of Sherman had not stopped to go into winter-quarters, but in its march to the sea and its subsequent campaign through the Carolinas had been kept in almost constant activity. Sheridan having pushed from the valley upon the James River canal which he destroyed, and the railroads leading to the rebel capital, marched for Grant's army before Petersburg, which he reached on the 27th of March. This was the signal for the general advance, of which Sheridan took the lead. Leaving only the Ninth corps before Petersburg, the remaining corps followed the cavalry by the left

flank. At first, it was a movement for the destruction of the two railroads by which the rebel army was fed; but as the Union commander warmed to the work, and saw the success of his encounters with the enemy, he changed his plan, and instead of confining himself to cutting off supplies and hemming in the foe, he wrote to Sheridan: "I now feel like ending the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back. I do not want you, therefore, to cut loose and go after the enemy's roads at present. In the morning push round the enemy, and get on his right rear. We will act altogether as one army here, until it is seen what can be done with the enemy."

That was all the order that a soldier like Sheridan needed, and on the 9th of April the army of Northern Virginia surrendered. The tidings of this triumph were every where received with great joy. Not long after, the army opposed to Sherman likewise capitulated. But in the meantime, when every household was filled with rejoicing, and while preparations were in progress for public demonstration, a great sorrow fell upon the whole nation. Mr. Lincoln, who had borne the burden of a great war, who had at times been so depressed with the ill fortune of the cause he upheld as to count life as of no value, who, having finally seen his purposes consummated, was about to sit down in peace and quiet to heal the wounds which war had inflicted, and during the evening of his official term to enjoy the fruits of the triumph, while, surrounded by his family and friends, he was witnessing the personation of the play, *Our American Cousin*, was assassinated by an obscure actor, Wilkes Booth, who stealing unobserved from behind, and coming upon the President unawares, shot him down. His sad fate touched every heart, and he was mourned more sincerely the civilized world over, and especially among his own people, than any American, or it may not be too much to say than any human being, ever was. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson very justly remarked on the occasion: "We meet under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civilized society, as the fearful tidings travel over sea, over land from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death

has caused so much pain to mankind, as this has caused or will cause on its announcement." After impressive services at the executive mansion and beneath the great dome of the capitol, the mourning cortege started with the body of the dead President for his home amid the prairies, and it was determined to return by the same route by which he had travelled to the capital a little more than four years before. Officers of the army and navy, representatives of the many departments of the Government, and of the national Congress, were of the sorrowing train. General E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General of the army, as the representative of the War Department, had charge of the ceremonies in the cities through which it passed. In reply to the telegram of General Townsend indicating the intention to pass through Harrisburg, and to remain there from eight o'clock P. M. of Friday to twelve, noon, of Saturday, Governor Curtin returned the following answer: "I propose to take charge of the remains at the line of the state, and to accompany them till they leave it. I will meet them at the border. At Harrisburg they will be placed in the capitol. All military and civil honors will be shown." The greeting of the Governors of Maryland and Pennsylvania was cordial as the latter joined the train. Everywhere as the cortege passed, crowds were gathered, and attested, by uncovered heads and subdued expression, their deep sorrow. Flags were displayed draped in mourning, and many were the emblems of grief. At York, a company of ladies asked permission to lay a wreath of flowers upon the bier. This having been granted, six of their number entered the funeral car, and amid the tolling of bells and the strains of solemn music deposited the flowers upon the coffin, the witnesses to this touching mark of affection being moved to tears.

It was raining heavily when at eight o'clock the train arrived at Harrisburg, but, notwithstanding this, dense crowds filled all the streets and the capitol grounds as the funeral car, escorted by cavalry, infantry, and artillery, passed along. Upon a catafalco erected in front of the Speaker's stand in the Hall of the House of Representatives, richly draped with sable stuffs, and caught by silver stars, the casket which held all that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln was deposited. The face was exposed to

view, and presented the expression which it bore in life, though changed in hue; the lips firmly set but half smiling, and the whole indicating the energy which had characterized the living man. As soon as the doors were thrown open a constant stream of citizens, who had waited patiently for hours under a drenching rain, commenced passing through the hall on either side of the dead, which continued until midnight, when the building was closed. At dawn the concourse again began to move, and continued until the time of departure at midday, thousands being unable to gain admission. A delegation of ladies bore a beautiful floral offering to the capitol, and laid it upon the bier. At Lancaster a similar offering was made. At Philadelphia, after having been escorted by an imposing display of the military through the city, the body was deposited in Independence Hall, where it lay in state during Sunday. At dawn, the avenues through the Hall were opened, and in two lines the sorrowing people moved through, taking the last look at the remains of the Martyr. "Before daylight lines were formed east and west of the Hall, guards being posted at Fifth and Seventh streets, preventing the passage of all except those in lines. By ten o'clock these lines extended from the Schuylkill to the Delaware river." It was estimated that not less than 100,000 persons passed through. Seventy-five veterans who had each lost a leg in the service came in a body and hobbled past his dead corpse, as did also 150 sick and wounded soldiers brought from the hospitals in ambulances. It was a touching spectacle, and no one beheld it unmoved. Flowers, the most rare and beautiful, wrought in every variety which the hand of affection could devise, were placed upon and about the remains with that loving and tender regard which the nearest of earthly ties can excite.

At four o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 24th, under imposing escort, the body was moved to the train which took it to New York. Never was a scene so grand seen in the metropolis. The military with trailing arms, the upturned, sorrowing faces of the multitude, the long, sad train which followed, the whole city, as it were, turned out to pay the tribute of grief, presented the spectacle of a people lamenting a common parent. Thus onward, through all its way to the final resting place in

the rural cemetery at Springfield, near his former home, there was the outpouring of sorrow and demonstrations of bereavement. His deeds and his utterances had enshrined him in the popular heart.

"Such was he, our martyr chief,
Whom late the nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old World mould aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple tempered will,
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust. . . .
His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
Fruitful and friendly for his humankind,
Yet also known to heaven and friend with all its stars.
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes:
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American."

# PART II.

# BIOGRAPHY.



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# CHAPTER I.

## THE KILLED IN BATTLE.

EDWARD D. BAKER, Colonel of the Seventy-first regiment, was born in London, England, on the 24th of February, 1811. When seven years of age he came with his parents, who were Quakers, to Philadelphia. He was early left, with a younger brother, an orphan with no near relatives to whom he could look for protection or aid. He had, however, learned the handicraft of his father, that of a weaver, and he found work in a small establishment in South street, where he earned sufficient for their support. He had, consequently, few opportunities for school education; but he was fond of reading, and eagerly pursued a general and desultory course, acquiring a good acquaintance with the standard English poets. While yet in boyhood, he removed to Illinois, where he embraced the tenets of the religious sect known as Campbellites, and became an ardent travelling preacher. At the age of nineteen, he married the widow of a distinguished member of that body. Burdened with the cares of a family he left the itineracy and commenced the study of the law, upon the practice of which he soon entered, and with signal success. He early developed great power in forensic debates, in which he subsequently disputed the palm with Douglas and Lincoln. He was elected, in 1846, as member of the lower house of Congress. But, in 1847, the Mexican War breaking out, he only took his seat long enough to record his votes in favor of sustaining the Government, when he hastened to join his regiment, the Second Illinois volunteers, which he had raised, and of which he was Colonel. He distinguished himself at Cerro Gordo, and when General Shields was wounded, took command of his

brigade, and led it to the close of the action. He was also in the battles of Vera Cruz, Puebla, and the City of Mexico. He had besides seen some desultory service in the Black Hawk war. While engaged in embarking troops upon a steamer near Mobile, Alabama, for service in Mexico, and in the act of bravely quelling a riot between mutinous soldiers, he was dangerously wounded in the neck and throat.

After his return from Mexico he was again elected to Congress, and in 1850, upon the death of President Taylor, who was his intimate personal friend, and whose cause in the recent campaign he had devotedly championed, he delivered a famous eulogy upon the Life and Character of his Departed Chief. In 1851, he went to Panama on business, where he was stricken down with the coast fever, which came near proving fatal. The tide of emigration was just then setting towards the golden shores of California, and thither he determined to go. He accordingly removed with his family, with the design of making the Pacific coast his permanent home. He soon acquired a reputation for eloquence unsurpassed, and took a leading rank at the California bar. Over the dead body of his friend Broderick, who had fallen nominally in a duel, Colonel Baker delivered an eloquent and most impressive eulogy, in which he declared that Broderick had been assassinated because "he was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt administration."

In 1860, he removed to Oregon, and was elected a member of the United States Senate. This was an arena where his forensic powers had full scope. It was at a period when a drama was enacting, the most tragic, stirring, and grand known to American history. Amid the stormy scenes of that body, where the opening acts of the rebellion were transpiring, where treason was plotted, and treasonable speech was defiantly uttered, he was a master spirit, and met rebellious threats with no cowering or timid front. When Mr. Lincoln came to be inaugurated, his life-long friend, Colonel Baker, came forward and presented him as the President elect, to the assembled thousands of his fellow citizens. The firing upon the flag at Sumter aroused him to bursts of unwonted eloquence, and in the great war meeting convened at Union Park, in New York, on the 20th of April

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following, he spoke in a strain of impassioned oratory, which, flashed upon the wires of the telegraph to the remotest hamlets of the Republic, roused the nation to a sense of impending danger. He said on that occasion: "The majesty of the people is here to-day to sustain the majesty of the constitution, and I come a wanderer from the far Pacific, to record my oath along with yours of the great Empire State. The hour for conciliation has passed, the gathering for battle is at hand, and the country requires that every man should do his duty. Fellow-citizens, what is that country? Is it the soil on which we tread? Is it the gathering of familiar faces? Is it our luxury, and pomp, and pride? Nay, more than these, is it power and majesty alone? No, our country is more, far more than all these. The country which demands our love, our courage, our devotion, our heart's blood, is more than all these. Our country is the history of our fathers—our country is the tradition of our mothers—our country is past renown—our country is present pride and power—our country is future hope and destiny—our country is greatness, glory, truth, constitutional liberty—above all, freedom forever! These are the watchwords under which we fight; and we will shout them out till the stars appear in the sky, in the stormiest hour of battle.

"I have said that the hour of conciliation is passed. It may return; but not to-morrow, nor next week. It will return when that tattered flag (pointing to the flag of Fort Sumter) is avenged. It will return when rebel traitors are taught obedience and submission. It will return when the rebellious confederates are taught that the North, though peaceable, are not cowardly—though forbearing are not fearful. That hour of conciliation will come back when again the ensign of the Republic will stream over every rebellious fort of every confederate state. Then, as of old, the ensign of the pride and power, and dignity and majesty, and the peace of the Republic will return. . . .

"The blood of every loyal citizen of this Government is dear to me. My sons, my kinsmen, the young men who have grown up beneath my eye and beneath my care are dear to me; but if the country's destiny, glory, tradition, greatness, freedom, govern-

ment, written constitutional government—the only hope of a free people—demand it, let them all go. I am not here now to speak timorous words of peace, but to kindle the spirit of manly, determined war. I speak in the midst of the Empire State, amid scenes of past suffering and past glory; the defences of the Hudson above me; the battle-field of Long Island before me, and the statue of Washington in my very face—the battered and unconquered flag of Sumter waving in his hands, which I can almost now imagine tremble with the excitement of battle, and as I speak, I say my mission here to-day is to kindle the heart of New York for war—short, sudden, bold, determined, forward war. The Seventh regiment has gone. Let seventy and seven more follow. Of old, said a great historian, beneath the banner of the cross, Europe precipitated itself upon Asia. Beneath the banner of the constitution, let the men of the Union precipitate themselves upon disloyal, rebellious confederate states. . . . Let no man underrate the dangers of this controversy. Civil war, for the best of reasons upon the one side, and the worst upon the other, is always dangerous to liberty—always fearful, always bloody; but, fellow-citizens, there are worse things than fear, than doubt and dread, and danger and blood. Dishonor is worse. Perpetual anarchy is worse. States forever commingling and forever severing are worse. Traitors and secessionists are worse. To have star after star blotted out,—to have stripe after stripe obscured—to have glory after glory dimmed—to have our women weep, and our men blush for shame throughout generations yet to come,—that and these are infinitely worse than blood. People of New York, on the eve of battle, allow me to speak as a soldier. Few of you know, as my career has been distant and obscure, but I may mention it here to-day, with a generous pride, that it was once my fortune to lead your gallant New York regiment in the very shock of battle. I was their leader, and upon the bloody heights of Cerro Gordo, I know well what New York can do when her blood is up. . . .

"The national banners leaning from ten thousand windows in your city to-day, proclaim your affection and reverence for the Union. You will gather in battalions,

Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms;

and as you gather, every omen of present concord and ultimate peace will surround you. The ministers of religion, the priests of literature, the historians of the past, the illustrators of the present, capital, science, art, invention, discoveries, the works of genius—all these will attend us in our march, and we will conquer. And if from the far Pacific, a voice feebler than the feeblest murmur upon its shore may be heard to give you courage and hope in the contest, that voice is yours to-day; and if a man whose hair is gray, who is well nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion and in such an audience, let me say as my last word, that when, amid sheeted fire and flame, I saw and led the hosts of New York as they charged in contest upon a foreign soil for the honor of your flag; so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword, never yet dishonored—not to fight for distant honor in a foreign land, but to fight for country, for home, for law, for government, for constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity, and in the hope that the banner of my country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves, there glory may pursue and freedom be established."

Moved by that spirit which was first in his heart, and intent on acting patriotism as well as talking it, though a senator of the United States, he obtained authority from the War Department, and immediately set about raising a regiment, not for ninety days—for he understood too well the nature of the contest to harbor a hope that the war would soon be over—but for three years. It was the first regiment ordered for the long period. He called it the California regiment. There were, indeed, a few officers who had been with him in that state, but it was wholly recruited in Pennsylvania, in the counties of Philadelphia and Chester. The states were not prepared, at this time, to accept troops for the war, and this organization was treated as belonging to the regular army, its returns being made accordingly. When it came to be recognized by this Commonwealth, it was known as the Seventy-first Pennsylvania. Its camp was established at Fort Schuyler, in New York harbor, where it was organized and

drilled. The command and care of the regiment, until it should take the field, was intrusted to the Lieutenant-Colonel, Isaac J. Wistar, and Colonel Baker still kept his place in the Senate, where a foe not less daring but far more subtle was to be met. Senators who were at heart with the secessionists, and who were in full fellowship and correspondence in their secret conclaves, still held their seats, and by their inflammatory speeches and predictions sought to encourage the rebellious, and scatter firebrands and discord among the people of the loyal states. As late as August, 1861, Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, who still held his place, in speaking upon the bill for the suppression of insurrection, said: "Gentlemen mistake when they talk about the Union. The Union is only a means of preserving the principles of political liberty. The great principles of liberty existed long before the Union was formed. *They may survive it.* . . . I venture to say that the brave words we hear now about subjugation and conquest, treason and traitors, will be glibly altered the next time the Representatives of states meet under the dome of the capitol. . . . You may look forward to innumerable armies and countless treasure to be spent for the purpose of carrying on this contest, but it will end in leaving us just where we are now. . . . War is separation, in the language of an eminent senator, now no more. It is disunion—eternal, final disunion. . . . Fight for twelve months, and this feeling will develop itself. Fight for twelve months more, and you will have three confederacies instead of two. Fight for twelve months more, and we shall have four."

The burning love of the national honor, dignity, and perpetuity in the breast of Baker would not allow him to suffer such sentiments to pass unrebuked. After examining and refuting in a logical and conclusive manner the objections which Mr. Breckenridge had made to the bill, he thus replied to the general drift of his speech: "I would ask him, what would you have us do *now*—a confederate army within twenty miles of us, advancing, or threatening to advance, to overwhelm your Government, to shake the pillars of the Union; to bring it around your head, if you stay here, in ruins? Are we to stop and talk about an uprising sentiment in the North against the war? Are we to

predict evil, and retire from what we predict? Is not the manly part to go on as we have begun, to raise money, and levy armies, to organize them, to prepare to advance; when we do advance to regulate that advance by all the laws and regulations that civilization and humanity will allow in time of battle? Can we do anything more? To talk to us about stopping, is idle; we will never stop. Will the senator yield to rebellion? Will he shrink from armed insurrection? Will his state justify it? Will its better public opinion allow it? Shall we send a flag of truce? What would he have? Or would he conduct this war so feebly, that the whole world would smile at us in derision? What would he have? These speeches of his, sown broadcast over the land—what clear, distinct meaning have they? Are they not intended for disorganization in our very midst? Are they not intended to dull our weapons? Are they not intended to destroy our zeal? Are they not intended to animate our enemies? Sir, are they not words of brilliant, polished treason, even in the very capitol of the Republic?

"What would have been thought if, in another capitol, in another Republic, in a yet more martial age, a senator as grave, not more eloquent or dignified than the senator from Kentucky, yet with the Roman purple flying over his shoulders, had risen in his place, surrounded by all the illustrations of Roman glory, and declared that advancing Hannibal was just, and that Carthage ought to be dealt with in terms of peace? What would have been thought, if, after the battle of Cannæ, a senator there had arisen in his place and denounced every levy of the Roman people, every expenditure of its treasury, and every appeal to the old recollections and the old glories? Sir, a senator [Fessenden], himself learned far more than myself in such lore, tells me, in a voice that I am glad is audible, that he would have been hurled from the Tarpeian rock. It is a grand commentary upon the American Constitution that we permit these words to be uttered. I ask the senator to recollect, too, what, save to send aid and comfort to the enemy, do these predictions of his amount to? Every word thus uttered falls as a note of inspiration upon every confederate ear. Every sound thus uttered is a word, and falling from his lips, a mighty word,

of kindling and triumph to a foe that determines to advance. For me, I have no such word, as a senator, to utter. For me, amid temporary defeat, disaster, disgrace, it seems that my duty calls me to utter another word, and that word is, sudden, forward, determined war, according to the laws of war, by armies, by military commanders clothed with full power, advancing with all the past glories of the Republic urging them on to conquest.

"Sir, it is not a question of men or money in that sense. All the men, all the money, are in our judgment well bestowed in such a cause. When we give them we know their value. Knowing their value well, we give them with the more pride and the more joy. Sir, how can we retreat? Sir, how can we make peace? Who shall treat? What commissioners? Who would go? Upon what terms? Where is to be your boundary line? Where the end of the principles we should have to give up? What will become of constitutional government? What will become of public liberty? What of past glories? What of future hopes? Shall we sink into the insignificance of the grave—a degraded, defeated, emasculated people, frightened by the result of one battle, and scared at the visions raised by the imagination of the Senator from Kentucky upon this floor? No, sir; a thousand times, no, sir! . . . There will be some graves reeking with blood, watered by the tears of affection. There will be some privation; there will be some loss of luxury; there will be somewhat more need for labor to procure the necessaries of life. When that is said, all is said. If we have the country, the whole country, the Union, the Constitution—free government—with these will return all the blessings of civilization; the path of the country will be a career of greatness and of glory such as in the olden time our fathers saw in the dim visions of years yet to come, and such as would have been ours now, to-day, if it had not been for the treason for which the senator too often seeks to apologize."

For a time, Colonel Baker's regiment was at fortress Monroe, but was not included in the column that participated in the affair at Big Bethel. After the Battle of Bull Run it was brought up to Washington, and was posted in the fortifications upon the Vir-

ginia shore. It was afterwards upon the front line in the advance of the army upon Munson's Hill. Early in October it was sent to Poolsville, Maryland, where Colonel Baker was placed in command of a brigade, in which his own regiment was embraced, and which was employed in guarding the fords of the Potomac. It was in the division commanded by General Charles P. Stone.

On the 20th of that month, General McCall had a brisk fight with the enemy at Dranesville, Virginia, only a few miles from the position occupied by Colonel Baker's brigade, but on the Maryland side, in which he was victorious, completely routing the enemy. On the evening of the same day, Colonel Devens, of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, was ordered by General Stone to send a scouting party across the river at Harrison's Island, opposite Ball's Bluff on the Virginia shore, and reconnoitre towards Leesburg. Captain Philbrick with twenty men was despatched, who reported a small camp of twenty tents, and no other troops in sight. Whereupon Colonel Devens was ordered to cross with a part of his regiment to destroy it, and Colonel Lee, of the Twentieth Massachusetts, was sent over with picked men to take position on the Bluff, to cover the retreat of Devens, should he be worsted. General Stone seems to have been desirous of coöperating with General McCall, whom he supposed to have been in permanent possession of Dranesville, for the expulsion of the enemy from the Potomac.

A battalion of Baker's regiment, consisting of eight companies, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wistar, was ordered to the island on the morning of the 21st, with directions to go to the Virginia shore to the assistance of Devens and Lee, provided the fire indicated hard fighting, and Colonel Baker was directed in that contingency to cross and assume command of all the troops sent over. Devens with five companies moved to near Leesburg without finding the rebel camp reported, but had a skirmish, early in the morning, with a force of the enemy, in which he had one killed and a number wounded. Devens retired towards his supports near the Bluff, and was followed up by the foe, who were being rapidly reinforced, the rebel General Evans, with a body of five thousand men, being upon Goose Creek

within easy supporting distance. Colonel Baker found the means for transporting troops entirely inadequate, consisting of an old scow, a small metallic boat, and two small skiffs. Meantime Devens was being pushed back; and soon after the arrival of Colonel Baker upon the island, a person came down from the Bluff to the water's edge, and cried out: "Hurry over; we can see three regiments of infantry coming down from Leesburg." Baker stood for a moment in a thoughtful manner, as if considering the whole problem; when, seeming to come to a decision, he shouted back: "Then there will be the more for us to whip." Every energy was now taxed to push troops across from the island to the Bluff, and Colonel Baker himself soon went over and assumed command. Colonel Lee says: "Between one and two o'clock I heard a voice behind me inquiring for Colonel Lee, and Major Revere, I think, said, pointing to me, 'There he stands.' I turned around, and a military officer on horseback presented himself, bowed very politely, and said: 'I congratulate you upon the prospect of a battle.' I bowed and said: 'I suppose you assume command.' I knew it was Colonel Baker." He was followed by the battalion of his own regiment, and a part of the Tammany, and immediately proceeded to form his line of battle, giving the right to the Fifteenth Massachusetts, Colonel Devens, with two howitzers; the centre to the Twentieth Massachusetts, Colonel Lee; and the left to the Tammany and his own, a rifled piece being posted to rake the only road that led to the Bluff. The ground on which he stood was cleared, but on three sides it was hemmed in by dense forest, and on the fourth, to the backs of the men, was the Bluff overhanging the river and the island.

The action commenced soon after two o'clock, the enemy apparently in heavy masses, but concealed from view by the wood in which they had taken position, completely hemming in the little Union force, only about 1600 in number. "The fight went on," says Captain Young, of Colonel Baker's staff, "on the part of the enemy systematically. They would give terrible yells in front and on our left; none on the right. They would yell terribly, and then pour a shower of bullets everywhere over the field."

Horses were soon sent to the rear, and Colonel Baker instructed

his men to lie down and shield themselves as much as possible, though he himself was moving on every part of the field, even in front of the line, and into the woods, a fair mark by his erect form and venerable appearance for the enemy's sharp-shooters, of which numbers had climbed to the tree-tops from the first, and kept up a constant fire, especially singling out officers wherever they appeared. At the opening of the battle the officers of the two howitzers upon the right were wounded, and the guns were withdrawn and tumbled over the Bluff. The gun upon the left was in like manner unmanned almost before it got into position. Seeing it standing idle when it might do great execution, Colonel Baker put his own shoulder to the wheel, and, with the help of Colonels Wistar and Coggswell, loaded and fired it several times with marked effect, opening lines through the solid ranks of the enemy. He was composed and thoughtful, moving upon the field with his sword drawn while his left hand was thrust into his bosom; but he was extremely solicitous. In the midst of the fight, a dispatch came from General Stone well calculated to quench what little hope of success had previously inspired his efforts. It read thus: "Sir, four thousand of the enemy are marching from Leesburg to attack you." A sufficient time had elapsed for them to be upon his front, and he knew by the pressure on all sides that they had already arrived. To Colonel Wistar, who said to him "We are greatly outnumbered in front," he replied: "Yes, that is a bad condition of things." The hopelessness everywhere was apparent to the officers. "I retired to the left," says Captain Young, "and Colonel Coggswell came to me and said, 'I am acquainted with you and I want you to stay with me on the left. I don't care what anybody says, we are all gone to hell; but we must make a good fight of it." Colonel Baker was, however, composed and resolute, and conducted the battle in every part with a most determined and unyielding valor.

When the enemy's plan of battle was developed he seemed intent on bringing his strength to bear on the Union left, where Colonel Baker's regiment stood. This was first discovered by two companies of skirmishers under Captain Markoe, who while advancing into the wood, were unexpectedly confronted by the entire

Eighth Virginia regiment, which suddenly rose up and charged with the bayonet. Heroically Markoe met it, and by a steady fire checked it, and not until two-thirds of these two companies and all their officers had fallen, did they give ground. Regiment after regiment came forward upon the left, but, being met by the steady aim and deadly volleys of Colonel Wistar's men, they were as often checked and driven back. In the midst of the fight a staff officer, Captain Stewart, came from General Stone with the glad tidings that General Gorman with 5000 men was advancing to their relief from Edward's Ferry; but they never came. At length, at about four o'clock, Baker having combatted with unexampled heroism greatly superior numbers, the enemy prepared to deliver a crushing charge with a force judged to be 2500 strong. It soon appeared on the top of the hill, its right wing closed in column, its left deployed in line. It had no sooner come in full view than the left delivered a volley, and the right charged with a yell down the hill. The two lines soon came to close quarters, and the Twentieth Massachusetts, in the midst of which Colonel Baker was, gave way, and that gallant officer, before whom listening senates had been held breathless and spell bound, and who in the face of danger knew no fear, fell pierced with many bullets and expired without a struggle. He had often enjoined upon his officers that, if he was slain they should not allow his body to fall into the enemy's hands. Captains Harvey of his staff, and Bierel of Company G, no sooner discovered that their idolized leader had fallen, than they headed a counter-charge, and with a yell rushed with the bayonet upon the advancing foe, with such terrible effect, as to stay the whole rebel line, and to thrust it back until the body of the fallen chief had been recovered and borne away in safety. The condition of the Union soldiers, which before had been hopeless, was now desperate. The leader fallen, and many of the bravest and the best gone down in the fight, the only alternative was for the survivors to cut their way out or surrender. Colonel Coggswell, who succeeded to the command, proposed to fight through to Edward's Ferry. But the way was completely cut off by strong bodies of the enemy, and the only escape was by the Bluff. Here, to the dismay of all, it was found that no means of recrossing the river were left, the

only boat having been swamped. Few surrendered, and from the steep declivity down which they retired, a sharp fire was poured into the rebels as they showed themselves above, until late at night. Darkness favored the retreat, and each for himself chose his own way; some up the river, some down, some stripping and plunging into the deep stream, where many perished.

The body of Colonel Baker was brought off, and transported to the Maryland side before the rout had begun. The manner of his death is quite circumstantially described by Lossing. "Eye-witnesses say that a tall, red-haired man appeared emerging from the smoke, and approaching to within five feet of the commander, fired into his body the contents of a self-cocking revolver pistol. At the same moment a bullet entered his skull behind his ear, and a slug from a Mississippi Yager wounded his arm and made a terrible opening in his side. Captain Bierel of the California regiment, who was close by Baker, caught the slayer of his friend by the throat, just as he was stooping to seize the Colonel's sword, and with his pistol blew out his brains."

Colonel Lee says: "Colonel Baker went to the left and passed into the woods. After a moment he came out of the woods on my front and left. The enemy were perhaps within fifty or seventy-five feet of the position in which he stood. There was a heavy firing there, and Colonel Baker was shot by a man with a revolver—shot in the temple—at least I supposed so, for as he was borne by me dead, I saw that his temple was bleeding. He passed to the rear a dead man."

Concerning the cause of the disaster in this affair much speculation has been indulged. A radical defect was in not having cavalry with which to scour all the approaches for a long distance around, and to ascertain what was in their front. The second was in not having thrown up some protection for men and guns, in a good position for defence, which should have been done by Colonel Lee at the outset, on first reaching the Maryland shore, and have been continued by Colonel Devens. In a later day, men have rushed forward under the sheeted fire from musketry and artillery in well-manned breastworks, and with their tin cups and finger-ends have dug rifle-pits, sheltered themselves, and held their ground. The inadequacy in trans-

portation, and the lack of an officer on the Maryland shore, to have had complete and entire control over such transportation, and to have forwarded men and ammunition as they were wanted and were called for,—the allowing a few isolated troops to be surrounded, and to fight for four hours without supporting them from right or left, when a sufficient force was within three miles,—and more than all, ordering such a demonstration with the understanding that General McCall with a strong column was at Dranesville in short supporting distance, and then withdrawing the latter entirely, just as the demonstration under Baker was opening, and without giving any notice of the withdrawal,—are all circumstances that would not have been allowed to occur in well-ordered military operations.

But the valor with which the troops fought, in an open, exposed position, against overwhelming odds, and even against hope, has never been questioned. Indeed, it is scarcely matched in the whole catalogue of heroic actions even in the most martial ages. That a body of troops who had never before met a foe in mortal conflict should display such undaunted courage would seem incredible, did we not know the heroism of their leader, and the devotion which his fearless and lofty bearing upon the field had inspired.

The death of no officer during the whole war caused so profound a sensation, and such a feeling of real grief throughout the entire nation as that of Colonel Baker, and the sorrow was only exceeded by the tragic death of the good President himself. The words which he had uttered but a few short weeks before, "There will be some graves reeking with blood, watered by the tears of affection," when he was pleading with the fervor and devotion of his great heart for the integrity and well being of his country, seemed prophetic of his own sacrifice. His body was taken to Washington, and at the Capitol, amid places which had been familiar to him, solemn services were held, and the most gifted and eloquent of his associate Senators spoke in his eulogy. Mr. Sumner said: "He died with his face to the foe. . . . Such a death, sudden, but not unprepared for, is the crown of the patriot soldier's life." From Washington it was borne to New York, where, with flags at half-mast, and buildings mournfully

draped, escorted by the military, and followed by many honored citizens, it moved to the sad strains of martial music to the pier of the steamer Northern Light, where it was embarked for Panama, and thence taken to its last resting-place on the far Pacific coast.

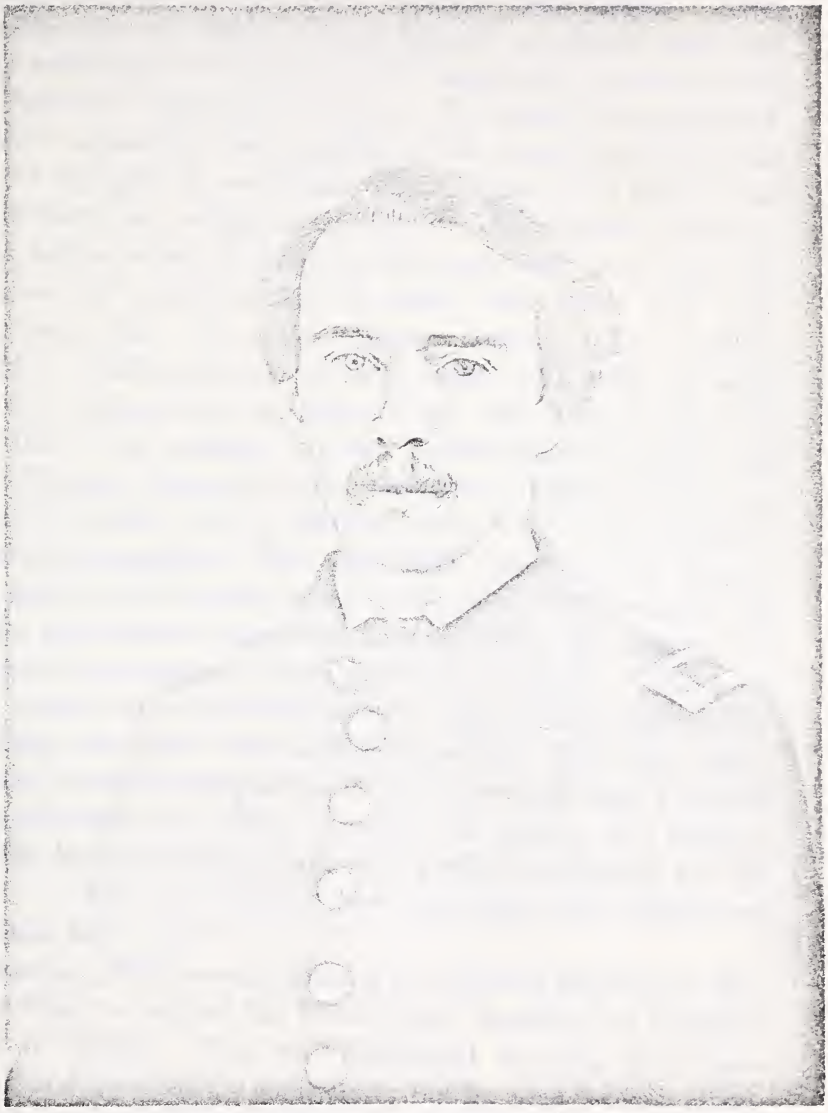
JOHN T. GREBLE, Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army, and the first officer in that service who was killed in battle in the late war, was born at Philadelphia on the 19th of January, 1834. He was the eldest son of Edwin, and Susan Virginia (Major) Greble, both of whose ancestors early settled in Pennsylvania, and were active for the patriot cause in the Revolutionary war. He was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia, graduating at the High School at the age of sixteen, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1850, and receiving the Master's degree in 1854. From his earliest years he had displayed a strong predilection for the military profession, his favorite amusement in childhood being the movement of toy soldiers in imagined conflict. This taste becoming known to the representative in Congress from the district where he lived, his appointment as a cadet at West Point was solicited, and obtained from President Taylor. Ignatius L. Donnelly, who was a classmate and intimate friend, in a quaint, but evidently heartfelt estimate of Greble's character, conveys some idea of the respect which he had thus early inspired. "He has," says Donnelly, "very strong good sense; sees very well into the actions of others, and will never do a disgraceful thing. . . . He is generous to a fault. . . . He is energetic and an excellent confidant. . . . . His fault is not vanity. . . . He is brave, and dares do all that may become a man. He is inclined to religion. . . . In short, he is the embryo of a bold, honorable, true man; one that will be a glory to his name, and an honor to his country; and one that will always be my friend." Among his classmates were Ruger, Howard, Weed, and Abbot, on the Union side, and G. W. C. Lee, Deshler, Pegram, J. E. B. Stuart, Gracie, S. D. Lee, Pender, Villepique, Mercer, and Chapman on the rebel. The device for the class ring was a mailed hand holding a sword with the legend, "When our Country calls," leaving it in doubt whether the wearer would forsake, or defend it.

On graduating he was sent to Newport barracks, Kentucky, as brevet Second Lieutenant in the Second artillery. In a letter addressed to his parents in grateful remembrance of their influence upon his life and character, is a tribute to them which it were well if all children could bear to their parents. "And now," he says, "my thoughts carry me to my happy home in Philadelphia; to the kind influences which surrounded me there; to the loving hearts which so dearly cherished me. How kind both father and mother in fostering and providing for my ambition; inciting me to study; and supplying every want. . . . For what is polite or refined in my composition, I am indebted to you and my much loved sisters; whatever is affectionate is but what has been taught me by the love of all at home."

He had not been long at Newport before he was ordered to rejoin his regiment, then in Florida. The war which had been waged against the Seminole Indians for seven years had ended in 1849; but it was deemed necessary to keep a force of observation upon the border, and in preparation for their ultimate removal. His letters from the scene of his duty show keen discernment of the country and its inhabitants. His description of one portion is amusing. "I have," he says, "noticed the topography of the country through which I have passed. Go a little way, and you see pines. Go a little farther, and you see pines; and a little farther, and you see pines. Look as far as you can, and you see pines. It is a glorious country!"

His duties were very severe, taking him through the Everglades, and subjecting him to much exposure. But however disagreeable the service, or arduous, it was always faithfully performed. He often came in company with Billy Bowlegs, the chief of the Seminoles, who entertained a high opinion of his valor. When Greble, on one occasion, was alone with the chief, conversing about Florida affairs, the latter said: "If war should come between your people and mine, I will tell all my young men not to kill *you*. I will kill you myself. You must be killed by a chief."

While in camp at Fort Myers, engaged in drilling recruits, one of the number died. There was no chaplain to solemnize the rites of burial. He could not bring himself to be content with



*Sincerely Your Friend*

*John T. Greble*

LIEUTENANT U.S.A.

WHO NOBLY FELL WHILE STORMING THE REBEL
BATTERY AT BIG BETHEL VA JUNE 10TH 1861

consigning the body to the grave without some service. After many misgivings, he finally decided himself to officiate, and read over the dead body of his comrade the impressive funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He sought the opinion of his mother respecting the propriety of his course, saying in his letter: "I thought it was better than to place the body in the ground without any religious exercises." The mother answered: "It was better, much better, my dear son, and far more impressive to his comrades than it would have been had they walked away from his grave without hearing those comforting words. Besides, these men will regard you with far more respect for having done so, than if you had allowed them to deposit their lost comrade in the narrow tomb without one word." General Hartsuff, who was then a brother officer, in speaking of Greble's life in Florida said: "He was constantly and actively engaged in the sometimes exciting, but oftener tedious, hard, and laborious duty in pursuing and wearing out the crafty and almost ubiquitous Indians, until the autumn of 1856, when his company was ordered out of Florida. This kind of duty, which is the most difficult and aggravating, offers fewer points, and tries more true soldierly qualities than any other. Lieutenant Greble developed in it the truest and best qualities of the good soldier and officer, winning the esteem and admiration of his brother officers, and the perfect confidence of the soldiers. . . . He never shrank from any duty, but always met it more than half way."

In December, 1856, he was ordered by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, to duty at the West Point Academy as assistant Professor of Ethics. This was distasteful to him, as he preferred active duty with his command; but he soon became reconciled, and here not long after, was affianced to a beautiful young woman, the daughter of Professor French, whom he subsequently married. In October, 1860, he was relieved from duty at the academy, and was ordered to join his company, then on duty at Fortress Monroe. With his wife and two children, he took up his abode in two of the casemates of the fortress, which he had fitted up so as to be comfortable, and even beautiful. In April following, war opened, and all the women and children were

ordered away from the fortress. He sent a notice of the order to his father at Philadelphia, who replied: "Your letter of the 17th was received about ten minutes ago. I was in hourly expectation of receiving one from you, and anticipated its contents. Send your family on to me; they shall be most welcome, and I will take good care of them as long as the trouble shall last. It is needless to say to you, be true to the Stars and Stripes! The blood of Revolutionary patriots is in your veins, and it must all be drawn out before you cease to fight for your country and its laws." . . .

General Butler was soon after put in command at Fortress Monroe, and commenced preparations to defend strategic points upon the James, and to plan operations against the rebel capital. Greble was promoted to Lieutenant, made Master of Ordnance, and sent, with other troops, to Newport News, charged with the responsible duty of superintending the construction of military works there, and instructing three thousand volunteers in artillery practice. In a few days a battery was put in position which completely commanded the ship-channel of the James, and the mouth of the Nansemond. Magruder, who had deserted his flag, and was now in chief command of the enemy in the immediate front, was evidently intent on seizing the positions at Newport News and Hampton. To this end he had occupied Big and Little Bethel. General Butler determined to break up and drive away the hostile forces at these points, and General Peirce was ordered to proceed on Sunday, the 9th of June, with a strong column to effect this purpose. Lieutenant Greble was to accompany it in command of two light guns. When the latter was shown the general plan of operations, he was much troubled; for he saw at a glance its inherent defects. "This is," he said, "an ill-advised and badly-arranged movement. I am afraid no good will come out of it. As for myself, I do not think I shall come off the field alive."

The troops were to commence the movement at a little after midnight. Advancing in the darkness, and proceeding from different points, they unfortunately mistook each other for the foe, and one party not having been apprised of the watchword, they twice fired into each other. The enemy occupied a strong

position on the bank of Back Creek, where formidable earthworks had been thrown up. Between nine and ten in the morning, Peirce had arrived in front of this position, near Big Bethel, and determined to attack. The advance was boldly and resolutely made under the immediate direction of General G. K. Warren; but the foe was well posted, and his fire soon began to tell upon the advancing column. Unable to stand the ordeal, it fell back; and now was seen the skill and valor of Greble. Fearing the effect of a counter-dash by the foe, he stood by his guns, sighting them himself, and dealt double charges of canister with such rapidity and effect as to silence the rebel artillery, and to deter an advance for nearly two hours. In the meantime Peirce had prepared for a second assault. It was made, and for a time with the prospect of success; but again having fired into each other, and a portion of the attacking force having been thrown into confusion, it was finally withdrawn. The day was lost; but Greble still maintained his position. Only five of his men were left, and he could work but one gun. He was appealed to by an officer to withdraw, or to dodge, as others had done. His reply was, "I NEVER DODGE! When I hear the bugle sound a retreat I will leave, and not before." That order soon came; but it had scarcely been received, when he was struck by a ball from the enemy's gun a glancing blow on the right side of the head. "Sergeant!" he exclaimed, "take command—go ahead!" and then fell dead by the side of his gun. His body was placed upon the piece and taken back to Fortress Monroe. In his pocket was found a note in pencil, evidently written on the field, addressed to his wife, in which he said, "God give me strength, wisdom, and courage. If I die, let me die a brave and honorable man; let no stain of dishonor hang over me or you. Devotedly, and with my whole heart's love." His remains were removed to Philadelphia, where, amid the tolling of bells and the booming of cannon, and profound demonstrations of approbation, all business in the city being suspended, he was laid to rest.

Tokens of esteem and appreciation were freely offered to his memory. Officers of the army at Fortress Monroe in their resolutions said, "The heroic death of this gallant officer fills us all

with admiration and regret. Standing at his piece in the open road in front of the enemy's battery till shot down, he served it with the greatest coolness, and most undaunted courage." The Select and Common Councils of Philadelphia tendered the use of Independence Hall for his obsequies, and in most eloquent and impressive resolutions declared, "Our city is called to deplore the loss of a most worthy citizen, and our country, one of her noblest defenders." His companions in the artillery, in their homely, honest way, were unstinted in their praise of him. Lieutenant Lodor, in a note written just after the battle, said: "Just think of poor John Greble's death! Was it not awful, Bill? He was a noble man; one of the kind you don't often meet in this world; modest—particularly so—unassuming, retiring; a perfect disposition, and, withal, as brave as a lion. Oh, I tell you it was grand the way he stood there and took the fire of the whole battery, and just as cool and quiet as at a drill. The volunteer officers cannot praise him enough. They think him a brave of the first order." In a conversation long afterwards with Robert Dale Owen, President Lincoln is reported to have said, "that of all those who had fallen, or who had distinguished themselves in the present contest, it was his deliberate judgment, that not one had acted so heroically nor deserved so well of his country as Lieutenant Greble."

In recognition of his services and his valor the ranks of Brevet Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel were conferred by the unanimous consent of the Senate of the United States; and Secretary Stanton, in forwarding the commissions to the father of the deceased, wrote: "I have the pleasure of inclosing to you the commissions conferred in honor of the memory of your son John T. Greble, the first officer of the regular army who perished in the war for the suppression of the Rebellion. His distinguished character, his gallant conduct on the field where he fell, and his devoted sacrifice to the cause of his country, will make his name and memory illustrious."

Seneca Galusha Simmons, Colonel of the Fifth Reserve regiment and Major of the Fourth United States Infantry, was born on the 27th of December, 1808, in Windsor county,

Vermont. He was the son of Alfred, and Deborah (Perkins) Simmons. His boyhood was passed for the most part upon a farm, he receiving only such advantages of education as could be obtained from a country school. At the age of fourteen he left his native state, and entered the military school of Captain Partridge, then located at Middletown, Connecticut, in which he remained several years, accompanying that school on its removal to Georgetown, District of Columbia. While there, he received from President Jackson, the appointment of cadet at West Point. He graduated with distinction in 1834, and was assigned to the Seventh Infantry. In the following August he married Miss Elmira Adelaide Simmons of Harrisburg.

Previous to joining his regiment, in the autumn of that year, he was assigned to topographical duty, under Major McNiell, and assisted in the survey of the harbor of Apalachicola, Florida. During the summers of 1835–36, he was engaged under Colonel Long upon surveys in the State of Maine; first on the coast, and then on a contemplated line of railway between Belfast and Quebec, Canada. In the winter of 1837, he joined his regiment, and shortly after received the appointment of Aid to General Arbuckle, then in command of the Department of the Southwest. He was also made Assistant Adjutant-General, which position he held for several years, retaining it after General Taylor assumed command, and until relieved by Colonel Bliss, the General's son-in-law. His regiment was then, the spring of 1842, serving in Florida, and thither he immediately repaired. At the conclusion of the Florida war, his regiment was detailed for duty in garrisoning Gulf posts, and he was stationed at Fort Pike, Louisiana, where he remained during the years 1842–43, transacting in addition to the duties of his position in his company, those of Commissary and Quartermaster to the Post. When his turn came for being detailed on recruiting service he was ordered to Syracuse, New York, and was engaged in that duty until the opening of the Mexican war. On his arrival in the enemy's country, he was immediately assigned as Assistant Commissary and Quartermaster at Matamoras. During the year 1847, he remained at his post; but on being promoted to Captain he rejoined his regiment then *en route* for the city of Mexico.

At the close of the war, and the return of the troops, his regiment was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. A portion of the command, including his own company, was ordered for special duty to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. While here he received a severe injury, which seemed for a time likely to prove fatal, and from which he never entirely recovered. One knee was frightfully crushed, and the wound, after some years of intense suffering, resulted in permanent lameness; but not to such an extent as to unfit him entirely for duty. While yet upon crutches, he was, in 1857, sent upon recruiting service to Pottsville. While here he so far recovered as to attend to active duty, and was sent to take command of Fort Arbuckle, upon the frontier. His regiment was soon afterwards sent to Utah. As the labor was likely to prove too arduous for him in his crippled state, he sought and obtained a furlough, and joined his family in Harrisburg, where he was living at the outbreak of the Rebellion. When troops were called, Captain Simmons was made mustering officer for Pennsylvania volunteers.

Upon the organization of the Reserve Corps, he was chosen Colonel of the Fifth regiment, though personally unknown to any of the officers of that body. His first service was to march, in connection with the Bucktail regiment and some artillery, to the support of General Wallace in West Virginia, and thence to Washington, where he drilled his regiment and prepared it for service in the division. In September of this year, he was promoted to Major of the Fourth Infantry, but preferred to remain with the volunteer troops. He was at Beaver Dam Creek and Gaines' Mill, in both of which desperately fought battles, he escaped unhurt. At Charles City Cross Roads, on the 30th of June, 1862, while leading the First brigade with unexampled valor, he fell in the thickest of the fight, breathing his last upon the field of honor. No braver man drew sword in any cause. In person, he was nearly six feet in height, of strong and robust frame, florid complexion, brown hair, heavy beard, light-blue eyes; his face presenting ordinarily a calm and benevolent expression; but when excited, every feature seemed to flash fire, and woe to the man who, having disregarded his orders, attempted

to persist in an improper course of conduct. To him, however, who was willing to acknowledge his fault, the Colonel at once relaxed his sternness, and received the offender as though no offence had been committed.

The poet N. P. Willis, in writing to the *Home Journal*, from a visit to the camps of the army, said; "I had never before thought that water could embellish a soldier. As we sat in our hack, at the outer edge of the encampments, watching an incipient rainbow, and rejoicing in the prospect of holding-up, a general officer rode past with his aid and orderly, on the return to his tent, just beyond. Of a most warlike cast of feature, his profuse and slightly grizzly beard was impearled with glistening drops, and, with horse and accoutrements all dripping with water, he rode calmly through the heavy rain like a Triton taking his leisure in his native element. It was the finest of countenances and the best of figures for a horseman. He looked indomitable in spirit, but unsubject, also, to the common inconveniences of humanity—as handsome and brave when tired and wet, as he would be when happy and dry! I was quite captivated with the picture of such a man, and did not wonder at the comment which was appended to the reply, by a subaltern officer of whom I inquired his name, 'General Simmons,' said he, 'a man whom anybody would be glad to serve under.'"

CHARLES ELLET, JR., Colonel of Engineers, was born on the 1st of January, 1810, at Penn's Manor, Bucks county, Pennsylvania. He early devoted himself to the business of a Civil Engineer, and eventually became one of the most eminent of his profession, some of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill being the products of his devise. The wire suspension bridge across the Schuylkill below Fairmount, the first of the kind constructed in this country, the suspension bridge across Niagara river below the falls, and that at Wheeling, West Virginia, were all the fruit of his active brain. The improvement of the navigation of the Kanawha river, and the construction of the Virginia Central, and Baltimore and Ohio railroads found in him a master spirit, before whom difficulties vanished, and in whose hand victories were achieved.

When the war commenced, he was residing at Washington, and immediately interested himself in the cause of the Union. Original in designing, and rapid in executing, he became impatient with the Union leaders, and himself drew a plan for cutting off and destroying the rebel army at Manassas, in the fall of 1861. This plan, on being presented to General McClellan, was rejected by that commander; whereupon Ellet wrote two pamphlets severely censuring the dilatory and inefficient conduct of the Union chief. He early projected plans for constructing steam rams, for use in the navy, providing them with powerful beaks for running down and piercing opposing crafts. His plans were rejected by the Navy Department; but, on being presented to the Secretary of War, were approved and adopted by him, and Ellet was sent to the Ohio to transform river-boats into rams. On the 6th of June, 1862, Colonel Ellet's fleet attacked a force of rebel rams, off the city of Memphis, and, after a contest stubbornly maintained, Ellet was triumphant, having run down, blown up, destroyed, or captured seven of the eight vessels composing the rebel force. Ellet was the only man injured on the Union side. He received a wound from a rifle ball in the knee, that proved mortal, expiring near Cairo, on the 21st. Colonel Ellet was the author of several important works, chiefly devoted to the Improvement of the Navigation of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, Internal Improvements of the United States, illustrating the Laws of Trade, and Coast and Harbor Defences by the use of steam battering rams. He was buried at Laurel Hill, Philadelphia. His wife dying of grief—broken hearted—within a few days, was laid in the same grave. She was the eldest daughter of Judge William Daniel, of Lynchburg, Virginia.

James Cameron, Colonel of the Seventy-ninth (Highlander) regiment, New York Volunteers, was born at Maytown, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on the 1st of March, 1801. At the age of nineteen he entered the printing office of his brother, the Hon. Simon Cameron, at Harrisburg, where he served a faithful apprenticeship, and in 1827 removed to Lancaster, where he became the editor of the *Political Sentinel*, studying law in the

meantime in the office of James Buchanan, afterwards President of the United States. He was with the army of General Scott in Mexico, and, after his return, settled upon an estate on the banks of the Susquehanna, near Milton, Pennsylvania, where he was living in retirement when the Rebellion broke out. At the solicitation of the soldiers of the Highlander Regiment, he accepted the commission of Colonel of that organization. At the battle of the first Bull Run, he was of Sherman's brigade, Tyler's division, and at the crisis of the struggle, bore himself with the greatest gallantry. Again and again he led his men with the cry, "Scots, follow me!" in the face of a withering fire of musketry and artillery, until stricken down mortally wounded, expiring on the field of his heroic exploits. "No mortal man," says an eye-witness, "could stand the fearful storm that swept them."

The body of Colonel Cameron was subjected to indignity. It was rifled of valuables, and portraits of cherished ones, and thrown rudely into a trench with numbers of others, without any mark by which it could be identified. Friends of the family who went to the field to recover it were taken captive and thrust into the Richmond prison pens, where, for several months, they languished. It was finally recovered, and received Christian burial, amid many demonstrations of respect and affection.

Amor Archer McKnight. Early in the Rebellion, rebel officers, mindful of their repute for chivalry, sought opportunities for its exemplification; but later in the war, soured by frequent defeat, and grown heart-sick by hope long deferred, the actors and sympathizers in the direful work eschewed the much-vaunted claim, and did not hesitate to mutilate the body of a Dahlgren, treat with barbaric cruelty prisoners of war, send pestilence and fire into northern cities, and finally come stealthily from behind upon the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and shoot him down in cold blood. When Colonel McKnight fell on the gory field of Chancellorsville, on that fearful Sabbath, ushered in with the lurid flames of war, of the 3d of May, 1863, a sudden turn in the fortunes of the day cut

off the possibility of rescuing his body, and it remained in the hands of the enemy. His prowess on that field had been sorely felt by the foe; but when the lifeless form of such an antagonist was seen, it disarmed hostile feeling. The old Kearny badge which he wore was the symbol of gallantry, and they recognized in him a true type of his old master,—a veritable Kearny. His body was taken up and properly disposed. It was followed to the grave by a guard of honor, many officers being present. Their bands played mournful music. Over his remains a salute, due to his rank, was fired, and his grave was marked so as to be recognized by sorrowing friends.

Amor Archer McKnight, son of Alexander, and Mary (Thompson) McKnight, both of Scotch-Irish descent, was born at Blairsville, Pennsylvania, on the 19th of April, 1832. His education was obtained at the common schools and the academy in Brookville, where he proved himself an apt scholar. He early acquired a taste for books of an elevated character, and as his scanty means would allow, collected a small library. His father died when he was but a mere lad, and as the eldest of the children, he labored assiduously for the support of the widowed mother and dependent family. He learned the printer's trade at Blairsville, at which he worked zealously. Attracted to the law by his taste for exalted subjects, he subsequently commenced its study in the office of Hon. W. P. Jenks, of Brookville, since president judge of that district, but was still obliged to set type one-half of each day for his support. At the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to practice, and soon after, entered into partnership with G. W. Andrews, Esq., as a practising attorney at the Jefferson county bar. The firm at once took a high rank, and its business was extensive and laborious. McKnight early evinced a liking for military duty, and at the breaking out of the Rebellion, was captain of a militia company known as the Brookville Guards. He promptly tendered his company, and with it, served in the three-months' term in the Eighth regiment. At the expiration of this period, he was authorized by the Secretary of War to recruit a regiment for three years. After encountering many difficulties, his efforts were finally rewarded with success, the officers whom he had gathered about him having secured the

full complement of hardy men; and on the 28th of September, 1861, it was mustered into service as the One Hundred and Fifth regiment. The indomitable energy manifested by their leader was caught by his men, and this organization soon became noted for its excellence.

In the battle of Fair Oaks, before Richmond, Colonel McKnight fought under the immediate eye of General Jameson, the veteran officer who commanded the brigade, and received from him the warmest commendation. "During the time McKnight was engaged on the Richmond Road, the line had been gradually giving way about a quarter of a mile to his right. Just as McKnight succeeded in routing the force in his front, the line gave way entirely at the point above indicated, and the rebel force came pouring into the Richmond Road directly in his rear, and while the gallant McKnight was pursuing the South Carolina chivalry towards Richmond, the rebels were pursuing a portion of our forces towards the Chickahominy. . . . No other evidence of the valor displayed by this heroic little band is necessary, than a list of the killed and wounded. General Kearny's horse and mine were both killed. A parallel to this fighting does not exist in the two days' battle, nor will it exist during the war."

In this battle, a ball struck the watch of Colonel McKnight, which glanced off, causing a slight wound. He was soon after stricken with fever, and not until told by his physicians that he would die if he remained in the field, under the influence of the deadly miasmas of the Peninsula, could he be prevailed on to relinquish his command. Failing to obtain a furlough, he tendered his resignation, and retired to Philadelphia. By careful nursing and attendance, he was, at the end of two months, so far recovered as to be able to again take the field, and was recommissioned Colonel of his old regiment. While absent at this time, he was impatient of the delay in again reaching the front. His greatest wish and most ardent desire was to be with the boys of the One Hundred and Fifth regiment. He said he had been instrumental in taking them into the war, and he wished to share their toils and fortunes. With the exception of a short leave of absence in March following, this was his only absence

from his command. While at home during his furlough in March, he remarked that he would not survive to again return. Little did his friends think that this was the language of prophecy. But so it proved. On the field of Chancellorsville, while leading on his brave men against the veterans of Stonewall Jackson—nerved to unwonted deeds of valor to avenge the fall of their idolized leader, who had a few hours before received his mortal hurt—Colonel McKnight, while in the act of waving his sword above his head to cheer on his men, was struck in the arm, the missile passing on through his brain, killing him instantly. Strenuous efforts were made to recover his body, but they proved fruitless, and he sleeps on that gory field—the scene of his daring valor.

At his death, Colonel McKnight was already in a fair way of promotion. The excellence of his regiment and his own coolness and courage on the field, had attracted the attention of his superior officers, and he had at intervals been called to the command of a brigade, and had been recommended for appointment as a Brigadier.

He was one of those men who had come up to manhood through the rough school of experience. He had learned to set a true value on those qualities which, in any walk of life, win success. When he entered the army, he went with the feeling that he was personally responsible for accomplishing what the nation had undertaken, and in his struggles with the great problem at the very threshold of the momentous contest, he seemed to have fathomed its mysterious depths, and fearlessly announced his sentiments in advance of all others. When, in January, 1862, before leading his regiment to the field, the Hon. J. K. Moorhead, in behalf of his Excellency Governor Curtin, presented the command with the State Colors, Colonel McKnight in reply, after returning thanks for the gift, and referring to the responsibilities imposed in defending it, said: "The intelligent American soldier enters upon this conflict with entirely different emotions from those possessed by the combatants in the ordinary wars between nations. He feels that the war has been wantonly and unprovokedly commenced by those who have always basked in the favor of the Government—commenced not

to assert the majesty of the law, but to violate it—not to protect freedom, but to enforce the perpetuation and enlargement of degrading servitude—not to preserve the Government, but to destroy it.

"To defeat such a nefarious plot, the citizen soldier has left the comforts of home to endure the privations of camp; and while he hazards his life without hesitation, he also expects that no unnational or squeamish regard on the part of those who order and conduct the war will deprive our forces of the assistance we might derive from those unwilling serfs who escape from the enemy; and that, casting aside the pusillanimous fear which dreads the stigma of a name, they will promptly punish and weaken our opponents by *removing from them and the country that institution which is not only the cause of the present difficulties, but has ever been a source of annoyance and irritation.*

"Should such be the policy pursued, the war will not have been for nought; the earnings of the tax-payer, which are being so lavishly emptied into the National Treasury, will have been expended to some practical purpose; and the soldier, whose blood is now offered as the occasion presents, will know that it has been done to preserve liberty to himself and friends, and to protect them from the moral debasement which would result from the enlargement in our midst of a race who are degraded because their condition is base."

To execute the purpose which is here sketched, and which he cherished as the real object of the struggle, he labored with the earnestness and assiduity of a life and death aim. Says a member of his command: "At Camp Jameson, Virginia, he would convert the officers of the regiment into a school every evening, and would have them study tactics and discipline, and then recite them to him. On these occasions, he would impress upon their minds the necessity of study to become good officers; and would not only have his officers study, but applied himself to the work with all the power of his great mind. Seldom did he lie down until the small hours of the night and his own exhausted strength told him too plainly that man must have some rest; but his repose was short, for four o'clock soon came, and with it arose the Colonel and at once resumed his daily labors."

Colonel McKnight was thirty years eleven months and fourteen days old when he died—just upon the threshold of life. He was six feet in height, of commanding presence, blue eyes, brown hair, and possessed of a remarkably attractive and intelligent countenance. His mother died before his entrance to military life. He left two brothers. He was unmarried. His loss in the community in which he lived was deeply felt, and his death sincerely mourned. His old instructor in the law, Judge Jenks, says of him, "A braver, truer, nobler man than Amor A. McKnight could not be found in the service."

MARK KERN, Captain of battery G, First artillery, which he aided in recruiting at Philadelphia, was commissioned its First-Lieutenant in July, 1861. Shortly after, he was promoted to Captain, and until the day of his death led that noble battery with unexampled skill and heroism. At Beaver Dam Creek, it was brought up from its position in reserve just in time to do most effective service, when the enemy was pressing on in massed columns, and confident of sweeping everything before them. But canister from the double-shotted guns of Kern drove them back and saved the field. On the following day Kern was posted upon commanding ground on the left at Gaines' Mill. For a time the Union infantry held the front and covered his pieces; but it was finally swept back, and they were in danger of capture. Then it was that the spirit of Kern was tested. Again and again the enemy charged on him, but his guns, admirably posted, did fearful execution. With a persistence rarely equalled the enemy assaulted, and made that battery the object of his most determined efforts. Finally, when he could no longer hold out, on account of the enemy swarming upon him, he retired behind a new line of battle, losing two of his guns, himself being wounded.

At Charles City Cross Roads the execution of his guns was even more deadly and destructive than on previous fields. The ground was open for a long distance in his front, and as often as the enemy attempted to advance, Kern scourged them with terrible effect. The struggle on this part of the field was continued for over two hours, the enemy gaining no advantage.

Finally, the ammunition running low, General McCall ordered Kern to send his caissons to the rear, and soon the battery followed. The fidelity which Captain Kern displayed in the most trying positions caused him to be selected for critical duty. At four o'clock P. M. on the evening of the 30th of August, on the Second Bull Run battle-ground, he was attacked—the first on the part of the line which he held, to feel its power. The rebel tactics of massing and delivering assault after assault, at whatever sacrifice, were here repeated, and upon Kern they fell with terrible power, the shocks carrying swift destruction. So long as his supports remained firm, he was triumphant; but when they failed, having himself again received a severe wound, he was forced to yield, and fell into the enemy's hands, where he soon after died. Three of his men were killed and twenty-one wounded. Four guns, two caissons, two limbers, and twenty-seven horses were lost. For the short space of time that he was in active service, it was his lot to play as important, if not a more important part, than any commander of a battery in the Potomac Army. In all places he acquitted himself manfully, and fell in the very front of the battle.

PETER B. HOUSUM, Colonel of the Seventy-seventh regiment. "It was the banner regiment at Stone River," said General Rosecrans, as he reined in his steed in front of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, while passing his army in review just previous to the second grand advance against Bragg. "Give my compliments to the boys," said he, "and tell them that I say, 'It was the banner regiment at Stone River.' They never broke their ranks." It was at Stone River, while leading this regiment, that Colonel Housum was killed.

He was born on the 22d of September, 1824, in Berks county, Pennsylvania. His father was George L., and his mother Elizabeth (Burknard) Housum, both natives of Berks county. He received a good English education at the public schools, and by close application during his leisure hours, attained to a high degree of proficiency in mathematics and civil engineering, for which he evinced a decided taste. His occupation was that of a millwright. In physical stature he was five feet ten inches, and

was possessed of a sound constitution. He was married on the 25th of September, 1846, to Miss Lucy E. Elmenston.

For fifteen years previous to the Rebellion he had served as First-Lieutenant of a uniformed militia company, and in the three months' service was Captain of company A, Second Pennsylvania regiment. He recruited a section of a battery at Chambersburg, for three years' duty, which, after having been consolidated with a section raised in Erie, was organized for service with the Seventy-seventh regiment, of which body he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. The first of the only three Pennsylvania infantry regiments sent to the Western armies, in the early part of the war, it was assigned to duty with the force in Kentucky, then under command of General Buell. On the field of Shiloh, he bore a part for the first time in a great battle, and beheld the horrors which war carries with it. When the fighting opened he was with his command twenty miles off, toilsomely wending his way over heavy roads towards the field, Grant having been attacked by Sidney Johnston before Buell could form a junction with him. Hastening forward, it moved upon the field on the morning of the second day, passing over the ground where three out of the five of Grant's divisions had, the day before, been crushed and his entire army well-nigh annihilated. At one P. M. the Colonel of the regiment, Stumbaugh, having succeeded to the command of a brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Housum assumed that of the regiment, and led it throughout the severe fighting which followed. In the final charge, which decided the fate of the day, and swept the enemy hopelessly back, he was upon the front line, and took many prisoners, among them, Colonel Battles of the Twentieth (rebel) Tennessee.

After the battle, the Union troops encamped upon the field, the sickening odors from which soon became intolerable, occasioning disease, from which Colonel Housum was a sufferer, and for a long time prostrated. At Stone River, on the last day of the year 1862, he was in command of his regiment, and was posted on the extreme right of Rosecrans' line, where the enemy, having secretly massed his troops under the cover of darkness, attacked at dawn with overwhelming power. Colonel Housum had divined this strategy, having detected in the confused sounds

that came to him, that a constant movement of troops across the front of the Union line towards the right was in progress. He accordingly ordered his men to stand to their arms throughout the weary hours of that long night, and when, at length, the blow was given at dawn, he was ready to receive it, and to deliver a counter-blow, which fell with stunning effect upon the too confident foe, who, counting unreservedly on a complete surprise, had anticipated an easy victory. But the other regiments upon the left, being less vigilant, the attack came upon them while unprepared, and they soon gave way. Left without support or coöperation, it was impossible for this single body to long hold out against a determined and strong assailant, and it was borne back. But reforming at right-angles to the main direction of the Union line, and connecting with the next division, which stood firm, Colonel Housum prepared to advance. In his front were Edgarton's guns in possession of the enemy, having been captured in the confusion which resulted from the first surprise. To retake them and bring them in became a darling project with Colonel Housum. He ordered a charge, which was heroically executed, and the guns, after a brief struggle, were recovered. Stimulated by this success, the assault was continued, being directed upon the enemy's own guns; but before they could be reached the rebels rallied in great strength, and everything was lost, Colonel Housum himself receiving a wound, from which he soon after died. In his last moments his thoughts were of his men, and the success of the conflict. Comprehending the nature of his hurt, he exclaimed, "I am mortally wounded. See to it that my brave boys do not yield an inch!" To his Adjutant he said, and they were the last words he uttered, "Stay by my brave boys of the Seventy-seventh."

Of his character as a soldier, one who was with him throughout all his campaigns, and who, from his own sterling qualities, knew how to estimate valor, says, "He never faltered, and when without regular rations for days, he never murmured, but strove to do all in his power for the relief of his men. He was cool, brave, and unassuming, and no one of his rank in the Army of the Cumberland stood higher in the estimation of his superior officers."

LANSFORD FOSTER CHAPMAN, Major of the Twenty-eighth regiment, was born at Mauch Chunk, on the 13th of September, 1834. His father, Joseph Henshaw Chapman, was a native of Northampton, Massachusetts, and his mother, Martha Probasco Woolley, of Chester county, Pennsylvania. The son was educated at the common schools of Mauch Chunk, and spent one term at the Wyoming Seminary, an institution of some note in Luzerne county. At the age of fifteen, manifesting a taste for civil engineering, he joined a party engaged in locating a railroad at Summit Hill, and was subsequently employed in surveying several other roads in the anthracite coal regions of the central part of the state, either as assistant or engineer-in-chief. On the 1st of May, 1856, he was married to Olive A. Jackson, of Carbondale. A short time previous to this he had abandoned civil engineering, and had embarked in the lumber business on the Lehigh river, in which he continued to the breaking out of the Rebellion.

His military education previous to taking the field was limited to a year or two of service in a militia company known as the Cleaver Artillerists, in which he was a Lieutenant. Upon the issue of the President's call for 75,000 men, he was among the first to rally, and in two days three full companies were raised at Mauch Chunk. But such a number could not be accepted, and the question became not who will go, but who is willing to stay? He was not of the number chosen to go. In June, in conjunction with J. D. Arner, and his brother C. W. Chapman, he set about recruiting a company for three years' service, and of this he was commissioned Captain. Having placed his company in camp, he put it to a severe course of discipline. Of camp-life he soon tired, and having heard of battles, "he longed to follow to the field some war-like chief." His desire was gratified, for his company was accepted by Colonel John W. Geary, a soldier of the Mexican war, and made the color company of his regiment,—the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania.

The regiment was first stationed on the upper Potomac, and Captain Chapman, when the troops under General Banks were ordered to cross into Virginia, made himself useful by his engineering skill in constructing a rope ferry, and afterwards in

laying a pontoon bridge, the task being a difficult one on account of high water, six men having been drowned by the upsetting of a boat in attempting to take the heavy hawser across. With his company he participated in the stirring campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in the fall and winter of 1861, and in the valley of Virginia with Pope in 1862. At Antietam, on the 17th of September, the regiment was subjected to severe fighting, and performed efficient service. Captain Chapman was struck by a fragment of shell and sustained considerable injury, but in a short time was sufficiently recovered to be again at the head of his company.

In January, 1863, he was promoted to the rank of Major, and at once took command of the regiment, and retained it until, on the field of Chancellorsville, at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, May 3d, when the battle was at its height and raging with unparalleled fury, he fell dead at the head of his troops, leading them on and encouraging them to deeds of valor by his intrepid example. Eagerly did his comrades strive to rescue the body of their fallen leader, but in the fitful changes of the fight they were compelled to leave it upon the field, and it fell into the hands of the enemy. Many times afterwards were his remains sought by his friends; but in the tangled wilds of that desolate region, where the dead were strewn thick on every hand, it was impossible to identify the place of their interment.

When, in May, 1865, the war being ended, the Union troops with joyous step were on the homeward march, General Geary turned aside at Chancellorsville to search for the anxiously and long sought grave of his old companion in arms. The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* was on the ground with the disinterring party, and in a communication thus described the scene: "The most notable case of recognition was the discovery of the remains of the heroic Major Chapman of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers, one of the finest regiments in the Second division of the Twelfth corps, which at the time of his death he was commanding. Major Chapman fell in sight of General Geary, and that thoughtful commander was the first to identify his remains, although they had several times been sought by his friends, but in vain. Knowing the spot where he fell, and

finding a grave near, General Geary at once supposed it to be that of the lamented officer, and directed the disinterment. An eager crowd of friends of the deceased gathered around the spot, and as each shovelful of earth was laid aside, one and another identified some token. The teeth, hair, and size of the body all coincided with those of Major Chapman. In addition to these evidences there were several others equally strong. The coat was identified by the officer who ordered it from the maker. The buttons had been cut off by rebel desperadoes, and the pants were missing. Men who had been taken prisoners near the spot knew that the body of Major Chapman had been thus despoiled. It was known moreover that no other field officer had fallen near this position. Stronger evidences than these could scarcely be in a case of this kind. By order of General Geary the bones were carefully taken up and placed in a cracker box, the only receptacle which the moment afforded, and now they follow the command to Alexandria, whence they will be transported to the North."

On the 27th of May, 1865, they were laid peacefully to rest in the quiet cemetery at upper Mauch Chunk by sorrowing friends. A beautiful monument erected by his family marks his last resting-place. His memory is fondly cherished, not only by his relatives, but by a large circle of acquaintances. Among many letters of condolence which his family received, the following paragraph from one written by Daniel Kalbfus, Esq., will illustrate their tenor: "I never can forget him. He was a true man, a brave soldier, a finished scholar, and a perfect gentleman. He was my friend, and his friendship was very warm. A man of his years, talents, social and political attainments, will be missed in Carbon county, for, in my judgment, there were few like him. Brave to rashness, I knew that he would win honor at the head of his regiment, or die nobly fighting there, and so it proved."

Nearly six feet in height, and of noble proportions, enjoying perfect health, induced by habits of sobriety, he was a shining mark for the destroyer. As a boy, he was a Cadet of Temperance, and when arrived at man's estate was a Son of Temperance, and no one was more consistent to his professions.

In his family relations he was fortunate, and a wife and two children, a girl and a boy, the objects of his warmest affection, are left to grieve his loss.

JOHN WHITE MCLANE, Colonel of the Eighty-third regiment, was born in Clearfield county, Pennsylvania, August 24th, 1820. He was the son of James H. and Phebe (Fleming) McLane. The family removed to Erie, in 1828. After a few years of instruction received chiefly from his maternal grandmother, and a brief season at the Erie Academy, he was placed in the store of his uncle, William Fleming. In 1842, he organized and commanded the Wayne Greys, a volunteer company, favorably known throughout western Pennsylvania for their admirable discipline and soldierly bearing. This company, in competition with many others from Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, was awarded the prize-banner at the encampment at Meadville, September 10th, 1844.

When the Mexican war broke out, McLane was residing temporarily at Fort Wayne, Indiana. During his brief sojourn in that city, the ruling passion had manifested itself in the formation of a military company, which, now that troops were needed, promptly volunteered for the war, and marched to camp at New Albany, where they were attached to, and became part of the First regiment, Indiana Volunteers, Colonel James P. Drake. This regiment was engaged chiefly in performing garrison duty at Matamoras and Monterey, and saw but little real service save repelling the attacks of the Mexican cavalry and guerillas, in marching to the latter place. The Wayne Greys volunteered their services to the Governor, for the same war, and placed their arms in condition; but the State quota being full, were not called out. After the war, Captain McLane engaged in farming and milling. In 1859, he formed a fine volunteer organization, known as the Wayne Guard of Erie. On the 10th of September, 1860, the company took part in the imposing ceremonies incident to the inauguration of a monument to the memory of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, at Cleveland, Ohio. Captain McLane was officer of the day upon that occasion, and, representing the Guards, presented an elegantly mounted cane,

made from the wood of Perry's Flag-ship, the Lawrence, to the Hon. George Bancroft, the orator of the day.

"I well remember," says Mr. Isaac G. Morehead, who has kindly furnished the matter for this sketch, "the spirit exhibited by Captain McLane on his return from witnessing the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States. Meeting a group of young men, members of the Wayne Guard, in the Park, he said: 'Boys, you may as well think the matter over, and make up your minds what you are going to do, for we are going to have a fight. I am going into it,—to lead my company, I hope; if not, I'll go as a private. We will fill up our ranks and march to Pittsburg, or some other point, and help to make a regiment.' Most of the group smiled incredulously at the idea of a war with our own people; but the Captain said, 'It will come.' Returning home on the night of the 13th of April from a brief journey, I was awakened in the morning by the noise of fife and drum, and the tramp of marching men. Bells were ringing and cannon firing. Strange sounds to break upon the ear on Sabbath morning in a quiet little city! Sumter had been fired upon, and the Captain had commenced his work. When all others seemed stunned and appalled, he went to work easily and quietly as though anticipating all that was occurring. Flags were flying everywhere. Anxious, determined-looking men were talking in groups, or hurriedly leaving town to rouse the people in the quiet country places. In four days, Captain McLane's company had grown to 1600 men. Men of all trades and professions were there. The plow was left with its point in the earth, the pen and the hammer were dropped, law-books and briefs were left upon the table." McLane abandoned his office of Sheriff of the county—refused the office of Commissary-General of Pennsylvania tendered him by Governor Curtin, which he said a lame man could administer—and as Colonel, at the head of his regiment, amid the cheers of assembled thousands, in a furious storm of rain and snow, took up the march to Pittsburg. The regiment was known as McLane's Independent Regiment, and at camps Wilkins and Wright, was drilled during the three months of its service in a very effective manner. Scarcely had the regiment reached home, when news of the disaster of the

Union arms at Bull Run was received. Colonel McLane immediately telegraphed General Cameron, then Secretary of War, and received authority to recruit a regiment for three years. On the 8th of September, the men were mustered into the service by Captain Bell of the regular army, and on the 16th, headed by Mehl's brass band, they started for Washington. They went into camp near that city, and, on the night of the 1st of October, crossed the Long Bridge into Virginia. At Hall's Hill, they were placed in Fitz John Porter's division in the Third brigade, commanded by General Butterfield. Here the regiment settled down to hard work, and that discipline was perfected which gave them their reputation, and fitted them for winning immortal glories on every great battle-field of the Army of the Potomac. None who heard, in those days, that clear ringing voice of Colonel McLane, can ever forget it. His men never misunderstood his orders. There was something so energizing in his voice, in the full, firm tone, that gave such entire assurance to the men, something so electric—far beyond the ordinary acceptation and use of the word—that it was a proverb, "McLane can lead *those* men anywhere." He was born to command.

> "Proud was his tone, but calm; his eye
> Had that compelling dignity,
> His mien that bearing haught and high,
> Which common spirits fear."

Marching up the Peninsula, their first fighting was at Hanover Court House; and they fought well. On the morning of the 27th of June, 1862, they were on the extreme left of our line at Gaines' Mill. They stood firm all of that terrible day. Every attack upon the left was repelled; but toward evening, Colonel McLane was informed that our lines were forced in the next brigade on the right. "I cannot believe that," said the Colonel, "for the Sixty-second Pennsylvania is in that brigade." But when the unwelcome truth was made evident, the Colonel said: "Well, we will change front, boys, and fight it out here." But in changing front, Colonel McLane and his Major, Naghel, were both killed. The retreat now became general, and but a small portion of Butterfield's brigade remained on the field. The courier that had

been sent with the order to retreat was killed on the way. The Eighty-third had been directed to hold this position, and retreat without orders was not to be thought of. Major Von Vegesack, an Aid of General Butterfield, came at last, with an order to retire. He found them with the glare of battle upon their faces. Their blood was up, and there they stood savagely and desperately fighting over the dead body of their beloved leader, Colonel McLane. They paid no attention to the order of retreat. While the Aid stood there, vehemently repeating his commands, the Eleventh South Carolina appeared moving past in front. With the sublimity of impudence, the Eighty-third, surrounded almost as they were, and their retreat endangered, sent out Lieutenant White with a handkerchief tied to his sword, to demand their surrender. This, of course, was indignantly refused, and before the officer returned to his regiment, he heard the order given in his rear, accompanied by the click of hundreds of muskets, and, dropping instantly upon his face, a volley passed over him, killing and wounding a number of the men. Suffering severely from a flanking fire, the retreat was at last ordered by Captain Campbell, and the Eighty-third turned sullenly from the field and crossed the river, leaving one-half of the regiment dead or wounded. When the war was over, and the Eighty-third were marching from the scene of Lee's surrender to Washington, they encamped near this historic field. Colonel Rogers, then in command of the regiment, raised the bones of Colonel McLane, and forwarded them to Erie; and on the 19th of May, 1865, his bereaved widow and children, surrounded by a vast concourse of people, followed his remains to the Cemetery on the hill; the volley was fired,—earth to earth, ashes to ashes,—and the soldier was at rest. He fell early in the war; but his faithful work and perfect discipline lived after him, and produced great and glorious fruit.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE KILLED IN BATTLE.

GEORGE DASHIELL BAYARD, Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Colonel of the First Pennsylvania cavalry, was born on the 18th of December, 1835, at Seneca Falls, New York. He traced his paternal ancestry to the family of the Chevalier Bayard, the Good Knight, without fear and without reproach, and his maternal to the Dashiells, a French Huguenot family. At eight years of age his father removed to Iowa, where he remained several years. In 1849, the family returned and settled in New Jersey, and in 1852, George was appointed by Mr. Fillmore a cadet at large in the Military Academy at West Point, whence he graduated in 1856, standing eleven in a class which originally numbered ninety members. On leaving the Academy he chose the cavalry arm of the service, and was assigned to duty with the First, now the Fourth regiment of regulars, in which he rose to the rank of Captain. Soon after entering it his command was ordered to the plains, where it had frequent encounters with the Indians. In 1860, while engaged with a party of Kiowas, he was severely wounded. His father, in his life of Bayard, gives the following account of this event: "After a pursuit of more than twenty miles, some Indians were seen at a distance. Lieutenant Bayard, being mounted on a superior horse, whose speed surpassed that of any in the command, led the way in the chase. He soon came up with an Indian warrior, and, presenting his revolver, demanded his surrender. The Indian, as Lieutenant Bayard rode up to him, had dismounted from his pony for the purpose of dodging the shot from the pistol he anticipated, or

to enable him the better to use his bow and arrow. At this moment, while in this attitude, Lieutenant Bayard saw some Indians running at a distance, and turned to see if any of his men were near enough to receive a signal from him that other Indians were in sight, and as he turned again towards the chief he had brought to bay, the latter shot him with his arrow. The arrow was steel-headed, in shape like a spear-head, and the head two and a half inches long. It struck Lieutenant Bayard under the cheek-bone, and penetrated the antrim. If the Indian had not been so near, he would have drawn his bow more taut, and probably killed his enemy." The arrow head was imbedded so firmly in the bone, that it could not with safety be removed except by superior skill. Though enduring intense suffering, he made a journey of 800 miles to St. Louis before he could have the operation performed. Its removal gave some relief, but the wound did not heal, and he was subject to severe hemorrhage which threatened his life. The artery, which had been severed, was finally taken up and tied, freeing him from further danger from this source, and he was soon after assigned to duty as cavalry instructor at West Point.

When the war broke out, in 1861, though his wound was still unhealed and very painful, he repeatedly asked to be relieved, and allowed to join a regiment of volunteers. In a letter to his father of April 13th, he says: "The capital will very soon be the object of attack, and I think it the duty of all good Americans to march to its defence. My heart is too full to write you anything about Sumter. The Southerners have made a great mistake in attacking it. All my sympathy with the South is now gone. It is now war to the knife." And again, of July 26th, . . . "I must go to this war. I cannot stay here and rust while gallant men are in the field. This Rebellion is a much more serious thing than many suppose. I pity the Southern officers in our army. They cannot but condemn the madness of their politicians who have brought on this war, and yet they feel in honor bound to go with their section." His request to be relieved was steadily refused until September 1861, when he was made Major of a regiment recruited by Colonel Van Allen of New York. On his arrival at Washington General McClellan, then Commander-in-

Geo. D. Bayard

chief, would not consent to his taking this position, and gave him the option to take command of a regiment, or to serve as aid upon his staff. Bayard chose an independent command, and was appointed by Governor Curtin Colonel of the First Pennsylvania cavalry, one of the regiments of the Reserve corps. His great-grandfather had been Colonel of the First Pennsylvania cavalry, in the Revolution. His discipline was exact, and to independent yeomanry it seemed arbitrary; but the real worth and heroism of the man soon endeared him to all hearts, and reconciled them to his methods. His first speech to his men, delivered as they were about to undertake a hazardous duty, was characteristic: "Men! I will ask you to go in no place but where I lead."

One who knew him well says of him: "As a soldier, in camp and on the field, in bivouac or in the height of an engagement, he was a perfect model. He had a quiet but keen eye, detecting and correcting what was wrong, and just as quick to discern merit. In the field, he participated in all the hardships with the men, declining a shelter when they were exposed."

In the spring of 1862, he was promoted to Brigadier-General, and was placed over the First brigade of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac. When McClellan went to the Peninsula, Bayard remained with the army of observation before Washington. At Cross Keys, and all the subsequent operations under General Pope, he acquitted himself with great credit. He had been at the Academy with J. E. B. Stuart, and at Cedar Mountain they met; first in conflict, and afterwards under flag of truce for the burial of the dead, where they conversed in a friendly way. No allusion was made to the present war, but they talked of former associations. "During the interview," says a Washington paper, "a wounded Union soldier lying near was groaning and asked for water. 'Here, Jeb,' said Bayard—old time recollections making him familiar as he tossed his bridle to the rebel officer—'hold my horse a minute, will you, till I fetch that poor fellow some water.' Jeb held the bridle. Bayard went to a stream and brought the wounded man some water. As Bayard mounted his horse, Jeb remarked that it was the first time he had 'played orderly to a Union General.'" Stuart was then a Major-General in the Confederate service. The business for which they met

was soon arranged, and when the bugle sounded the recall they shook hands and turned away, mortal enemies again.

General Bayard, from the midst of war's direful encounters, was looking forward with interest to his marriage, which, he says in a letter to his mother, of October 26th, 1862, "we have intended should take place on the 18th of December, my twenty-seventh birthday." In a letter of the 22d of November, to his father, he says: "I have been troubled a good deal of late with rheumatism, owing to having been thoroughly drenched with rain. I ought to be in the hospital. But I must go with this army through. I am senior General of cavalry. Honor and glory are before me—shame lurks in the rear. It looks as if I should not be able to leave at the time appointed for my marriage, but will have to postpone it till this campaign is over."

In the desperate engagement at Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, he had the honor of opening the battle, and holding the enemy in check until the infantry could come up, when he was withdrawn and posted on the extreme left of the line, his left flank abutting upon the river. "There," says the life, "he was engaged all the morning of the 13th, more or less with the enemy's skirmishers and advance. His last directions, before leaving his troops to go to the headquarters of General Franklin, were given to his artillery officer to change the position of some of his guns. A little before two o'clock he rode to headquarters, to receive such orders as General Franklin might deem proper to give. He found the General in a grove of trees, with some of his staff and other General officers. The enemy were then throwing their shells at and around this grove. General Bayard, soon after he arrived, having dismounted, seated himself at the foot of a tree, but with his face towards the quarter from whence the shells came. He was warned by a brother officer of his needless exposure, and invited to change his position. This he did not do, but remained for some time participating in the conversation of those around. In a little while, however, he rose from his seat, and hardly stood erect, when he was struck by a shell just below the hip, shattering his thigh near the joint." In this frightful condition, with mind still clear and active, he lingered until noon of the following day, arranging his business and send-

ing messages of love and affection to friends. To his father and mother he said: "I have to dictate to you a few words, ere it becomes too late. My strength is rapidly wasting away. Good-bye, dearest father and mother; give my love to my sisters." He did not appear to suffer much pain, and about twenty-four hours after he was struck, he sank gradually and quietly to his last sleep. "Not one," says Greeley, "died more lamented than Major-General George D. Bayard, commanding our cavalry on the left, who was struck by a shell and mortally wounded. But twenty-seven years old, and on the eve of marriage, his death fell like a pall on many loving hearts."

STRONG VINCENT, Colonel of the Eighty-third regiment, and Brigadier-General, son of Bethuel B. and Sarah A. (Strong) Vincent, was born in the village of Waterford, Erie county, Pennsylvania, June 17th, 1837. At the age of seventeen, he went to Hartford, Connecticut, where he became a student in the Scientific School. Subsequently he prepared for, and entered Trinity College, where he remained two years. At the end of that time, he entered Harvard College, and graduated in the class of 1859. Vincent did not attain a high rank as a scholar, but was looked up to as a leader among his associates, and as possessed of qualities which would make him a leader among men. In stature he was above the medium height, of well-formed and powerful frame. Returning to Erie, he commenced the study of law, and on his admission to the bar, at once took a prominent rank. The day after the President's call for volunteers, he enlisted as a private soldier in the Wayne Guards. At the expiration of the three months' service, in which he served as Adjutant of the Erie regiment, he took an active part in raising the Eighty-third regiment for three years' service, and was elected and commissioned its Lieutenant-Colonel. The Battle of Hanover Court House was his first experience of real conflict, though the regiment suffered little in this engagement. The malaria of the swamps proved more fatal to the soldiers than the bullets of the enemy, and he became a victim to its deadly influence. Towards the end of June, he was sick almost beyond the hope of recovery. At the time of the battle of Gaines' Mill, he was too weak to leave

his bed; but when he learned the disasters which had befallen his regiment,—the Colonel and Major dead on the field, and more than half its numbers gone down in the battle,—he determined to rejoin it. His strength was insufficient to bear up under the fatigues of the march, and he was finally carried insensible from the field. He was taken in a hospital ship to New York, and thence to his home in Erie. On his return, in October, he took command of the regiment, having been chosen and commissioned Colonel during his absence. He participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, and while on the advance line in front of the enemy, the command of the brigade devolved upon him. He was, for several weeks, President of a court-martial, and was tendered the position of Judge-Advocate-General of the Army of the Potomac. But this honor, which many young officers would have coveted, he declined, saying: "I enlisted to fight." In the action at Ashby's Gap, on the 21st of June, preceding the battle of Gettysburg, in which Vincent commanded a brigade, the enemy were routed and a Blakely gun captured. For his skill in this affair, he received the formal thanks of General Meade. The army was now on its way to Gettysburg. On crossing the Pennsylvania line, Vincent became much excited, riding up and down the column, encouraging the men and reminding them that they were now to fight on their own soil. On the 2d of July, the second day of the battle, Vincent was ordered to seize Little Round Top, and hold the narrow valley between it and Big Round Top. After heroically repulsing repeated assaults, while reconnoitring the position of the enemy from a huge rock directly fronting the Devil's Den, then held by the enemy's sharp-shooters, he fell mortally wounded. On the following day, his appointment by the President as Brigadier-General, was sent to him. He lingered till the 7th, and expired on the field. On entering the service, he had written to his young wife: "If I live, we will rejoice over our country's success. If I fall, remember you have given your husband to the most righteous cause that ever widowed a woman,"—a sentiment that is worthy to be inscribed upon his tomb.

CHARLES FREDERICK TAYLOR, Colonel of the Bucktail regiment, was born on the 6th of February, 1840, at West Chester, Pennsylvania. His boyhood years were spent upon his father's farm, near Kennett Square. This is the neighborhood of the ground made sacred in the Revolution. Not far away is the Quaker church, where, even now, stains upon the floor are shown, formed by pools of the life-current from patriot wounds; and near-by, the tree under which Lafayette reclined, when weak from loss of blood. The story of that struggle was early learned, and inspired his youthful imagination. At the age of fifteen, he entered the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, which he left on the following year, to accompany his brother, Bayard Taylor, and two sisters, on a tour through Europe. After travelling in Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, Charles, with his sisters, settled at Lausanne, while Bayard was making his northern tour through Sweden and Lapland. In the spring of 1857, they proceeded to Gotha for the purpose of studying the German language; and in June following, returned to America. With renewed vigor, Charles again took his place in the University; but at the end of a year, left the institution, to undertake the management of his father's farm. His plans for improved culture had scarcely been matured, when the tocsin of war was sounded, and he instantly abandoned the visions of agricultural triumphs, for those on the field of strife.

Having recruited a company, he moved with it to Harrisburg, where it was made a part of the Bucktail regiment, and he was commissioned its Captain. Before the opening of the spring campaign, this regiment was divided; six companies, under Major Roy Stone, going with McClellan to the Peninsula; and the other four, among which was Captain Taylor's, under Colonel Kane, remaining with McDowell in the army of observation. At Harrisonburg, on the 6th of June, this handful of Bucktails fought an entire brigade of the enemy. They were subjected to an enfilading fire, by which Captain Taylor received four bullet holes through his clothes. When about to retire, he found that his Colonel had fainted from loss of blood, and in the act of rendering him assistance, they were surrounded by eight or ten

rebels who immediately took them prisoners. They were both paroled at Petersburg, and at once sent into the Union lines. Their request to be exchanged was not granted, and they remained prisoners on parole until November, during which time Captain Taylor was commandant of Camp Parole, at Annapolis. He was not released until after the battle of Antietam, when—Colonel McNeil having been killed, and Colonel Kane having been promoted to Brigadier-General—he was advanced to Colonel, then but twenty-one, among the youngest who held that commission in the Union army. In the battle of Fredericksburg, he was wounded, the loss in the regiment being very severe. At Gettysburg the Bucktails were in the First brigade, commanded by Colonel McCandless. At the moment when the fortunes of the day on the left of the field seemed utterly lost, brigade after brigade, and division after division, having been pushed forward, only to be hurled back mangled and bleeding, McCandless was ordered to charge and check the impetuous onsets of the foe. In two lines he advanced, Taylor having the left of the second line. The swamp, formed by Plum Run, presented a serious impediment; but, having passed it in the face of a murderous fire, he swept on, and having crossed the stone wall upon the verge of the wood, dashed through it to the edge of the Wheatfield, where, while in the act of steadying and encouraging his men, he was shot through the heart by the bullet of a sharp-shooter. His body was carried back, and taken to his home near Kennett Square, where it was buried with impressive ceremonies. A tasteful monument rests over his grave—the tribute of soldiers and friends.

John Richter Jones, Colonel of the Fifty-eighth regiment, entered the service from Sullivan county, Pennsylvania, on the 13th of February, 1862. Many of his men were from the forest region, and the pet he chose to accompany his command was in keeping with the characteristics of the section he represented. It was neither a dog, a cat, a rooster, a coon, nor a fox, which were the most commonly adopted; but a bear from the forests of Sullivan. The service which Colonel Jones' command performed was, for the most part, rendered in North Carolina,

where he was isolated from the great armies operating in the field, and where the duty chiefly consisted in holding an enemy's country, and fighting detached bodies as they chanced to appear. A clause, extracted from the communication of a writer who understood well the difficulties and dangers of that service, published in *Moore's Rebellion Record*, discloses its character. "There are thousands," he says, "at the North, who curse the army for inaction, who, if they knew half the brave things done by the men in the field, would be shamed to silence by their deeds of valor. Colonel Jones and his heroes of the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania have done some splendid work, and by his vigilance he has made the bushwhackers cry for quarter." In an action at Bachelor's Creek, on the 23d of May, 1863, while in command of a brigade, and conducting an important expedition, he was shot through the heart and instantly expired. General Foster, who commanded in the department, in an order announcing his death, said: "Colonel Jones won the admiration of all, by the indefatigable, able, and gallant manner with which he filled the arduous duties of Commander of the Outposts. He died whilst yet enjoying the triumphs of a victory won by his valor and counsel."

James Harvey Childs, Colonel of the Fourth cavalry, was born on the 4th of July, 1834, at Pittsburg. His father was Harvey Childs, a native of Massachusetts. His mother, Jane Bailey (Lowrie) Childs, was a sister of the Hon. Walter H. Lowrie, late Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. He was educated at the Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, where he graduated in the class of 1852. In person, he was six feet in height, well proportioned, and of good general health. He was married on the 14th of July, 1857, to Mary H. Howe, eldest daughter of the Hon. Thomas M. Howe, of Pittsburg.

He was First Lieutenant of the Pittsburg City Guards, before the rebellion. When the call was made for troops in that struggle, he was prompt to tender his services, and became First Lieutenant of company K, Twelfth regiment. After the conclusion of the term for which this body was enlisted, he was active in recruiting the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and was com-

missioned Lieutenant-Colonel. Before entering upon field service he was promoted to Colonel. In the campaign upon the Peninsula he was on duty with his command, the scouting and skirmishing being unusually severe on account of the lack of troops in this arm of the service. His regiment opened the battle in the first of the seven days' engagements, and at Gaines' Mill and Charles City Cross Roads, was actively employed, proving, in both those desperate encounters, the sterling qualities of which it was composed and the steadfast purpose of its commander.

On evacuating the Peninsula, the regiment moved to Washington, arriving in time to join in the Maryland campaign. At Antietam it was attached to Averell's brigade, and on account of the sickness of its leader, the command devolved upon Colonel Childs. The brigade was assigned to the left of the Union line, and after crossing the stone bridge, was posted in support of Clark's battery, which was warmly engaged. The duty was difficult, and the enemy's fire proved very destructive. Colonel Childs was upon every part of the field, encouraging his men, and intelligently directing the movements. He had just completed an inspection of the skirmish line and had returned to his headquarters, where he was cheerfully conversing with his staff, when he was struck by a cannon-ball on the left hip which threw him from his horse, and passed completely through his body. For a time his mind was clear, and recognizing at once that his wound was mortal, his first care was for his command. He dispatched Captain Hughes, one of his aids, to General Pleasanton, Chief of cavalry, to apprise him of his fall, and another to Lieutenant-Colonel Kerr, to request him to assume command of the brigade. He then sent a message to Dr. Marsh, that, "If he was not attending to any one whose life could be saved, to come to him, as he was in great pain." Finally, he called to his side his Assistant Adjutant-General, Captain Henry King, a townsman and personal friend, to whom he gave brief messages of affection to his wife and three little children. Of the oldest of the three, a boy bearing the name of his maternal grandfather, as if thinking in his dying moments only of his country for which he had perilled and lost his own life, he said: "Tell Howe to be a good boy, and a good man, and true to his country." In twenty

minutes he became delirious, and shortly after breathed his last, joining in the spirit-land his many comrades whose last earthly struggle was on the bloody field of Antietam.

WASHINGTON BROWN, Captain in the One Hundred and Forty-fifth regiment. Many of the most earnest and faithful of the soldiers who went forth to do battle for the preservation of the national integrity, were the sons of farmers, who, during the period of boyhood and youth, were accustomed to labor; and while removed from the privileges of the city, were also kept aloof from its corrupting influences,—a condition favoring reflection, and inducing to study.

Of this class was Washington Brown, who was born on the 22d of October, 1836, in Millcreek township, Erie county, Pennsylvania. His father, Conrad Brown, and his mother, Elizabeth Ann (Barr) Brown, were both natives of that county. The son was instructed in the common schools of the district during five or six months in each year, working upon the farm the remainder of the time, until he had passed the period of boyhood, when he was sent to the Erie County Academy, and, subsequently, to a commercial school in the city of New York, where he completed his academic studies. In his nineteenth year, he taught a country school during one term. He attained to a good degree of proficiency in mathematics and civil engineering.

He early exhibited a liking for military training, and became a member of the Wayne Guards, a widely-known militia company, commanded by that gallant soldier and true patriot, John W. McLane. Early in the war, he was active in recruiting a company for the One Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment, of which he was chosen Captain. When the subject of the captaincy was under consideration, he was asked what his course would be if he were defeated for this position? His answer was prompt and decisive: "I will go into the ranks with my musket." The choice of a Captain was not long in doubt.

The organization of the regiment was completed but a few days before the battle of Antietam, and it was hurried away to join the grand army. It arrived within sound of the battle, and was employed in burying the dead on that gory field.

In the battle of Fredericksburg, Captain Brown was wounded in the right arm, near the shoulder. Calling to one of his men, he requested him to tie a handkerchief tightly above the wound, and using his knife for a tourniquet, he seized his sword in his left hand, and again led on his men, cheering them in the fight, until from loss of blood he became too weak to stand, when he was carried from the field. He was unable to obtain surgical assistance, and for three days the wound remained undressed—a fatal and unaccountable delay. When finally it was examined, it was found to be past relief. When told by the surgeon that he must lose his arm, he cheerfully assented, and it was amputated at the shoulder. Three days thereafter, having endured great suffering and grief at the separation from friends and family, he died. His father was with him through all, and ministered to him with paternal care. His last words were: "O Lord, receive my spirit! Good-bye. I am gone." Thus passed to his rest as brave a man as ever filled a soldier's grave.

On the 11th of September, 1861, just one year before his departure for the front, he was married to Miss Eliza Alexander of Covington, Kentucky, who, with an infant daughter, was left to mourn his untimely death. In person, he was erect and well-proportioned, being five feet ten inches in height, and weighing 170 pounds. He was possessed of good health, of temperate habits, industrious, energetic, of a kind and sympathetic heart. He was descended from a line of heroic ancestors. On the day that his regiment left for the front, his aged grandmother, more than threescore years and ten, in the spirit of the heroine of old —who bade her son return *with* the weapon she gave, or *upon* it— presented him a pistol, as a token of her appreciation of the righteousness of the cause he espoused, and of her faith in its triumph. The company having been drawn up, ready to take its place in the line, the venerable matron thus addressed him: "My son, I send you to war to defend the liberties of our country which are menaced by designing and wicked men. My father, your great-grandfather, fought in the Revolutionary War to gain our independence. My husband, your grandfather, served in the War of 1812 to establish our independence, and I wish you to do your duty to your country by giving your services, and life itself,

if necessary, in defence of those liberties, won and established by your fathers. I present you this weapon. Use it if the occasion calls, and *use it skilfully*. Always be obedient to those who are placed over you. Be kind to those who are under you, and may they treat you with respect and obedience in return. My blessing shall follow you, and may God bless and preserve you. Farewell."

The Captain briefly said, in response: "I thank you for this weapon. I will endeavor to do my duty to my country, and to my men." Faithfully was the promise kept; and when, after having fallen upon the field of honor, his lifeless form was borne mournfully to his home, a great concourse of sorrowing friends and fellow-citizens followed him to his final resting-place, in the Cemetery at Erie. It is sad to contemplate the sacrifice of such as these; but

> "Who dies in vain
> Upon his country's war-fields, and within
> The shadows of her altars?"

WILLIAM BOWEN, Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant of the Seventy-fifth regiment, was born on the 25th of April, 1837, at Manchester, England, where his parents were then residing. He was the son of William Ezra and Elizabeth (Kritley) Bowen, the former a native of Philadelphia, the latter of England. While the son was yet in infancy they came to Philadelphia, where, and at Bolmar's Military Institute at Westchester, he received a good education. After graduating he was for a time in mercantile business, spent a year in Centre county, and a year and a half in Ontonagon, Michigan, where his health, which had suffered from a rheumatic affection, was much improved. He volunteered at the opening of the war in the Seventeenth regiment, Colonel Patterson, and at the conclusion of its service, entered the Seventy-fifth, General Bohlen, as a Second-Lieutenant. His regiment was attached to the Second brigade of Schurz's division; and in Pope's campaign he was the Acting Adjutant. It was a position of great responsibility, and from the confidence which he had inspired by his soldierly qualities, one of marked influence. In that disastrous retreat he had particularly distinguished himself in the work of checking the

enemy's advance, and protecting the retiring army. In a desperate charge ordered for this purpose, on the 30th of August, while at the head and cheering on his regiment, he received a mortal wound, from the effect of which he soon after expired on the field. Though in the agonies of death he still thought of his command, and with his latest breath asked: "Do the men still stand firm?" On being assured that they did, he said: "It is all right then." These were his last words. His remains were buried on the field, but were subsequently removed to the family grave at Laurel Hill Cemetery.

SAMUEL CROASDALE, Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth regiment, son of William and Sarah Croasdale, was born at Hartsville, Bucks county, on the 23d of August, 1837. He was educated at Tenant school in his native town. He early evinced talents of a superior order, and a disposition thoughtful, studious, and ambitious. His love for, and knowledge of the classics, acquired for him among his fellows the sobriquet of Old Cicero. In the mathematics, in which he also delighted, he was no less proficient. He chose the law as his profession, and at the age of twenty-three was admitted to the Bucks county bar, where he practised until the breaking out of the war. When troops were needed he was among the first to enlist, and went as a private under Colonel W. W. H. Davis, in the three months' campaign. He entered the service again as Captain, having recruited a company; was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and given the command of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment. Before his men had been a month in the service, they were incorporated in the Army of the Potomac, and put upon the march to meet the enemy in Maryland. At the battle of Antietam, fought on the 17th of September, 1862, he was instantly killed, while leading his command on the hottest part of that stubbornly contested field. In appearance he was tall and commanding, with a fine intellectual face, expressive of power and determination, yet with a disposition most kind and affectionate.

HENRY I. ZINN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirtieth, regiment, was born on the 11th of December, 1834, in Dover township, York county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John and Anna Mary (Beitzel) Zinn. He received his education at the Cumberland Valley Institute, which gave a thorough training in the branches of a liberal course, and here he stood among the first for readiness of apprehension and soundness of views. By nature well endowed, and by taste studious, he was fitted to have taken a commanding position among his fellow men in any walk or profession. He was, in stature, five feet ten inches, stout, robust, and healthy. He was married on the 18th of September, 1855, to Miss Mary Ann Clarke.

He entered the service of the United States on the 23d of April, 1862, when he was elected First-Lieutenant of Company H, Seventh Pennsylvania Reserve. He was promoted to Captain of that company on the 28th of June; but in August following resigned. Re-entering the service as Captain of Company F, One Hundred and Thirtieth, on the 9th of August, a few days thereafter he was made Colonel of the regiment. He was in this position in a sphere fitted to his capabilities, and under his moulding hand the regiment rapidly gained a knowledge and skill in the practice of military duty. He was posted in the fortifications covering the approaches to Washington, during the battles of Groveton and Chantilly, and at Antietam took a prominent part, his regiment being stationed on the left of the right wing of the Union army, losing severely. He was here conspicuous for gallantry, and had a horse shot under him. After this engagement, Colonel Zinn was posted at Harper's Ferry, where his men suffered for want of camp equipage, and even for food. But in spite of the many difficulties, he instituted and pursued a regular plan of daily battalion and company drills. "He was," says one of his subordinate officers, "one of the best drill masters in the corps."

Captain Joshua W. Sharp, a brave man, who led one of the companies in Colonel Zinn's regiment, gives the following graphic account of the part it bore in the battle of Fredericksburg, and of the heroic death of its leader: "The One Hundred and Thirtieth started for Fredericksburg on the 11th of December,

crossed the Rappahannock on the following morning, and shared in the charge made on Marye's Heights by French's division, supported by Howard's, on the long to be remembered 13th, when, with this portion of the right wing of his army, Burnside sought to pierce the rebel centre, defended by lines of rifle pits, and a stone wall along the base and sides of the encircling heights, and by numerous batteries that covered their summits. Over that fearful valley of death the One Hundred and Thirtieth advanced at a double-quick, enfiladed on both right and left, and with a tremendous fire in front. Twice it was ordered to lie down, the second time just in front of the enemy; and here it is believed that some of our own shells from the guns on Stafford Hills fell among its ranks. It is certain that some of its men were killed by bullets from Federal soldiers in their rear; for the column of attack was from twenty to forty men deep. Galled by so many fires, whole regiments of the attacking force fell back into Fredericksburg. Meagher's men, with their green emblems streaming in the air, had come flying back from their bloody charge with numbers sadly reduced. The One Hundred and Thirtieth was about to follow, when Colonel Zinn, rising up, clasping the banner which had been presented by the State in his left hand, and waving his sword with the right, called out:

"'Stick to your standard, boys! The One Hundred and Thirtieth never abandons its standard!'

"Hardly had he uttered the words when he fell, pierced in the temple by a Minié ball. But the regiment, now under the command of Captain Porter, stuck to its standard, and a portion of it did not leave the field until after night-fall."

Thus fell one of the truest and boldest spirits that went forth from the Keystone State to do battle for his country. It was not a reckless bravery—a daring without thought—but with appreciative heroism, he went with considered step to his death.

Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No ban of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.

HENRY W. CARRUTHERS, Captain in the Ninety-seventh regiment. In the late war of the Rebellion, some of the most gifted of the young men of the nation, before whom there seemed opening in civil life a bright career, *iter ad astra*, were untimely cut off, giving up their lives as sacrifices on the altar of their country. Of these Henry W. Carruthers was one. He was born at Lawrenceville, Illinois, on the 5th of November, 1835. His father, George W. Carruthers, a promising young lawyer, died while his son was but a child. His mother, Jemima P. Carruthers, upon the death of her husband returned to Pennsylvania, her native State.

At the age of fourteen Henry was apprenticed to his uncle, Hon. Henry S. Evans, editor of the *Village Record*, of West Chester, to learn the business of a printer, with whom he remained until he became of age, acquiring a good knowledge of the art, and manifesting skill and business talent. At the expiration of this period he commenced the study of law in the office of Joseph Hemphill, Esq., and in 1858 was admitted to practice in the courts of Chester and Delaware counties. Well read in his profession, and possessed of a graceful and popular style of oratory, he at once took a commanding position at the bar, and was acquiring a lucrative practice, when the Rebellion opened and he rendered a prompt obedience to the call of his country in her time of need.

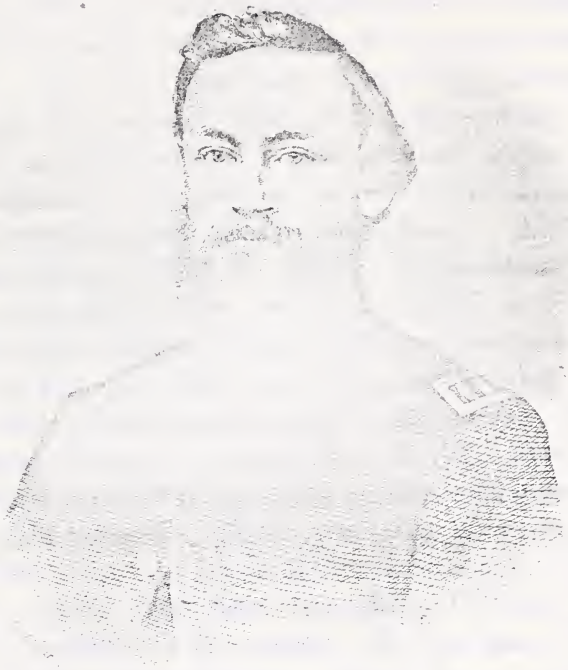
He had previously been a member of the National Guards, a militia company of note, commanded by Henry R. Guss, and when the latter recruited his company for the three months' service, and again at the end of that period recruited the Ninety-seventh regiment for three years, Carruthers followed the fortunes of his leader in each, serving in Patterson's army as a private in the former, and as Adjutant of the regiment during the greater part of the term in the latter. In this capacity he was taken to the Department of the South, where he remained until the spring of 1864. His legal knowledge and his habits of accuracy in the transaction of business prepared him to discharge the duties of Adjutant with remarkable skill and ability, and made him an admirable adviser to his commander. During the siege of Forts Wagner and Gregg he had charge of the assignment and relief

of working parties detailed from the brigade, a position of great peril and hardship, which he performed with singular success.

Upon the transfer of the regiment to the Army of the James, his ability was even more apparent and his skill in more constant requisition. While in the Department of the South he had acted at intervals as Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of Colonel Guss. He was afterwards offered this position on the staff of Colonel Bell; but he steadily declined it, preferring to remain with his old companions in arms. On the 6th of June, 1864, while in front of the enemy's works at Cold Harbor, he received his commission as Captain of Company C of his regiment. In the battle of Strawberry Plains, on the 16th of August, Captain Carruthers received a mortal wound. He was taken to the General Hospital at Fortress Monroe, where he had devoted attention and surgical aid, but all without avail, and on the 30th of the month, in his twenty-ninth year, he expired, deeply lamented by his company and by his entire regiment.

The following resolution, passed by the bar of West Chester, shows the esteem in which he was held by his brethren of the legal profession: "*Resolved*, That in the death of our dear friend and brother we feel that one of the best and most promising of our circle has been taken from us; one who generously gave up his young life—so full of vigor and hope—in defence of his country. The industry with which he pursued his preparatory studies for the bar; the energy with which he applied himself to the duties of his profession; his honorable bearing; the courteous, the kind and gentle spirit which always graced his intercourse with us; his loyalty, his patriotism, his humanity, his courage, and finally, his heroic death, make his brave and beautiful life precious to all his friends and brethren. In the manner of his death we are reminded that he is the fifth martyr from our midst, and we fondly associate his name with the honored names of Bell, Roberts, McIntire, and Nields, and will keep them all in affectionate remembrance."

Richard Hobson Woolworth, Colonel of the Fourth Reserve regiment, was born at Mantuaville, Philadelphia, in November, 1824. After receiving a thorough education in the



Henry W. Carruthers

ADJUTANT

AND

CAPTAIN CO. C. 97TH P. V.

A. A. A. GENERAL 1ST BRIG 2ND DIV. 10TH ARMY CORPS

schools of the city, he passed a novitiate in business in prominent commercial houses. He was afterwards connected with a leading house in stock exchange and brokerage, and two years before the opening of the war, established in this line a business of his own. He had been made Captain of a militia company in 1845, raised to protect the city against the riots which at that time threatened its peace, and when the call was made for troops to form the Reserve Corps, in 1861, he rendered signal service in drilling the new levies, and was finally made Captain of a company recruited in Germantown. Upon the formation of the Third Reserve, at Camp Washington, he was made Major, and subsequently, while the division was at Fredericksburg, just previous to its setting out for the Peninsula, he was ordered to the Fourth Reserve, in which he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. At Beaver Dam Creek and Gaines' Mill he shared the fortunes of the Reserves, who were put at the fore front and did severe duty. At Charles City Cross Roads Colonel Woolworth was severely wounded, and on the day after the battle, while lying in the hospital, was taken prisoner and moved to Richmond. He was soon after paroled and sent to hospital at David's Island, New York, where, thirty days after the battle, portions of his coat were extracted from his wounds. While yet lame he rejoined his command, and led it in the battle of Fredericksburg, where he was struck by a spent ball, from the effect of which he was confined to the hospital for two weeks. On the 1st of March, 1863, he was promoted to Colonel. After the transfer of a portion of the Reserves to Harper's Ferry, he had for a time command of a brigade.

In the spring of 1864, General Crook headed a column which penetrated West Virginia, of which the Fourth Reserve formed part. In the sanguinary battle of Cloyd Mountain, fought on the 9th of May, 1864, while the Reserves, under General Sickel, were charging upon the enemy's position in the face of a fierce fire of artillery and small arms, Colonel Woolworth, in leading on his men with great gallantry, was mortally wounded by a grapeshot. He was buried on the field beneath a locust tree, upon the bank of the stream across which the brigade was charging.

From first to last Colonel Woolworth maintained the character of exalted patriotism. Towards the close of the year 1863, a gentleman of wealth, Mr. Lewis Cooper, desired to form a business partnership with him, and requested the Hon. Charles Gilpin, an uncle of the Colonel, to transmit the proposition to him, then with his regiment on simple guard duty at Alexandria. The answer of Woolworth disclosed the conscientious regard for duty by which he was governed: "Dear Uncle:—I duly received thine of the 7th, and am truly grateful to our friend for his kind and generous offer. I should feel it my duty to accept it under other circumstances; but as I have voluntarily sworn to serve the United States well and truly for three years, I do not feel at liberty to tender my resignation. I think that the officers are as much bound by their oath as the enlisted men, particularly as many of the latter have enlisted through the example of those higher in position. Officers who resign now are not much thought of by those who remain in the service. The remaining ten months will soon slip around, and then, should I be spared, I hope to be with you again. Tell my friend I am very sorry to decline his proposal, and hope I may have an opportunity of expressing my thanks to him personally." A just sense of honor, which would not allow him to lay down his sword while confronting the enemies of his country, carried him to the fatal field of Cloyd Mountain, where his life was sacrificed to the cause of freedom and good government. The body of Colonel Woolworth was subsequently removed to Philadelphia and buried in the Odd Fellows Cemetery, near the city, where a monument was erected to his memory.

GEORGE ASHWORTH COBHAM, JR., Colonel of the One Hundred and Eleventh regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 5th of December, 1825, in Liverpool, England. He was the second son of Henry Cobham, of Brasinces College, Saint Albans Hall, University of Oxford, who died five months before the son's birth, and who was descended from Henry, the first Baron Cobham, one of the followers of William, in his conquest of Britain. The mother afterwards married the father's brother, George A. Cobham, and with him, and her two sons,

Henry and George A., came to this country in 1835, when the latter was but ten years of age, and settled five miles from Warren, on a tract which they named Cobham Park. Here the youth grew up a hardy pioneer, acquiring that athletic development which particularly characterized him to the end of his life, being six feet in height, well formed, and muscular. Though born in England, and having all his youthful associations there, he was, nevertheless, an American in thought and feeling.

When the cry for help against armed rebellion came from the National authorities, he said: "The Government must have defenders; the Rebellion must be put down with a strong hand; somebody must lead these men; if other and better men do not, I will try." When the One Hundred and Eleventh regiment was formed, in the summer of 1862, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and soon after taking the field, was promoted to Colonel. At Charlestown, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Ringgold, Dalton, Resaca, Dallas, New Hope Church, Pine Mountain, Grier's Hill, Noses Creek, Marietta Cross Roads, Pawnee Springs, and Chattahoochie, some of these lasting many days together, and numberless minor engagements and skirmishes, Colonel Cobham led his command with skill and heroic courage. His last battle was at Peach Tree Creek, on the 20th of July, 1864, almost the last before the fall of Atlanta, the objective of the campaign. "For the first time in the campaign," says one who witnessed the fight, and whose account was at the time published in an English paper, the *Bacup and Rosendale News*, "a fight took place with neither party behind works. Almost the whole of Hooker's corps was struck simultaneously, although, as the wave of battle rolled from right to left, Ward's division was engaged a minute or two sooner than the others. Face to face the combatants stood pouring deadly volleys into each other's bosoms, at times the lines not being fifteen yards apart. On Colonel Cobham's centre the lines met each other so furiously that they passed one beyond the other, and changed front to renew the conflict. At this juncture a New Jersey regiment broke, which was either in or in front of Colonel Cobham's brigade, and whilst endeavoring to rally these men,

Cobham was surrounded by the enemy, and called upon by an officer to surrender. With a rare nobility of character, he refused to yield, and for refusing was shot through the body by the rebel who made the demand. The ball entered his shoulder, glancing downwards, passed through his left lung, and came out under the shoulder blade. Mortally wounded, Cobham turned with the calm dignity that always characterized him, and ordered a soldier who stood near to shoot that fellow. The order was promptly obeyed, and the murderer paid with his life the penalty of killing one of the noblest soldiers that an army ever contained." This was the battle in which the impetuous Hood made his daring attack in hope of sweeping all before him, and turning the flank of Sherman's army. But he found in his way men equally stubborn and impetuous with himself, among whom none was more heroic than Cobham, and Hood was in the end routed with a loss of over 7000 of his best troops. Colonel Cobham was made Brigadier-General by brevet, to date from this battle. This promotion had been long deserved; for he had commanded a brigade nearly two years of the three he had been in the army.

The engagements in which the services of General Cobham were most conspicuous, were at Chancellorsville, where he led the advance; at Gettysburg, where his brigade received the weight of Ewell's shock and repulsed it; at Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, in both of which his troops were at the head of the assaulting party; and in charging the masked batteries at Resaca. In a letter addressed to his brother Henry, dated July 4th, 1863, Battle-field of Gettysburg, he says: "Yesterday my brigade was attacked at three o'clock in the morning by Jackson's old troops, and from that time until noon we kept them in check. Our men fired 200 shots each. At noon they charged on us in solid column, and we mowed them down like grass, defeating them entirely. The slaughter was terrible on their side, and we have not all escaped. All around me as I write, our men are busy burying the dead. The ground is literally covered with them, and the blood is standing in pools. It is a sickening sight. Two thousand of the enemy were killed and wounded in front of our single division. I think the rebels

will make another stand before long, at some point between here and the Potomac." Touching the charge upon the rebel fortifications at Resaca, in a letter to his mother, he says: "I led the charge on the rebel fort at Resaca, on the 15th, and captured it, with the cannon it contained—four brass twelve-pounders, caissons, and ammunition—and held the position, removing the guns in the night. . . . I send you the original order I received on the battle-field from Major-General Hooker, to take command of all the troops in front of the rebel works, which I did. There had been several desperate charges on this point during the day, but all failed before I was sent in."

His admirable qualities as a man, a soldier, and a patriot, endeared him to all hearts. "We have seldom known," says a writer in the paper above quoted, "a man more unselfish. Despising the petty arts by which so many become distinguished on paper, he never allowed his doings to be gazetted by army correspondents. Duty was his guiding star; to it he bent all the powers of a strong body and a stronger will. This took him into the service. This kept him where danger was thickest, attending to the details of the march and the battle, and performing much of the hard work for which others got credit." His place, whether in command of a regiment or brigade, was always at the fore front, where perils were greatest, and from which an officer of his rank might properly often withhold himself. In one instance his life was miraculously saved by his watch, the deadly missile penetrating it and imbedding itself completely in its delicate works, leaving it a mass of ruin. But a few months before his death, while at home on a short visit, in response to a toast offered at a public dinner given him, he said: "I appreciate the honor of the occasion and am grateful for the kindness you have shown me. I recognize in this not only a compliment to my own services, but a just tribute to the bravery of the boys whom I have the honor to command. The One Hundred and Eleventh has left its blood on every battle-field since they were organized. They have endured long marches without a murmur, have faced the enemy again and again without a sign of fear, and stand to-day with a line of bristling bayonets, which is a barrier to rebel occupation in East Ten-

nessee. The army is determined that the Rebellion shall be put down. I helped to plant the flag on the rugged top of Lookout Mountain, and, if God spares my life, I will help to make it float from the Potomac to the Gulf. I will carry back to the boys in the field the report of this reception, and there is not one but will clench his musket with a firmer grasp, and vow never to lay it down until the Rebellion is crushed."

He passed to his rest while the noise of the battle was yet resounding. He knew not of the final triumph of the grand army to which he belonged, nor of the complete supremacy achieved for the Government of his love; but in trust and confidence, he gave long and able service in the field in its defence, and finally yielded his life a willing sacrifice.

RICHARD ADOLPHUS OAKFORD, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-second regiment, was born on the 8th of December, 1820, in the city of Philadelphia. He was the son of Joseph Lloyd and Ann (Cox) Oakford. The blood of several nationalities mingled in his veins—English and Welsh on the father's side, and English and Swedish on the mother's—but for three generations his ancestors were American-born. He received his education at private schools in his native city and at Lafayette College. He was a proficient in Latin, French, and German, writing and speaking the two latter with ease. He was also skilled in mathematics. From childhood he exhibited an inquiring mind, was fond of reading, and became possessed of a large fund of general knowledge, derived both from books and from personal observation, having travelled extensively through the western and southwestern States, just previous to the breaking out of the war.

He never exhibited any predilection for military pursuits until the call of his country for his services. In his early years he was expert in gardening, and had a taste for mechanics, with considerable aptness in the use of tools. After leaving school he studied engineering, and was a good draughtsman. As he grew towards manhood his health became delicate, and, hoping to improve it by country air, he went to the Wyoming Valley to learn farming. He finally settled there, and in 1843, married Miss Frances C. Slocum. The change of life from the

city to the country developed the pale, slender youth into a robust man, six feet in height, erect in carriage, courteous and gentlemanly in bearing.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was residing with his family at Scranton, which had been his home for ten years previous, where he was exercising the functions of a Justice of the Peace, the only civil office which he ever held. He was elected Colonel of the Fifteenth regiment, recruited for three months, which he commanded throughout the campaign in front of Johnston, in the Shenandoah Valley. Here he rapidly developed most admirable traits as an officer. He took up the tactics almost with the facility of a veteran, and with this, combined those other qualities, equally essential to the model soldier, but rarely found in the civilian—executive ability and the tact to enforce thorough discipline. In August, 1862, he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-second, a nine months' regiment, and soon after reaching the front was brought into action on the field of Antietam. The ground was warmly contested, and the fatal cornfield, that has become historic, witnessed the valor with which both officers and men of this regiment met the foe. "A glance at the position," says Colonel Kimball, who commanded the brigade, "held by the rebels, tells how terrible was the punishment inflicted on them. The cornfields on the front are strewn with their dead and wounded, and in the ditch first occupied by them, the bodies are so numerous that they seem to have fallen dead in line of battle." In the midst of the conflict, Colonel Oakford was struck by a Minié ball and died without a struggle. His loss at the very outset of its career was a severe blow to the regiment, and by his comrades, he was

"Mourned as brave men mourn the brave."

THOMAS MARCUS HULINGS, Colonel of the Forty-ninth regiment, was born at Lewistown, Pennsylvania, on the 7th of February, 1835. He was the son of David and Maria (Patton) Hulings, and a nephew of Judge Patton. His paternal grandfather was the first white settler on the Juniata river, and his ancestors were soldiers of the Revolutionary army. He was fond

of military life, and when troops were summoned to defend the Capital, went as First Lieutenant of the Logan Guards, one of the five companies which first reached Washington, having successfully passed through an infuriated mob at Baltimore. At the close of the three months' service, during which his company remained at the Capital, and at Fort Washington twelve miles below the city, he returned to Pennsylvania, and was appointed Major of the Forty-ninth regiment. With this he went to the Peninsula, in McClellan's army, being attached to Hancock's brigade, of Smith's division. He was first under fire in a reconnoissance made by Smith to Young's Mills, in April, 1862, where a sharp skirmish ensued in which Major Hulings exhibited remarkable coolness and bravery. At Williamsburg, Hancock led a brilliant charge in which Hulings bore himself with such gallantry as to win the favor and fast friendship of that able and accomplished soldier. He also took part in the actions at Golding's Farm, Savage Station, and White Oak Swamp, "displaying throughout those terrible seven days," says Colonel Irwin, "the same cool bravery and resolution which on all occasions of danger distinguished him."

He was also at the Second Bull Run, though his regiment was not engaged, vieing with the stoutest acts of valor, and subsequently at Crampton's Pass on the 14th of September, and at Antietam on the 17th, having his horse shot under him in the latter battle while intrepidly performing his duty. He had previously, in February, 1862, been appointed Captain in the Twelfth United States Infantry; but so much was he attached to the men of the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania, that he chose to remain with them. In October following, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. In the second battle of Fredericksburg, which was really a part of Chancellorsville, his regiment was one of those selected to cross the Rappahannock in boats in face of the enemy, and storm the rifle-pits which lined the southern bank of that stream. This duty was heroically performed under a galling fire of musketry, and here Colonel Hulings was specially distinguished, being among the first to spring to the enemy's shore. During the passage of the river, some of those who were rowing the boat in which he was crossing, became terrified, and commenced backing

water; but, drawing his pistols upon them, he compelled them to go forward. His conduct on that occasion was spoken of by all who witnessed it, in terms of universal praise. Colonel Irwin was severely wounded while leading his men up the bank of the river, and Colonel Hulings succeeded to the command of the regiment.

The Gettysburg campaign followed, in which he participated, making long and wearisome marches, arriving on the field on the afternoon of July 2d, 1863, and going to the support of the Fifth corps and the defence of the left wing of the army, which was hard pushed. At Rappahannock Station he led his regiment in the storming column, consisting of Russell's division, and though the ground was open and swept by the enemy's artillery and small arms from an intrenched position, carried the works and captured more men than were of the assaulting force. When the gallantry of this brigade was described to General Hancock, he said: "They never failed in anything they undertook." The wounds of Colonel Irwin necessitating his resignation, Lieutenant-Colonel Hulings was promoted to the rank of Colonel before the opening of the spring campaign of 1864. It was at this period that General Hancock wrote of him: "He is a brave and faithful officer, and has been twice recommended by myself for brevets for good conduct in action."

With his usual daring he passed unscathed through the terrible ordeal of battle in the Wilderness, of the 5th, 6th and 7th of May. On the 10th, the brigade to which his regiment was attached was ordered to join in an assault on the enemy's works in front of Spottsylvania. An heroic attack was made under a terrible and sweeping musketry and artillery fire. Carried forward by the chivalrous courage of their leader, his command rushed upon the enemy, and after a desperate and bloody contest with clubbed muskets, penetrated the enemy's intrenchments and drove them out, capturing several pieces of artillery, but losing frightfully in the combat, in gallant soldiers and officers; among the latter the brave and lamented Lieutenant-Colonel Miles, who fell while advancing up the slope to the attack. Shortly after the works were thus stormed, Colonel Hulings received orders to withdraw his regiment to the ground held previous to the assault.

As soon as this movement commenced, the enemy, perceiving it, advanced to recover the intrenchments, opening a scathing fire as they came forward. It was at this moment, while standing with his hand upon a captured piece of artillery, giving orders to the men, and cautioning them, with his accustomed coolness in times of great danger, to return without haste or disorder, that this intrepid soldier received his death wound from a musket ball which pierced his head. He sank instantly into the arms of one of his men, and his heroic soul passed from earth.

"In his fall," says Colonel Irwin, "his country lost one of her best and bravest soldiers, and the regiment a Colonel who was beloved by every officer and soldier in its ranks. Brave to the verge of desperation in action, he set a splendid example of fearless coolness and courage to his command. While on the march or in camp, his kindness, gentleness of heart and consideration for those under him, gained for him the warm affection of all with whom he came in contact. The truest of friends, the best of comrades, and among the bravest of soldiers, he fell at the post of duty, and it is not too much to say of him that of all the gallant spirits who perished during the late terrible war, none excelled him in honor, heroic courage, devotion to duty, or in love of that country for which he laid down his life."

Edwin Atlee Glenn, Major of the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth regiment, was born on the 4th of July, 1835, at Frankford, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Robert and Sarah (Thomas) Glenn. In youth he had a fondness for mathematics, and an ambition to excel in whatever he undertook. The more intricate the subject, the greater his pleasure in mastering it. Upon the formation of the Third Reserve regiment, he volunteered as a private, and at the close of his three years' term was mustered out as Lieutenant, participating in all the battles of the campaign upon the Peninsula, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Cloyd Mountain and New River. Returning home he was selected by the Union League of Philadelphia as Major of the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth regiment, which they were assisting to recruit. His gallantry in connection with this body was conspicuous. The battle of Quaker Road

was commenced by several companies under his immediate leadership. Early in the fight Colonel Sickel was wounded, when the entire command devolved upon him. In the action at Gravelly Run, on the 31st of March, he particularly distinguished himself. The regiment was ordered to charge across an open field where it was much exposed to the enemy's fire. It was necessary for the regiment to advance from the swamp and wood where it lay into open ground to form. It had no sooner emerged than the enemy opened from his works a withering fire. Major Glenn saw that it was a most critical moment. He ran down to the centre of the regiment, grasped the colors, and started out upon the field, crying, "Men, follow me!" They did follow, and, sweeping across the field, carried the enemy's works. At Five Forks, on the 1st of April, the fighting was renewed with great vigor. A portion of the Union troops had been beaten back, when General Chamberlain came riding up to Major Glenn, and cried out, "Major, if you can take those works," pointing to the place whence the Union troops had been driven, "and keep them, I will promote you on the field." "Boys!" exclaimed Glenn, "will you follow me?" With a wild shout they responded their assent, and the frowning works were taken. After having driven the enemy, the Major was the first to enter. Waving his sword and shouting to the men under his command to cease firing, he advanced and seized the colors of the enemy, and when they were just fairly within his grasp, a shot fired by one of his own men struck him in the abdomen, and he fell mortally wounded. He died four days afterward. A companion in arms says of him: "He was a military student in active service; for he was always studying. A thorough tactician, a strict disciplinarian, a pure patriot, a brave soldier, and a kind-hearted and genial companion, in whom his command had the most implicit confidence; by his death the country lost the services of one worthy the cause he died to defend." The Union League, under whose auspices he last went to the field, united in an appreciative tribute to his memory, and asked the privilege of erecting a monument over his remains.

Guy H. Watkins, Lieutenant-Colonel of the one Hundred and Forty-first regiment, was born in Bradford county, Pennsylvania. He was active in recruiting company B, and was its Captain. When the regimental organization was effected, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. In the battle of Fredericksburg this regiment was with Franklin's grand division, where it sustained some loss. At Chancellorsville it formed part of Graham's division, Sickles' corps, and when the enemy attacked the Twelfth corps, Graham was sent to its support. As the regiment came under fire, Colonel Watkins, while in the act of mounting, and when one foot was already in the stirrup, had his horse killed by a cannon shot. In the midst of the fierce fighting in which the Third corps was involved on the following morning, he was severely wounded and fell into the enemy's hands. After his exchange, and before his wounds were sufficiently healed to take the field, he was nominated by President Lincoln as Paymaster in the army, and the nomination was promptly confirmed by the Senate; but he declined the honor, preferring to lead and share the fortunes of his men. At the opening of the spring campaign of 1864, he took the field, and in all of the desperate fighting of the Wilderness campaign, and until the army had arrived before Petersburg, he escaped unharmed; but while leading his regiment in a charge upon the enemy's works, on the 18th of June, he was instantly killed. He was characterized as among "the bravest of the brave."

William Lovering Curry, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixth regiment, was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 29th of January, 1833. His father, William Curry, was a native of Pennsylvania. His mother, Mary (Lent) Curry, was born at Croton, New York. During boyhood he was engaged in the manufacture of paper-hangings with his father. He was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia, and graduated in due course from the Central High School. He is represented as having had a military turn of mind, and he early enlisted in a regiment known as the Philadelphia Light Guard, which, upon the breaking out of the Rebellion, became the Twenty-second in the three months' service, and in which he served as Lieu-

tenant-Colonel. He was nearly six feet in height, stoutly built, was possessed of good health, and of well-formed and temperate habits.

Upon the formation of the One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania regiment for three years, he entered it as Lieutenant-Colonel, many of the officers and men of the Twenty-second remaining the same in this. This regiment was a part of the brigade commanded by Colonel E. D. Baker, and at the battle of Ball's Bluff, where that ill-fated officer fell, the men were compelled to stand, mute spectators of the slaughter which a superior force of the enemy was inflicting, without the ability to render aid for want of transportation. He was a favorite with Baker, and was more than once sent out to command the advance guard, with these minute instructions: "Report by messenger any change observed across the river. Let the report be full and carefully digested before sent. Be assured of the reliability of information; make no movement of your troops without orders, unless attacked, and then only in holding your position." At the battle of Fair Oaks, the One Hundred and Sixth was in the command of the gallant General Sumner, who, hearing the sound of battle and knowing he was wanted, put his columns in motion without orders, crossed the swollen Chickahominy on a frail bridge, and arrived in time to save the day. Here Colonel Curry had ample scope for the exercise of his military talent, and gallantly did he acquit himself; hurling back the foe at the point of the bayonet in repeated desperate charges, and preserving intact his own lines, and the guns he supported, which were the special object of rebel spite. Ten days later, while visiting the picket line at early dawn, not knowing that the pickets had fallen back, he walked into the enemy's lines and was taken prisoner. He was immediately marched to Richmond, thence to Petersburg, and finally to Salisbury, where he was the subject of harsh usage, but after three months, was exchanged and returned to duty.

In the battle of Fredericksburg his regiment was among the first to cross the river at the town, and was engaged in driving out the enemy, fighting from street to street. On the 13th, it delivered a charge in the face of two lines of hostile forces

securely posted behind works, and held an advanced position in the face of a most destructive fire. The duty here was only equalled in severity by that at Gettysburg, where Colonel Curry again led his regiment in a daring assault upon the advancing enemy, and achieved a well-earned triumph. It was on the extreme right of Sickles' line where the foe was flanking him. "Our regiment," says Colonel Curry, "opened fire, and charged so determinedly along with others, that we drove the enemy to their original lines, and would have spiked a six-gun battery had we not been ordered back. The carnage was terrible, the ground being covered with the dead and wounded. It was in this charge that Adjutant Pleis fell, being struck in the thigh by a piece of shell. I have fully made up for my capture (in June, 1862), as the regiment took a Colonel, two Majors, a number of Captains and Lieutenants, and at least 200 privates prisoners. We had more swords than we could use. I have one in place of the one taken from me at Richmond, and also a silver-mounted pistol."

When General Grant opened his campaign in the spring of 1864, Colonel Curry was the only field officer with the regiment. In the fierce fighting in front of Spottsylvania, on the 11th of May, he received a mortal wound. It was from a Minié ball, which struck him in the leg too near the groin to admit of amputation. He was taken to the Douglas Hospital at Washington, where he received every attention which medical skill and careful nursing could afford; but in vain, and on the 7th of July he breathed his last.

"We welcome back our bravest and our best;—
Ah, me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!"

EDWIN SCHALL, Colonel of the Fifty-first regiment, was born at the Green Lane Iron Works, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, on the 15th of February, 1835. He was the son of General William Schall. He received a good English and classical education at Elmwood Institute, in Norristown. He afterwards spent several years in the military school of Captain Partridge, at Norwich, Vermont, at Pembroke, Brandywine Springs,

and Bristol, and finally entered upon the study of the law in the office of B. M. Boyer, at Norristown. He subsequently became a student of the Law School at Poughkeepsie, New York, and also in the Ohio State Law School, under the charge of Judge Hayden. After graduating here, and being admitted to the bar, he turned his face westward and for a time practised his profession in Iowa. But returning to Pennsylvania, he opened a law office at Norristown, and not long after became the editor of the *National Defender*, and finally its proprietor, which he continued to be to the day of his death.

At the first call of the President for volunteers, he abandoned his occupation, and, in company with four brothers, joined the ranks of the Fourth regiment. It may here be stated as a circumstance somewhat remarkable, that there were from this family eight brothers in the service in various Pennsylvania organizations: Edwin, Edward, Reuben T., David, Calvin, George, William P., and Alexander. He was elected Major, and his twin brother Edward Lieutenant-Colonel of this regiment, his brother Reuben commanding one of its companies. At the conclusion of his first term of service he assisted in recruiting the Fifty-first regiment for three years, of which he was made Major. He went with his command to North Carolina, in the column of Burnside, and bore a conspicuous part in the battles of Roanoke Island, Newbern, and Camden. On the return of Burnside north, his corps was hastened forward to the support of Pope, and the Fifty-first was hotly engaged at the Second Bull Run and Chantilly. In the campaign in Maryland it was again brought to close conflict at South Mountain, and at the famous Stone Bridge, at Antietam, it was selected to lead in the assault, which finally carried the ground and won the crossing. In all these engagements Major Schall was at the post of duty, and acquitted himself with marked gallantry. In the last-named struggle Lieutenant-Colonel Bell was killed, and he was promoted to fill the vacancy.

At Sulphur Springs, and in the desperate work of the Ninth corps at Fredericksburg, he was with his regiment in the place of peril and of honor. In the spring of 1863, the corps was sent West, and Colonel Hartranft having been given the leadership

of a brigade, the command of the regiment devolved upon him. The debilitating and wearing campaign against Vicksburg, and the subsequent movement to Jackson followed, in which the most important service was rendered to General Grant in the reduction of the great stronghold upon the Mississippi, and at its conclusion the corps was hurried back to Kentucky, and hence upon a wearisome march across the mountains to Knoxville, East Tennessee. General Hartranft was here entrusted with a division, and Colonel Schall with a brigade. "Afterwards transferred to East Tennessee," says the Rev. George D. Wolk, in his commemorative discourse, "he was in the battle at Campbell's Station, and the heroic defence of Knoxville; enduring patiently and bravely with his men the great privations and dangers connected with that campaign—sometimes subsisting on unground and unshelled corn—encouraging his worn-out men whose three years' term of service was about expiring, to re-enlist, and himself setting them the example, and on the very day of re-enlistment, it is said, receiving as rations two ears of corn for officer and man, thus sharing subsistence with their artillery horses and baggage mules."

Returning with the corps to the Army of the Potomac for the spring campaign of 1864, he had passed unharmed through the terrible battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and the North Anna, and had entered upon that at Cold Harbor, when he was struck by the fire of a sharp-shooter, and instantly killed, while leading on his regiment in a daring charge against the hostile works. In acknowledging the reception of a flag presented at his home in Norristown, before setting out for the front, he said: "We will return with this flag in honor, or fall in its defence." That promise he redeemed, laying down his life a sacrifice to that glorious standard; and he who had withstood the hardships of the service and the bullets of the foe for three full years of active duty, was instantly cut off in the very prime of manhood, and at an hour of greatest promise. It seems that he had a presentiment that he was to fall, and had given all needful directions what to do in case his forebodings should be verified. At the moment the fatal shaft was speeding on its death-dealing way, an incident occurred in a far-off hospital, connected with this event, most strange and marvellous. Captain Bisbing of

this regiment had been mortally wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, and was at the time lying in the hospital at Georgetown, District of Columbia. He had been quiet upon his cot for some time, when he suddenly started up and cried out in a clear voice, "Lieutenant, Lieutenant," the title by which Lieutenant-Colonel Schall had been known in the regiment, meaning thereby Lieutenant-Colonel, Hartranft having but recently been confirmed Brigadier-General. A wounded Lieutenant lying near him responded, inquiring what was wanted, when Captain Bisbing said, "I do not want you, but Lieutenant-Colonel Schall, for I have seen him fall and I want to know whether he is dead or not." The Captain himself died on the 5th. Whence he had gained this prophetic vision is perhaps beyond the comprehension of mortals.

The body of Colonel Schall was with difficulty rescued, and was returned to his home, where it was buried amid tributes of heartfelt grief rarely witnessed. He had been commissioned Colonel of his regiment but a few days before his fall. In stature he was of medium height, well formed, and capable of great endurance. He was of a deeply religious nature, and suffered not the wild disorders incident to warfare and the demoralizing influences of the camp to contaminate the purity of his life. "As a soldier," says the Norristown *Republican*, "by a tried bravery, by a valor tested in all the battles of the Fifty-first, Colonel Schall merits, and must receive the admiration, not only of the brave men whom he led, but of us, who have not assumed the hardships of a soldier's life, and whose lives have been protected by such devotion as this dying hero displayed." And the *Herald* and *Free Press* observed: "When he fell, his loss was deeply felt in his regiment, where his many acts of kindness, his forbearing and generous spirit, and his noble deeds of bravery, endeared him to all."

JOSEPH SPENCER CHANDLER, Major of the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, was born in Philadelphia, on the 26th of October, 1834. He was the son of Joseph R. and Maria (Holton) Chandler. His father was a native of Plymouth county, Massachusetts, and became a prominent citizen of Philadelphia

and of his adopted State. The son received a liberal education, first in his native city, and afterwards in New York. His taste was more gratified with the duties of the camp than with those of business, in which he became engaged after finishing his studies, and he joined, in 1857, an artillery corps, the Washington Grays, of the local militia. When the call for troops was made in April, 1861, he was among the first to offer himself as a private in Company A, but was immediately appointed a First Sergeant in Company F, First Pennsylvania Artillery, subsequently known as the Seventeenth three months' regiment, with which he served in the Rockville expedition under General Charles P. Stone, afterwards merged in Patterson's army, faithfully performing all the duties of his position.

After his discharge from this service he received the appointment of First Lieutenant in the Seventy-fifth, Colonel Henry Bohlen, and was shortly afterwards promoted to Captain. When Bohlen was appointed a Brigadier-General, he selected Captain Chandler as his Aide-de-camp. The brigade which Bohlen commanded was of the German division, led by General Blenker. The service rendered by this division was of the most exhausting character. It marched over rough roads and swollen streams to the very heart of West Virginia, and again returning by forced marches, drove Jackson up the Shenandoah Valley, and fought him at Cross Keys; crossing into the valley of Virginia, it was immediately engaged in Pope's disastrous campaign, and while heroically battling with the enemy at Freeman's Ford, to hold him in check, for the rest of the army to recross the Rappahannock and gain a position favorable for battle, General Bohlen, commanding the rear guard, was killed. The General fell just as night was closing in, and at a moment when all his aids were absent carrying his orders. To Captain Chandler had been intrusted the duty of directing the falling back of the brigade across the river. Not until all were over was the General missed. Upon inquiry, he could nowhere be found. It was finally reported that he had fallen. Captain Chandler immediately started, and taking with him a few trusty soldiers who volunteered to go, recrossed the river, and after devoted search, found him in a dying condition. They

immediately took him up, and bearing him across, brought him to his own tent, where he soon after expired. The feeling which prompted Captain Chandler to recross a wide and rapid river, enter the enemy's lines, and in the midst of the darkness, search for, and find his wounded and dying leader, strikingly illustrates his heroism and his valor, and the strength of his attachment. None other than a brave man, and a devoted friend, would have done so much.

Shortly after General Bohlen's death, Captain Chandler was offered and accepted the position of Major of the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, Zouaves d'Afrique. He was here thrown among old friends and acquaintances, over whom, by the force of his discipline and example, he soon acquired a commanding influence. In all the hard service of Kearny's old brigade, to which this regiment was attached, Major Chandler participated, gaining day by day more and more the confidence and affection of his command. At Chancellorsville, on the morning of the 3d of May, the regiment was early in action. At dusk, on the evening before, Stonewall Jackson had fallen, and now the battle was being renewed on the very ground where he had got his mortal hurt. On that field Major Chandler was conspicuous, now reforming the ranks of this company, and now steadying and directing the fire of that. Perfectly cool and collected himself, he did much towards keeping the regiment steady after the first repulse, and when the lines were reformed in front of the Chancellor House, charged the enemy and drove him before them into the woods and beyond a temporary breastwork of logs and earth, behind which he had taken shelter. Turning defiantly, disputing their farther advance, a terrific, almost hand-to-hand conflict took place. "Here," says an officer, fearless like himself, "Chandler, by his magnificent appearance, heightened by the conspicuous uniform of his regiment, became a target for the enemy. At the height of the conflict he noticed a Confederate flag flaunted defiantly almost directly in front of him. Determined, if possible, to possess it, he called to an officer near him to seize it when its bearer should fall, and drew his revolver; but at that instant, and before he had time to raise his weapon, he fell mortally wounded, shot through the

head by a rifle ball. At this time, pressed on all sides, our lines broken, and our corps unsupported, we fell back to the position occupied in the morning, leaving our dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy. After the battle was over, and we had retired to our old camps, a chosen party returned, under flag of truce, to find the body of their dead commander; but though the ground was diligently searched by men who had stood in the ranks on that fatal day, no trace could be discovered of it, or even the place where either it or any of the regiment's dead had been buried."

Major Chandler had a presentiment of his impending doom. Knowing that the battle would soon take place, and presuming that his own regiment would be called to bear a conspicuous part, he was oppressed with gloomy forebodings. Doubtless the recollection of dear ones, whom he would never more meet, saddened him, and he said to his companion, whose words are quoted above: "I feel that I shall not come out of this battle alive." But, save to his intimate friend, he concealed his feelings so completely, that his men were even inspired by his cheerful and confident bearing.

In person, Major Chandler was nearly six feet in height, and had always enjoyed excellent health. He was married in August, 1861, to Miss Maraquita Mason of Philadelphia. When he volunteered at the opening of the war, he went with the full realization of the magnitude of the struggle upon which the nation was about to enter, and of the sacrifices he was making. The following testimony of Captain Thomas P. Parry, a friend of the family, illustrates this consciousness, as well as the tenderness of his heart: "As an evidence of his kindly feeling and affection for his mother, I would also say, that, at his earnest solicitation, I induced the mustering officer, Major (now General) Ruff, to reject his brother William, who was desirous of entering the service; for, as he said, his mother was much excited, and one son should remain with her, but that he was not to be that son; he was ready to offer his own life to save his country, but desired to save his mother from the affliction of another sacrifice."

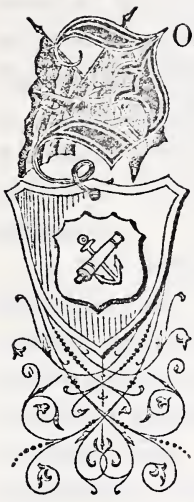
THOMAS SEVERN BRENHOLTZ, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fiftieth regiment, was born on the 29th of November, 1834, in Chester county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Isaac and Catharine (Phillips) Brenholtz. In early childhood his parents removed to the city of Reading, in the public schools of which he was educated. He had a special liking for military service, and was placed in the military establishment of Colonel Batchelder, who has since made for himself a wide reputation as the illustrator of the Battle of Gettysburg. After leaving this, he became principal of a grammar school, and always manifested a keen relish for study. When the call was made for troops, at the opening of the Rebellion, he volunteered as a private, but was induced to accept the position of Lieutenant in the Fifth (three months') regiment. Before the close of the term, he was promoted to Captain, and, immediately on his return, entered with great activity upon recruiting a three years' organization, which was designated the Fiftieth, and of which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. He accompanied Sherman's expedition to Port Royal in November, 1861, and participated in the early operations undertaken in the Department of the South. During this time he received a furlough of thirty days that he might visit his family; but learning before he was ready to depart that the enemy was threatening the Union position, he promptly pocketed his furlough and remained on duty with his men. Such acts of self-devotion, and his unremitting attention to duty, won him the favor and confidence of all who knew him. He was engaged in the action at Coosaw Ferry on the 1st of January, 1862, and at Pocataligo on the 29th of May following, and in both evinced fine soldierly qualities.

In July of this year the regiment was called to Virginia, and was attached to the Ninth corps. Colonel Christ, its commander, having been placed over a brigade, to Lieutenant-Colonel Brenholtz fell the duty of leading the regiment. In Pope's campaign, which immediately followed, the service was exhausting and the fighting desperate. At the Second Bull Run, and at Chantilly, the regiment was hard pressed, and in the latter battle, after having held its position until the last cartridge had been fired, the men fixed their bayonets and awaited the word to

charge. They came out of the bloody struggle in good order, bringing with them their dead and wounded. The service in this campaign told fearfully upon Colonel Brenholtz's health, and on reaching Washington he was obliged to yield to the disease that was preying upon him. For several weeks he was very ill; but as soon as he was again able he rejoined his regiment and was at its head in the battle of Fredericksburg, though not actively engaged. The corps was subsequently sent West, and a part of it, including the Fiftieth regiment, went to the support of General Grant at Vicksburg. After the fall of that stronghold, with the column of Sherman, Colonel Brenholtz moved at the head of his regiment to Jackson, and while employed in the operations before that place in posting his men upon a very exposed part of the skirmish line, he was hit by an enemy's sharp-shooter, and borne fainting from the field. The ball had apparently entered his lung. After the effect of the first shock had passed, it was hoped he might recover; but while on the steamer which was bearing him to Cincinnati, whither his wife had come to meet and care for him, he sank under the effects of the wound and breathed his last before reaching his destination. "A nobler spirit," says one who knew him well, "has not been offered a sacrifice upon the altar of his country. He leaves many warm friends in this city, who will ever cherish his memory with a sincere and genuine affection. His mortal remains are with us, to be interred in the home of his youth, and among the friends he loved. He was talented and brave. Let him sleep in the proud grave of an American Soldier." In person Colonel Brenholtz was above the medium height and robust. He was married in 1859 to Miss Clara Arnold of Reading.

## CHAPTER III

### THE KILLED IN BATTLE.



JOHN FULTON REYNOLDS, Major-General of volunteers, was born on the 21st of September, 1820, in the city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John and Lydia (Moore) Reynolds. He received his elementary education in the schools of that city, at Litiz Academy, and Green Academy, Maryland, and in 1837, was appointed a cadet at West Point, where he graduated, in 1841, with distinction. Immediately thereafter he was made brevet Second Lieutenant in the Third artillery, and was sent to Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, where a few months later he was commissioned a full Second Lieutenant. In 1843 he was sent to Florida, and at the expiration of a year was ordered to Fort Moultrie. In 1845 he was transferred to Corpus Christi, and subsequently to Fort Brown. In June, 1846, he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and accompanied General Taylor's column on its advance into Mexico. On the 23d of September, 1846, he distinguished himself in the battle of Monterey by his coolness and courage, and was brevetted Captain. At Buena Vista, on the 23d of February, 1847, he again displayed the most undaunted heroism and gallantry, and was brevetted Major. At the conclusion of the Mexican War, he was ordered to duty in forts on the New England coast, where he remained four years. He was then placed upon the staff of General Twiggs, whom he accompanied to New Orleans. After a year he returned North, and was stationed at Fort Lafayette. He was soon afterwards sent on an expedition across the plains to Utah, arriving at Salt Lake City in August, 1854. In March, 1855, he was promoted to Captain and was ordered to Cali-

fornia. He engaged the Indians at several points on the Pacific coast, especially distinguishing himself in an action with them near the Rogue River, Oregon. He also served upon a board of officers designated to examine applicants for entrance to the regular army from civil life. In December, 1856, he arrived at Fortress Monroe, and for nearly two years remained on duty on the Atlantic coast. In April, 1858, he was placed in command of Company C of the Third United States, and with it was ordered to again cross the plains to Utah, where he arrived in September, 1858. In September, 1860, he was assigned to duty as commandant of cadets at West Point, and in May, 1861, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourteenth regular infantry, and was ordered to New London, Connecticut, to recruit his regiment.

In this brief outline of the life of Reynolds previous to the Rebellion, an idea is conveyed of the school in which he was trained and tempered for the arena on which he was destined afterwards prominently to figure. It is a record of a man who, in whatever position he was placed, executed with fidelity the task assigned him. In Mexico he won promotion as often as an opportunity was given him to meet the enemy, and when twice ordered to march across the continent with his command, and to beard the wily savage in his lair, he shrunk not from this severe duty. To be a soldier in time of peace is far more irksome and oftentimes more disagreeable than in time of war. But his was a nature in which the iron predominated, and he had only to be shown the path of duty to follow it.

In August, 1861, he was promoted to Brigadier-General of volunteers, and was ordered to take command at Fort Hatteras. But troops were now being rapidly put into the field, and skilled soldiers were required to command them. The Reserve corps had just been organized, and at the earnest solicitation of Governor Curtin, General Reynolds was assigned to the First brigade of that body. It was composed of the First, Second, Fifth and Eighth regiments of infantry, and the First cavalry. The prospect of a severe and protracted struggle was plainly discernable to his penetrating mind, and he earnestly gave himself to the duty of making his brigade a model of soldierly qualities. The

JOHN B MILES
Lieut Col 49th Reg't

SAMUEL M ZULICK
Col 29th Reg't Brev't Brig Gen

JOSHUA THOMAS OWEN
Col 6th Reg't Brig Gen Vols

GEORGE W MERRICK
Major 187th Reg't

EDWARD JAY ALLEN
Col 155th Reg

first of the seven days' battles on the Peninsula was a handsome triumph to the Union arms. It was principally fought by the Pennsylvania Reserves, and Reynolds' brigade played a prominent part. The position was skilfully chosen on Beaver Dam Creek, and the rifle-pits and lunettes for the guns were wisely disposed. When Lee came with his legions, he no doubt anticipated an easy triumph and a rapid advance. But he had scarcely started in his onward march before he met, on the two roads running across the creek, the little division of Reserves, presenting a firm front. The rebel leader at once wheeled his guns into position and opened fire. The guns of the Reserves answered. The rebel infantry were speedily drawn out in battle line, with powerful supports, and made determined assaults along the whole front; but bleeding and torn they were hurled back by the Reserves, who yielded not one inch of ground. Again and again the enemy returned to the assault with fresh troops, but with no better success. His dead and wounded covered all the field, and the sod was slippery with gore. Until long after sunset the contest was continued; but where Reynolds had planted his guns on the morning of that day, and established his infantry lines, there were they when darkness closed in upon them; scourged, it is true, but filled with pride at their achievements, and eager to renew the battle. The following incident of the fight is related by Major Woodward in "Our Campaigns": "General Reynolds, whose ever-watchful eye was upon the regiments of his brigade, several times rode down to our position, at one time exclaiming, as he pointed with his sword: 'Look at them, boys, in the swamp there; they are as thick as flies on a gingerbread; fire low, fire low.'" The victory was complete, and every preparation was being made to continue the contest on the following morning, when an order came for the division to retire to Gaines' Mill. It was received with astonishment by the soldiers. They could not be made to understand why a victorious army should retreat before the conquered, and many a resolute man indulged in loud denunciation as the order was enforced. But their vision was circumscribed, and they were unable to see that their small force was being flanked, and would be subject to inevitable capture if they remained. The skill displayed by General Reynolds in this

battle attracted the attention of his superiors and the whole country, and marked him for distinction.

On the following day the Reserves were held in a second line of battle, ready to go to the support of any part of the front which should be overpowered. They had not long to wait, and soon found themselves hurried forward to fill the breach that the rebel onsets had made. Unlike the position they had abandoned, this field had not been fortified, and the masses of the foe, precipitated upon exposed portions of the line, soon broke through. The ground was contested with fiery energy till nightfall, General Reynolds moving in the thickest of the fight, and always where the danger was most imminent, bringing aid at the opportune moment, and maintaining the contest with unexampled courage. But the fragment of the Union army engaged was vastly outnumbered, and was finally obliged to yield. It was just at the close of the day, and the fight was almost over, when General Reynolds, while returning from the right of the line where he had been directing the Fifth and Bucktail regiments, heard the sound of desperate encounter where the Eleventh and a New Jersey regiment were posted. He had scarcely reached the line, and was seeking support to relieve them, when a brigade of regulars on their flank gave way, and before they were aware of the situation, the greater portion of them, including General Reynolds and his Adjutant, Colonel Kingsbury, were surrounded and every way of escape was cut off. The General, his Adjutant, and an orderly, concealed themselves during the night, and in the morning, while attempting to escape, were confronted by a rebel patrolling party, who took them prisoners of war. For several weeks the General was confined in a Richmond prison.

Before General Reynolds had been released, General McCall, the commander of the Reserve corps, resigned. Who so competent to succeed him as the leader of the First brigade, who had borne himself so gallantly in the first two engagements? To him the position was accorded by the consenting voice of the Government and the army. He came forth from Libby prison on the 8th of August, 1862, in exchange for the rebel General Barksdale, going at once to his new command. On the battle-field of Bull Run, at the moment when the need was greatest and the

danger pressing, General Reynolds and his trusty division were at the threatened point ready to stem the tide of disaster. Mr. Sypher, in his history of the Reserves, gives a graphic account of Reynolds' heroic action here. "General Reynolds," he says, "with the instinct of a thorough soldier, discovered that the enemy was aiming to seize the Warrenton pike in the rear of broken masses of troops that were now flowing back from the front. He at once determined to throw his division into the breach, and save the army, or perish in the attempt. The plan of the enemy was to break the centre and seize the roads between the two wings of the army, and thus ensure its destruction. The heroic General, fully conscious of its desperate situation, galloped along his line and called upon his men to charge upon and hurl back the advancing foe. The Reserves saw by the ardor of their General that the whole Union force was in imminent danger; in a moment they were up and charging with a cheer and a yell across an open field; they encountered the enemy at the brow of a declivity, up which the rebels struggled in vast numbers, and with unwearying pertinacity. Fortunately the Reserves were aligned upon a country road, which, having been somewhat worn by use, afforded partial protection. The contest became hot and desperate. Greatly outnumbered by the rebels, they were only enabled to hold them in check by rapid and unceasing firing. The field officers, who rode upon the ground above the road, were much exposed and suffered severely. At one moment all seemed to be lost. The First and Second regiments were engaged in an almost hand-to-hand encounter; the left was pressed back, and to the consternation of the mounted officers, who from their positions had a view of the field, the troops on the right of the Reserves gave way in utter confusion. At this critical moment, the gallant Reynolds, observing that the flagstaff of the Second regiment had been pierced by a bullet and broken, seized the flag from the color-bearer, and dashing to the right, rode twice up and down his entire division line, waving the flag about his head and cheering on his men. The rebel sharpshooters rained fierce showers of bullets around the ensign thus borne aloft, but in vain did the missiles of death fill the atmosphere in which it moved. The effect upon the division was

electrical. The men, inspired by the intrepidity of their leader, rent the air with cheers, plied their tremendous musket fire with renewed energy and vigor, and in a few moments the thinned ranks of the rebel regiments gave way before the steady and unrelenting volleys poured upon them. Night came on and put an end to the contest; but the famous Stone Bridge over Bull Run was, by the genius and heroic daring of General Reynolds, and the valor of the brave men he commanded, preserved for the use of the National army. The army thus beaten back, retired beyond the range of the loyal guns, appalled at the havoc they witnessed in their ranks, and confounded by their failure to reach the turnpike. The sun was now setting, and the battle had ended."

After the Union army had been beaten on the plains of Manassas, and the foe defiantly began to move northward, deep solicitude filled the mind of the North. Especially was there anxiety in Pennsylvania, which lay in the natural course of invasion. The feeling of insecurity was then more universal than in the following year, when the foot of the invader was actually on Pennsylvania soil. The necessity for an uprising of the people to beat back the advancing enemy was recognized, and Governor Curtin made instant and earnest appeals. But what could citizen soldiery do without a leader to organize and marshal them? The need of the very best talent which the Union army possessed was felt, and in searching its ranks none seemed so fit in such an hour of peril as General Reynolds, and he was accordingly detailed to proceed to Harrisburg and prepare the fast-gathering militia for duty. With a master hand that work was done, and with incredible celerity and skill the fresh levies were prepared and put into the Cumberland Valley. Already was an army marshalled, and he was preparing to put himself at its head and lead it in the bloody encounter, when the foe was repulsed on the field of Antietam, and further need of its services was at an end.

Returning to the Army of the Potomac, Reynolds was promoted to the command of the First corps, which embraced the Reserves, and to the head of which General Meade was advanced, and in November he was made Major-General of volunteers. In

the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, to the First corps was given the advance of Franklin's grand division, on the extreme left. The orders of Franklin were faithfully executed, and that devoted corps was launched with terrible force upon the frowning heights, where the enemy was intrenched, breaking and crushing through his line. But supports failing to come forward as they should have done, if the dear-bought advantage was to be maintained, Reynolds was obliged to withdraw his forces when victory seemed fairly within his grasp.

The First corps was held in front of Fredericksburg threatening to cross during the preliminary stages of the Chancellorsville campaign, in May, 1863, and when Hooker had crossed above, and gained a secure lodgement on the south side of the river, this corps hastened to join him there. Before it had arrived, Stonewall Jackson had made his famous flank movement, and had routed the right wing of Hooker's army. Reynolds put his corps into position on that flank in place of the discomfited Eleventh, and held the ground in defiance of a triumphant foe. Reynolds, after getting his troops into line and securely posted, and having learned the extent of the disasters that had fallen, seemed to have entertained a strong disgust for the management of the battle. He betook himself to his couch and paid little heed to the staff officers who came to report to him during the night. He was a trained soldier and allowed no criticism of the conduct of his superiors to pass his lips; but his actions plainly spoke his condemnation of the conduct of that disastrous field.

But whatever may have been the silent feeling of Reynolds, it in no way affected his devotion to the interests of the army and the success of its leader; and when about to set out on the Gettysburg campaign, Hooker placed him in a position the highest in the whole army next himself, giving him command of the right wing, embracing the First, Third and Eleventh corps, and of all the cavalry, nearly a half of the entire force. When Meade succeeded Hooker, Reynolds was continued in this elevated position, and exercised a great influence in the movements preliminary to the battle. The sight of his native State overrun by an insolent enemy, ravaging and despoiling its fair domain unchecked, made

him impatient of delay, and eager to get at the invaders. His cavalry, under Buford, reached Gettysburg on the 30th of June, and on the morning of the 1st of July the battle opened. He had encamped with the First corps on the night of the 30th, four miles back, and in the morning had hastened forward with the leading division to the cavalry's support. He had scarcely led this into action, when, in a little tongue of wood which reaches up from Willoughby Run towards the Seminary, where he had just led a regiment forward and was turning to look for supports, he was struck in the back of the neck and never spoke more. Only three persons were with him at this time—Captains Mitchell and Baird of his staff, and Charles H. Veil, his orderly. Captain Baird says: "After throwing the first troops forward into the woods, and turning to come out of them, the enemy opened a most terrific fusilade, and an accidental shot, not from a sharp-shooter as has been stated, struck him just as he was getting clear of the timber. As he fell from his horse his foot hung in the stirrup and he was dragged ten feet or so before it was loosened. I at once jumped from my horse, and opened his clothes, but in an instant saw that there was no hope for his recovery. I obtained a canteen of water from one of our infantry who was behind a tree on the edge of the woods, and raising his head, gave him a mouthful, but he could not swallow. In a few moments I got some of our men, who put him in a blanket and carried him off the field. He made no exclamation at all when he was hit, and none at any time afterwards." Substantially in accord with this, is the statement given by Veil: "This regiment," he says, "charged into the woods nobly, but the enemy were too strong, and it had to give way to the right. The enemy still pushed on, and were not more than sixty yards from where the General was. Minié balls were flying thick. The General turned to look towards the Seminary. As he did so, a Minié ball struck him in the back of the neck, and he fell from his horse dead. He never spoke a word after he was struck. I have seen many killed in action, but never saw a ball do its work so instantly as did the ball which struck General Reynolds, a man who knew not what fear or danger was. The last words he spoke were, 'Forward, men, forward, for God's sake, and drive those fellows out

of the woods!' meaning the enemy. When he fell, we sprang from our horses. He fell on his left side. I turned him on his back and glanced over him, but could see no wound, except a bruise above his left eye. We were under the impression that he was only stunned." He was carried from the wood a short distance, when the two Aides left to convey the intelligence to the officers next in command. The body was borne back by the help of other orderlies who soon came up, and as they went, the General gasped, and they thought he was recovering from the stun which they supposed he had received. Whereupon they laid him gently down and Veil attempted to give him some water from a canteen; but he could not drink. This was his last struggle. He was borne on to the Seminary, and now for the first time was discovered the bullet wound, beneath his hair, which had caused his death. No coffin could be procured, and in a rude marble-cutter's box the body of the hero was transported to Westminster, and thence by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia, to Lancaster, where it was consigned to the grave.

Among those who were eminent in the late war for martial ability, General Reynolds stands in the first rank. His life had been devoted to the profession of arms from his youth, and when the noise of battle sounded in his ears, his soul, instinct with the warlike custom, was aroused to deeds of heroism. In all the actions in which he was engaged, up to the moment of his death, he displayed unsurpassed devotion and bravery. If he had any fault, it was one which must ever excite the admiration and quicken the pulse of him who contemplates it—that of too much exposing himself in the hour of battle. At Beaver Dam Creek, at Gaines' Mill, where he was captured, and at the Second Bull Run, he was in the thickest of the fray, in the very fore front of his troops. Little less than a miracle had thus far preserved him. But at Gettysburg he was in a more exalted position, having the command of nearly half of the army, and a due regard to its preservation and safety demanded that he should exercise care of his person. His own safety, however, was the least of his cares. He knew that the two armies were rapidly approaching each other, and collision could not long be avoided. The choice of the field and the initiative of the battle was in his eyes

all-important, and he determined to push to the front and decide everything from personal observation; and who will say that he did not do right? He gave his life; but he gave it that victory might be assured. He lived not to hear its glad shout; but the example of heroism which at its outset he gave, inspired his soldiers and nerved them to make the good fight which assured it. "He was," says Sypher, "one of America's greatest soldiers. The men he commanded loved him. He shared with them the hardships, toil, and danger of the camp, the march, and the field. Devoted to his profession, he was guided by those great principles which can alone prepare a soldier to become the defender of the liberties of a free people. He fell valiantly fighting for his country. Still more, he died in the defence of the homes of his neighbors and kinsmen. No treason-breeding soil drank his blood, but all of him that was mortal is buried in the bosom of his own native State."

In his personal intercourse in the field he was exceedingly reserved. "On the night before the battle," says Captain Baird, "General Reynolds retired to his room about midnight, and rose early, as was his usual practice. On the march from our headquarters at the Red Tavern, he was very reticent and uncommunicative to all around him, as was his wont. He was, in this respect, an entirely different man from any other general officer with whom I served during the war, having very little, if anything, to say to any one, other than to communicate to them such orders as he desired executed. He would, while he was upon the march, ride miles without having any conversation with any one. Our ride to Gettysburg formed no exception to this rule. From this you can see that no conclusion could be arrived at as to what his feelings and presentiments were upon that day. I consider him one of the finest and most thorough soldiers which the Civil War brought before the country."

HENRY BOHLEN,* Colonel of the Seventy-fifth regiment and Brigadier-General of volunteers, was the youngest son of the late Bohl Bohlen, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, who

* The sketch here given of General Bohlen is printed, with the omission of some irrelevant matter, as it was published in the Philadelphia *Commercial List and Price Current* of March 31st, 1866.

was the founder of the house of B. and J. Bohlen, for many years extensively engaged in the Holland and East India trade. General Bohlen was born in the city of Bremen, on the 22d of October, 1810, while his parents were travelling in Europe for pleasure; his father being a naturalized citizen of the United States, and domiciled in Philadelphia, placed him in the same position as to birth, by the laws of our country, as if he had been born on the soil of the United States. At an early day he evinced so decided a taste for martial pursuits that his father determined to give him an education suitable to his disposition, and at the proper age he was placed in one of the first military colleges in Germany; but before he had completed his studies he was called home to the United States upon some family matters, and he did not return to close his collegiate course in Europe.

In 1830 he was again upon the Continent, and in 1831 was brought to the favorable notice of the illustrious Marquis de Lafayette, a name that will ever be venerated in this country. Through the influence of Lafayette, young Bohlen obtained a position as Aide-de-camp on the staff of General Gerard, and with that distinguished officer he took part in the memorable siege of Antwerp. For his able services in this campaign he received honorable mention. In the year 1832 he returned to Philadelphia, and married the eldest daughter of the late J. J. Borie, a much-respected merchant of this city, and in the same year he established himself in the French and West India trade. On the death of his uncle, John Bohlen, which took place in March, 1851 (his father died in 1836), he succeeded the old house of B. and J. Bohlen, and at the time of his death he was the senior partner of the well-known house of Henry Bohlen and Co., general importers.

On the breaking out of the war with Mexico, he was eager to be once more amid the clash of arms. He restrained himself for some months, but finally yielded to the desire to enter the army, and on the 31st of October, 1846, he left the quiet pursuits of mercantile life, to again follow the uncertain fortunes of war. He accepted a position on the staff of his cherished friend and companion, the late lamented General Worth, as a volunteer Aide-de-camp, defraying all his own expenses, and receiving nothing

whatever from the Government. He participated in all the battles with his chief up to the triumphal entry of the American army, under Major-General Scott, into the ancient Capital of the Montezumas. On the restoration of peace, he again sheathed his sword, and resigned, apparently forever, his favorite occupation.

In 1850, the delicate health of a favorite son caused him to embark once more for Europe, with all his family, trusting that the more genial climate of the interior of France would restore his boy to health; but as the experiment was only partially successful, he determined, for a few years at least, to make Europe his permanent place of abode; never forgetting, however, for a moment, the allegiance and love he owed to the United States, being ever proud to be called an American.

On the breaking out of the Crimean War he entered the service of the allies, on the French staff, and shared in many of the severe conflicts of that well-remembered struggle. He was active during the siege, and up to the time of the storming and the final surrender of Sebastopol. After the Crimean War, he for some time resided quietly in Holland, in the society of a fond, a devoted wife, affectionate children, and many friends, surrounded by all that could make life agreeable and attractive, when news reached him of the revolt in the Cotton States, and of the firing on and surrender of Fort Sumter. The insult to his old flag roused all his patriotic fire, and caused him to bid adieu to his family, to return to the country so dear to him, where he determined to draw his sword in defence of the Government. He came with all haste, and arrived in Philadelphia in June, 1861. He immediately applied for a position on the staff of some general officer, but finding no vacancy, he made application to the War Department for permission to recruit a regiment, which was at once granted. He immediately set about organizing a regiment, to be composed entirely of Germans, and he succeeded in the effort. He left with his regiment, 800 strong, on the night of the 27th of September, 1861, for Washington. Two companies were yet to be recruited; these were completed, and they joined him some time after. All the expenses of recruiting were borne by himself, nor would he allow his officers to contribute any portion. In the following October, he was advanced

to the position of Colonel, commanding the Third brigade of General Blenker's division. His brigade was noted for its discipline, celerity in evolutions of the line, and proficiency in the manual of arms. In March, 1862, his brigade had the advance in the terrible march from Warrenton, up the Valley of Virginia, to Winchester. For days his soldiers were almost without food, badly clothed, barefoot, and without tents, bivouacking at night in fields covered with water, and suffering as few other armies have ever suffered, and enduring hardships almost equal to those endured by the rear of the Grand Army of Napoleon in its disastrous retreat from Russia.

In the early part of April, 1862, President Lincoln appointed him a Brigadier-General of volunteers, and in about two weeks he was unanimously confirmed by the Senate. In the battle of Cross Keys, in May of the same year, he acted with distinguished bravery, and he was the subject of much favorable criticism for the skill with which he manœuvred his men. The battle near the Rappahannock closed his earthly career. On the morning of the 22d of August, 1862, General Sigel ordered General Bohlen to cross that stream with his brigade to reconnoitre. The Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania crossed first to feel the enemy, and immediately after the Sixty-first Ohio and the Eighth Virginia followed, in order to support the Seventy-fourth, in case of an attack. In moving up the road, their advance was checked by four regiments of rebel infantry, who poured upon them a murderous fire. It was in personally leading a charge of the Eighth Virginia, for the fourth time, that this gallant soldier fell, pierced by a rifle ball in the region of the heart, and expired immediately.

Thus passed away another of Pennsylvania's most distinguished sons. The country lost a faithful officer and a true soldier, his family a fond and affectionate father, society a brilliant ornament, and the poor a kind, a generous benefactor. He left a wife and three children to mourn his untimely end.

The remains of General Bohlen were brought to Philadelphia, where they were interred, September 12th, 1862, with becoming honors. His funeral oration was delivered by the Rev. Joseph A. Seiss, D. D., of St. John's Lutheran Church. The reverend

gentleman truthfully sketched the character of the departed soldier, and fairly depicted the gloom of the times that made the patriotic example of the deceased so brilliant in its dark setting, when he said:

"Never was purer patriotism extinguished at a time when it was more needed, or more generous bravery destroyed at a juncture when its presence was more demanded, or more self-sacrificing services cut short at a period when more required, than that which ceased when General Bohlen fell!

"The deceased was eminently a man of the class which the country most needs in these lowering times. And he was just in that position in which he was rendering the services most demanded by the emergencies which have arisen. But, at the very post and moment when about to be most useful, the summons of God reached him, and his friends and country have nothing left of him but these remains which we are about to lower into the dark bosom of the earth!

"Not, therefore, with the outpouring of the natural sympathies of the human heart over the fall of a fellow mortal merely; nor yet only with those outpourings swollen with the tears of bereaved friendship and the regrets of a disrupted Christian fellowship; but also, with a lively sense of national and public loss, at a moment of peculiar peril and necessity, that we here this day surround this covered bier. It is patriotism, quite as much as sorrowing personal affection, that seeks to utter its grief, and to express its sense of bereavement, by this solemn pageant. And when we bethink ourselves how sorely our country is pressed at this dark hour—how in need of disciplined soldiers and brave and experienced commanders—how the calls and cries from all sides are appealing to us for men to defend our own firesides—and how the dark thunder-clouds of rebel invasion are threatening to break upon us with all the dreadful doings of rampant ruin—to find ourselves appointed by Providence to the sad work of committing our Generals to their graves, our faith would stagger were we not otherwise so unmistakably assured of the wisdom and righteousness of that Almighty God, who taketh away, and none can hinder.

"There may be such a thing as a Christian soldier. And such was Henry Bohlen. He was a praying man. Incidents have not been wanting to show that his Bible and his devotions were not neglected, even amid the hinderances and diverting causes which pressed upon him amid the duties of the field. Nor shall I soon forget the devout and feeling manner in which he committed himself and his cause to God, when he last stood where his remains now lie. Grasping my hand, with tears in his eyes, he said: 'God only knows whether I shall ever return to you again; but whether I return or not, my trust is in Him who alone can help. The cause in which I have embarked is one which He must approve, and for it I am willing to meet whatever His good providence may appoint.' With this spirit he went upon the field. With this spirit he served to the last. With this spirit he has fallen, a willing sacrifice for the good of his country. And with this spirit I cannot but believe he has met his God in peace."

HUGH WATSON MCNEIL, a Colonel of the Bucktail regiment, was born in 1830, at Owasco, Cayuga county, New York. He was the son of the Rev. Archibald McNeil, and was educated at Yale College. Immediately after graduating, finding the Northern winters too severe for his health, which was delicate, he went to Washington, where he taught in the Union Academy for a year, at the end of which, he accepted a place in the office of the Coast Survey, under Dr. Bache. He resigned after a few months, and received an appointment to a position in the Treasury Department, where he remained for six years. He, in the meantime, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. After leaving the Treasury, he entered the law office of Blachford and Seward, in New York city. After the lapse of a few months, a pulmonary attack, with which he had before been afflicted, reduced him to the verge of the grave; but he finally regained his strength, and removed to Warren, Pennsylvania, where he became Cashier of a bank in 1860. When, upon the opening of hostilities, in 1861, Roy Stone formed his company of Bucktail Riflemen, McNeil enlisted as a private, and was elected First Lieutenant. At the formation of the Bucktail regiment

he was promoted to Captain of Stone's company, the latter having been made Major. After the battle of Dranesville, where he acted with great gallantry, he was elected Colonel. While the Reserves were at Fredericksburg, upon the eve of departing to the Peninsula, he was attacked with disease, and was obliged to return to his home. He did not recover so as to resume command until after the close of the Peninsula campaign. When he came to meet his men at Harrison's Landing, and saw, in place of that stalwart body, only a few, begrimed by battle, who had survived the terrible ordeal of that destructive campaign, he was moved to tears by the spectacle, and exclaimed: "My God! where are my Bucktails? Would that I had died with them!"

In the Maryland campaign he displayed the best qualities of the soldier. At South Mountain, General Meade ordered him to advance, with his regiment deployed as skirmishers, boldly up the face of the mountain and find the foe. Nobly was the command executed, and before the enemy was aware of their presence, he began to feel the effect of their trusty rifles. Again, at Antietam, McNeil was ordered to deploy his men, and lead the column. At a wood in front of the little Dunkard church, the enemy was found, sheltered behind a fence. A charge was ordered, and McNeil went forward at a run in the face of a perfect torrent of artillery and musketry missiles. The first line of the foe was routed and driven; but in advancing upon a second line, many of his men fell, and among them Colonel McNeil himself, who expired on the field. His last commands were, "Forward, Bucktails! Forward!" "These were his last commands," says Captain C. Cornforth; "I heard them. It was quite dark, and I did not see him, though he was but a short distance off. I helped carry him back to the rear, after firing had ceased. I did not know he was killed till silence and darkness reigned. One of the soldiers said his last words were, 'Take me to the rear. Don't let me fall into the enemy's hands.'" General Meade, in his report of the battle, says: "I feel it also due to the memory of a gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, to express here my sense of the loss to the public service in the fall of Colonel Hugh W. McNeil, of the First Pennsylvania Rifles, who fell

mortally wounded while in the front rank, bravely leading on and encouraging his men, on the afternoon of the 16th." Colonel McNeil was a ripe scholar, a tried and true soldier, and died deeply lamented by his men and the entire Reserve corps.

JOHN MYERS GRIES, Major of the One Hundred and Fourth regiment, was born at Womelsdorf, Berks county, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of March, 1828. His father was a physician, and a son of John Dieter Gries, who came to this country from near Manheim, Germany. His mother, Maria Priscilla, was the daughter of John Myers, whose father was the proprietor of Myerstown, Lebanon county. He was educated at the Womelsdorf and Reading Academies, and served an apprenticeship to a carpenter preparatory to becoming an architect, for which he had native talent and disposition. He was self-instructed in his profession, but became skilled, the designs of Christ Church Hospital, Philadelphia Bank, and Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, among many others, being monuments of his talent. His natural genius had been cultivated by a careful study of European masterpieces, which he had made during a visit a few years before the Rebellion. His only military training was as a member of a volunteer organization, under Colonel Chapman Biddle, formed soon after the outbreak of the war.

He was appointed Major of the Ringgold regiment, the One Hundred and Fourth of the line, which he was active in recruiting, until he took command of the camp at Doylestown under Colonel Davis. On taking the field, Major Gries moved with his regiment to the Peninsula, and though often worn out with fatigue and depressed by sickness, yet he would never yield, but kept at the post of duty through wearisome marches. At Savage Station, a week before the battle of Fair Oaks, he was in command of the skirmishers in advance of the whole army, and skilfully directed the fire of the artillery, by signals from the extreme front, so accurately that the rebels were forced to fall back. At Fair Oaks, while in the thickest of the fight and in the intelligent discharge of his duty, he received a mortal wound. It was inflicted while he was in the act of securing the flag which was in danger of being lost, as the regiment was falling back

from a charge which had just been made. He was brought off the field, and with other wounded was taken to the general hospital at Philadelphia. He refused the invitations of friends to their homes, and insisted upon going with his comrades. The ball with which he was wounded lodged in the bone of the pelvis. Several unsuccessful attempts were made by surgeons at different times to remove it, and it is probable that he died, more from the effects of these persistent and inexcusable trials, than from the wound itself, though his system had been much reduced by hard labor, his command having had the advance after leaving Bottom's Bridge, which involved ceaseless care and multiplied responsibility on the part of the officers. He endured the pain of the surgical operations without flinching and with a stoicism that excited the wonder of every beholder. He expired on the 13th of June, after having borne great suffering for the space of nearly two weeks.

By the commander of his brigade, General Naglee, he was held in high esteem, on account of his promptness and courage as an officer, and good judgment as an engineer. In a letter to Adjutant-General Williams, that officer said: "Again should mention be made of the cool daring and gallant manner in which Major John M. Gries sustained his regiment, when charging in the very face of the enemy. The Major died from wounds then and there received, and will long be remembered by all who knew him."

JAMES MILLER, Colonel of the Eighty-first regiment, was a volunteer soldier in two wars. When hostilities with Mexico opened, he promptly recruited troops, and won distinction as a brave and efficient officer throughout the campaign, serving in one of the regiments which followed General Scott, and at its close was commissioned Captain for meritorious services. At the opening of the War of Rebellion he again volunteered, and was instrumental in organizing and bringing to a state of efficiency the Eighty-first regiment, of which he was made Colonel. He went to the Peninsula with McClellan, and, when arrived before Richmond, was put upon the front. His command was active in the construction of the famous Sumner bridge across the Chickahominy, and when completed, passed over and participated in

the severe skirmish at Golding's Farm. In the battle of Fair Oaks, fought on the 30th of May, the troops of Sumner were hastened to the relief of the hard-pressed forces of Casey, who was first to feel the attack, and were successful in checking the foe. On the following morning, the fighting was renewed. The left flank of his regiment was exposed. In the progress of the battle a regiment of the enemy approached, from the open side, which Colonel Miller mistook for a Union force, and called out to it. The answer was a volley at close range, under which he fell, shot through the heart, and expired upon the field manfully battling to the last.

JAMES CROWTHER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Tenth regiment, was born in Centre county, Pennsylvania, on the 16th of January, 1818. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel on the 23d of December, 1861, and at once took the field with his command. He was engaged in the campaign of 1862, in West Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley, under Lander, Shields, and Banks. When General Pope took command of all the forces before Washington, Ricketts' division, to which this regiment was attached, was sent to Thoroughfare Gap, where a stubborn resistance was made to Longstreet's advance, and afterwards upon the plains of Manassas it fought with determined courage against vastly superior numbers. Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, Lieutenant-Colonel Crowther was promoted to Colonel. In the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, while he was leading his regiment in the fierce fighting which heralded in the morning of the 3d of May, 1863, he was killed, and nearly half of his regiment was stricken down by his side.

JOSEPH A. McLEAN, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-eighth regiment, was born in the city of Philadelphia on the 22d of May, 1823. He was the son of William and Sarah (Douglass) McLean, natives of Scotland, and was the youngest son of a family of twelve, two girls and ten boys. He gave early promise of mental ability, and it was the purpose of his parents to give him a liberal education; but their designs were frustrated by misfortune, and he was early put to a trade, first as a glass-blower,

and finally as a fancy and ornamental painter. In June, 1843, he married Miss Elizabeth Doyle, of Richmond, Virginia. He was an active member of the Franklin Debating Society, and became its President. In the riots of 1844, which resulted in bloodshed, he was among the most active in quelling them, Shiffler, one of the victims, falling by his side, and another near him having his jaw shot away. He enlisted for the Mexican War; but through the intervention of friends was prevented from serving. In 1848, he removed with his family to the city of Reading, where he soon identified himself with the interests of the place, organizing a Lyceum, advocating the building of the Lebanon Valley Railroad, and was finally elected a member of the City Council, and subsequently its President. He was also a member of the Public School Board. In politics he was an American, and a firm advocate of the abolition of slavery, stumping the country for Lincoln in 1860, speaking about sixty times, among other places, in Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Pottsville. He was prompt in recruiting troops when the President made his call for men, and was appointed Adjutant of the Fourteenth regiment, in the three months' campaign under Patterson. With his brother, Colonel George P. McLean, he was active in recruiting the Eighty-eighth, three year regiment, of which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. He was exceedingly popular with his men, whose hardships he shared, and whose burdens he did what he could to lighten. He received frequent tokens of regard, among others a beautiful sword, sash and belt. In the battle of Cedar Mountain, his command was actively engaged, and also in the manœuvring and skirmishing of Pope's army, preceding the second battle of Bull Run. In the midst of that disastrous engagement, while supporting a battery that was being fiercely assailed, he was struck by a musket ball in the hip and mortally wounded. Confusion had already seized upon the Union army, and he was ordered with his regiment, of which he was at the time in command, to assist a battery in holding the enemy in check while the army was retiring. Three times he had rallied his men under a fierce fire; but while bringing them up for the fourth time he was stricken and left upon the field. Lieutenant W. J. Rannells, of the Seventh Ohio regiment, hap-

pened at the moment to be near him, and, in a letter subsequently addressed to Colonel McLean's wife, gave the following account of his death: "Madam: I have just arrived home from Richmond. I was taken prisoner while attending to your husband's wounds. It is my painful duty to inform you that he is dead. He fell near me, while doing all that a brave man could do to hold his men to the support of a battery. He fell from his horse with his foot fast in the stirrup. His horse was about to run with him in this situation, but I caught him, and, disentangling his foot, laid him upon the ground. I found that he had been wounded high up on the thigh, the ball having ruptured the main artery. With a strap that he gave me, I succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage, and, with the assistance of three of his men, was about to carry him to a hospital. When the Colonel saw the charging foe, he said: 'Boys, drop me and save yourselves; for I must die.' The three men became excited, and, dropping him, disappeared. This caused the strap to slip below the wound, and allowed the hemorrhage to recommence. I replaced the strap, and was in the act of tightening it, when I observed that the enemy had charged past our battery, and were soon upon us. They fought over us about fifteen minutes, in which time your poor husband was wounded again in the same leg, below the knee. They would not help me take him to a surgeon, but made me leave him, when he said: 'Tell my wife she will never blush to be my widow. I die for my country and the old flag.' One of my men, who was detailed to bury the dead, reports having buried Colonel Joseph A. McLean of the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania. I sympathize deeply with you in your loss, and pray God will bless and aid you."

FRANK ANDREW ELLIOT, Captain in the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, was born in Washington, D. C., on the 8th of August, 1825. His parents, William G. and Margaret (Dawes) Elliot, were natives of Boston, Massachusetts. Throughout his boyhood he was remarkably fearless and upright, fond of adventure, and desired to enter the navy; but in deference to the wishes of his father, he prepared for College with the Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Washington.

Not wishing to enter college, he commenced mercantile life in Boston. Of delicate physique, his health, though good, was never robust. His habits of life were singularly temperate, and in all respects irreproachable. In September, 1854, he married Mary Jane Whipple, niece and adopted daughter of Professor W. R. Johnson of Washington. In the purest spirit of patriotism, he left a successful business, in which he was engaged in Philadelphia, and devoted himself to the service of his country, entering the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment as Captain of Company F. He did gallant service at the battle of Fredericksburg; and subsequently, at Chancellorsville, was mortally wounded, and died in the hands of the enemy.

William Speer Kirkwood, Colonel of the Sixty-third regiment, was born on the 4th of July, 1835, at Fairview, Allegheny county, Pennsylvania. His father was Archibald Kirkwood, a native of Ireland; his mother, Elizabeth (Sterrars) Kirkwood. He was, in boyhood, a farmer and ferryman, early developing a liking for naval life. He received a fair English education in the public schools of his native place, but had no military training. From youth he was steady and industrious; and it is remembered as a somewhat notable circumstance, that he never saw Pittsburg until after he was fifteen years old. In person, he was nearly six feet in height, and stoutly built.

He recruited a company for the Sixty-third regiment, of which he was elected Captain. During McClellan's campaign, Captain Kirkwood was constant at the post of duty, sharing with the humblest subaltern the privations and sufferings incident to a life in camp amid the bogs and swamps before Yorktown and upon the Chickahominy; and in the battle of Fair Oaks, where the regiment was closely engaged, bore himself with great gallantry, and fortunately, where so many of his comrades went down, he was preserved unscathed. Soon after that battle he was promoted to Major. At Bull Run the regiment was again subjected to a fiery ordeal. Kearny's division, to which it belonged, was drawn up in line of battle near Groveton. Robinson's brigade was ordered to advance upon an old railroad bed, behind which the enemy's skirmishers had taken shelter. Before

reaching it, two picked men from each company were sent forward to drive out these troublesome marksmen. The left of the line was already warmly engaged, when General Kearny rode up to Colonel Hays and ordered him to charge, saying, as he gave the order, "I will support you handsomely." No troops could have obeyed the order more gallantly, but as the line approached the embankment, it received, unexpectedly, a deadly fire from the concealed foe, which threw it into some confusion. Rallying, it again went forward, and again was it saluted by a fatally-aimed volley, by which Colonel Hays was wounded. Major Kirkwood promptly assumed command, and led his regiment on; but he had scarcely done so, when he also was severely wounded in the left leg, being twice struck. He was carried from the field, and his hurts found to be of a serious character. In September, 1862, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, and, in the April following, Colonel.

When it became apparent, near the close of this month, that Hooker was about to lead his army to meet the enemy, Colonel Kirkwood manifested great impatience to lead his regiment, though his wounds were still open. His surgeon remonstrated with him, but he declared that he must see his command fight and be with it. So crippled was he, when the army set out for Chancellorsville, that he had to be lifted upon his horse, and no representations of injury to his wounds by the surgeon could induce him to remain in camp. On the afternoon of the 2d, a few hours before the Eleventh corps was struck by "Stonewall" Jackson, Birney's division was pushed out nearly two miles in front of the main line of the army, where it was engaged with Jackson's rear guard, and when Jackson attacked, Birney was isolated and in danger of being cut off. But the rout of the Eleventh corps having been stayed, Birney moved back, and, after a midnight struggle, gained his place in line. On Sunday the battle was renewed, and though the Union troops fought with their accustomed heroism, they contended at a great disadvantage. The Sixty-third, standing on the left of the brigade, found its left flank exposed and over-reached by the enemy. A galling fire was poured in upon it, and many of the brave fellows were laid low. Colonel Kirkwood, while conducting the fight and

leading his men with unsurpassed bravery and skill, was stricken down, receiving wounds which proved mortal. He survived until the 28th of June, subject to intense suffering, when he expired, deeply lamented by his entire command.

JOHN W. MOORE, Colonel of the Two Hundred and Third regiment, was born at Philadelphia. He enlisted in Company G, of the Sixty-sixth regiment, in July, 1861, of which he was commissioned Captain. This organization, unfortunately, had but a brief existence, and in March, 1862, he was transferred with his company to the Ninety-ninth. In Pope's campaign before Washington, in McClellan's operations in Maryland, and in Burnside's attack upon the enemy at Fredericksburg, he participated in much severe fighting. In February, 1863, he was promoted to Major, and was with his command in the desperate conflict of the Third corps with the enemy, on the morning of the 3d of May, at Chancellorsville. The regiment was brought upon the Gettysburg field at a critical point, both in time and place. It was just as the Union left was about to be struck with terrific force by Longstreet's corps, and at the extreme of that flank, where the enemy was intent on breaking through. Major Moore was in command of the regiment; but before he had his line of battle fully formed, he was severely wounded, and was taken from the field. Previous to the opening of the spring campaign of 1864, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and in the progress of the desperate struggles which ensued, was a portion of the time in command of the Seventeenth Maine. Early in June, he was prostrated by sickness, and was sent to hospital. Several new regiments for one year's service were being recruited at this period, and of one of these—the Two Hundred and Third—he was appointed Colonel. His new regiment was intended for duty in General Birney's corps as sharp-shooters; but the General dying soon afterwards, it was employed as a simple infantry regiment; though from its being led by veteran officers, it was regarded as among the most reliable in the army. It was one of those employed in the expedition undertaken for the reduction of Fort Fisher; and here, while engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter over the traverses of the fort, Colonel Moore was

killed. "A footing was gained, though at a heavy cost. Colonel Pennypacker had fallen, and was reported mortally hurt, but there was no cessation in the fight. Traverse after traverse, seventeen in all, still remained to be overcome. Colonel Moore, with the flag in one hand and his sword in the other, led gallantly on until three of the traverses were carried, and the fourth was being charged, when he fell dead, still grasping the flag-staff, the banner riddled with bullets and more than half shot away." Thus perished one of the bravest soldiers which the Republic offered upon its altars.

GUSTAVUS WASHINGTON TOWN, Colonel of the Ninety-fifth regiment, was born at Philadelphia on the 28th of August, 1839. He was descended from a family who had been printers and publishers of that city through three generations. He was himself bred to that business, and was actively engaged in it up to the time of entering the military service. He was educated in the public schools, and graduated at the High School. Fondness for military life was early developed, and at the age of sixteen he joined the Washington Blues, a volunteer organization. When this regiment was recruited for the field, he was made First Lieutenant of Company A, this organization being known as the Eighteenth Pennsylvania. At the expiration of the term of service, he returned and assisted in recruiting the Ninety-fifth (Zouave) regiment for the war, and was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. In the midst of the fierce fighting in the bloody battle of Gaines' Mill, the commander of the regiment, Colonel Gosline, was killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Town was promoted to succeed him. Being the senior Colonel of the brigade to which his regiment was attached, he acted as Brigadier-General, and for nearly a year, ably and efficiently commanded it; the officers of the brigade, to a man, asking for his promotion to the rank in which he was acting. In the second battle of Fredericksburg, which was coincident with that of Chancellorsville, his brigade formed part of the Sixth corps, General Sedgwick. At Salem Church, where the advance of the corps was met by the enemy, and where the fighting was of unusual severity, he was shot through the heart and instantly killed, while heroically leading on his

men, and encouraging them to stand firm, though pressed by superior numbers.

> "In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
> Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps."

He had participated in every battle in which the Army of the Potomac had been engaged, and was esteemed a gallant and reliable officer. In person he was six feet and three inches in height. He was married but a short time before his death, but left no issue.

GARRETT NOWLEN, Major of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, was born in Philadelphia, on the 6th of March, 1835. He was the son of Edward and Julia (McCarthy) Nowlen. He received a liberal education at the Philadelphia Central High School. In person he was above the medium height, slender and delicate, of a studious turn, regular and simple in habits, and of a generous and self-sacrificing spirit. He entered the army as Second Lieutenant of Company G, One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, in August, 1862. At the battle of Fredericksburg, where he commanded Company C, he exhibited cool courage and was severely wounded, being struck in the hip joint by a musket ball, which fractured the bone. His ability displayed in this battle was recognized, and he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and made Adjutant of the regiment. At Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Auburn, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, North Anna, Pamunky, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Williams' Farm, he was constant at the post of duty. In the engagement at Ream's Station, on the 25th of August, while acting in the most gallant manner, he was shot through the breast by a musket ball. As he was struck, he fell backward and, extending his hand towards the men of his own company, exclaimed: "Good-bye, boys," and immediately expired. He was buried at Laurel Hill Cemetery, on the banks of the Schuylkill. General Mulholland says of him: "He was the bravest and most honorable of men, and no purer patriot ever offered his life a sacrifice on the altar of freedom and justice."

> "Faithful unto his country's weal, and private friendship's claim,
> He bore unsullied to his grave a noble, honored name;
> A watchword for his comrade's lips, and history's page will tell,
> If not that name, the battle-fields where he fought long and well."

ABRAHAM H. SNYDER, Major of the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth regiment, was born on the 17th of April, 1821, in Mercer county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Andrew and Mary (Sylvis) Snyder. His boyhood was passed upon a farm, and he was educated at the Mercer and Beaver Academies. He was of medium height and stoutly built. He was married on the 6th of May, 1852, to Miss Margaret Stewart.

He was made Captain of Company A, One Hundred and Thirty-ninth regiment, in August, 1862, and in all its campaigns he bore a part, being engaged at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Salem Heights, Gettysburg, Mine Run and in several minor battles. On the 5th of May, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness, while acting as Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment, he received his death wound. He was at the time on horseback, leading on his men with undaunted courage, when he was struck directly in the forehead, and died without a struggle. As the regiment was obliged to fall back soon after, his body fell into the enemy's hands, and was never recovered. Adjutant A. M. Harper, who was his intimate companion in arms, says of him: "His conduct was universally that of a brave man, who went into the army from a sense of duty, and carried himself throughout in strict accordance with that laudable purpose. By nature of too mild and amiable a disposition for an arbitrary disciplinarian, it always grieved him to order punishment for soldiers of his command who deserved it. In all the inconveniences and hardships incident to the service, so much harder to bear by one who had arrived at the middle age of life, he was ever patient and uncomplaining. Sensitive to the sufferings of others, and apparently unmindful of his own, on the long marches he often dismounted, that some weary soldier might have temporary relief by riding his horse. In short, he was a true and patriotic American soldier, such an one as the army stood most in need of."

JOHN BLANCHARD MILES, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-ninth regiment, was born on the 20th of September, 1827, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John G. and Julia (McConnell) Miles. His father was a lawyer of note, and his uncle, John Blanchard, for whom he was named, was a

member of Congress from the Centre District. A paternal ancestor, Richard Miles, emigrated from Wales in 1701, and settled upon the Delaware a few miles below Philadelphia. Two of his descendants, brothers, Richard and Samuel, were active in the Revolutionary War—Samuel as a Colonel, and Richard, the great-grandfather of John B., as a Captain—and at a later period were the founders of the town of Milesburg, Centre county. The maternal grandfather, Mathew McConnell, was a Major in the patriot army, and had a leg broken by a musket ball in the battle of Brandywine.

Descended from Revolutionary sires on the part of both father and mother, it is not strange that he should develop heroic traits when brought to the battle-field. He received a good English education, with some knowledge of Latin, in the schools of his native town, and manifested a taste for mechanics. After leaving school he was employed at the Rebecca Furnace, in Blair county, owned by Dr. Peter Shoenberger, first as clerk, and subsequently as assistant manager. At the end of two years he went to Philadelphia, where he was employed as salesman in a wholesale hardware store, where he remained two years more. He then went to Peoria, Illinois, where an elder brother lived, and subsequently to Chicago, in both places being engaged in mercantile business; but the financial crash of 1857 brought disaster, and he returned to his home in Huntingdon, where he devoted himself to the manufacture and sale of lumber until the opening of the war. Impelled by a sense of patriotic duty, he recruited a company, of which he was commissioned Captain, which became part of the Forty-ninth regiment. With the Army of the Potomac he went to the Peninsula, and in the affairs at Lee's Mills and Yorktown, and in the battle of Williamsburg, he led with gallantry, evincing from the first heroic valor. He received honorable mention in the report of his superior in the latter, and attracted the attention of General Hancock, whose lasting personal friendship he won. Like courage and skill were displayed at Golding's Farm, and in all the subsequent battles of the campaign, which ended in the last of the noted seven days at Malvern Hill.

The battles of South Mountain and Antietam followed close

upon the disasters of Pope, and at their conclusion, Captain Miles was promoted to Major, an advancement won by faithful and unremitting duty. He crossed the river with Franklin's column in the first Fredericksburg, where his regiment was held in support of the troops assigned to make the assault. In the Chancellorsville campaign, Major Miles had a more daring part to perform. To the Forty-ninth was assigned the task of crossing the Rappahannock in boats under a withering musketry fire, and driving the rebel forces from their intrenchments so as to prepare the way for laying the pontoons. In that desperate undertaking, where large numbers of both officers and men fell, none were more conspicuous for nerve and unflinching courage than the Major of the regiment. The task was heroically executed and the enemy routed. At Salem Church, on the 3d and 4th of May, the foe made fierce assaults upon the Sixth corps, and by superior numbers compelled it to fall back, the Forty-ninth being hard pressed, but successfully repulsing every attack. The campaign to Gettysburg followed, involving the demonstration at Fredericksburg on the 9th of June, the battle at Gettysburg on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July, at Fairview on the 5th, and at Funkstown on the 12th—a campaign rarely paralleled for rapid and fatiguing marches, severe fighting, and glorious achievements, in all of which Major Miles never faltered. But the most marked of his exploits was the part he bore in the assault and capture of the enemy's works at Rappahannock Station. The charge had to be made in the face of a fire of infantry and artillery from behind breastworks. It was made by Russell's division, and resulted in a complete victory; and the conduct of Major Miles is represented as having been "conspicuous for daring." With Locust Grove and Mine Run his active campaignings for 1863 ended.

Though the three years of his service had been years of trial and carnage almost beyond precedent, yet that which was to follow was even more trying and terrible. Before entering upon the campaign of 1864, under Grant, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and in the three days of fighting in the Wilderness he was involved. The 10th of May brought the Sixth corps in front of Spottsylvania Court-House, where, at six o'clock in the evening, Eustis' brigade was formed to charge the enemy's works,

the Forty-ninth occupying the left of the second line. When the soldiers looked upon the task before them, they at once realized that few would ever come out of that movement alive. It was made. It was successful. Guns and standards were captured. But failing of support, and the enemy rallying in force, the advantage was lost. In that assault, while charging up the slope, and inspiring his men by his own dauntless heroism, the brave Colonel Miles perished. Of his bearing here, and of his character as a soldier, W. G. Mitchell, who had served by his side and knew him intimately, bears the following testimony: "Blanch," the name by which Colonel Miles was familiarly known, a contraction of Blanchard, "was with his regiment in the Wilderness, and I have been told by many officers and men, that in the desperate assault in which he and Colonel Hulings fell, on the 10th of May, he was more than ever conspicuous for heroic courage, and was killed while leading the men up the slope and into the enemy's works. I know that he bore the reputation, in the Sixth corps, of being among the bravest and most dutiful officers in its ranks, and I have often noticed his extreme gallantry, and heard it spoken of by our brother officers. I have frequently heard General Hancock speak of Blanch's courage and good conduct. . . . While I served with the Forty-ninth and with Hancock's brigade, Blanch was one of those with whom I associated most constantly; and among all the officers whom I have ever known, he was distinguished for bravery, devotion to duty and generosity of heart. I made many long marches by his side, and have seen him on many occasions of danger and trial, but never knew him, for one instant, to fail in the performance of his duty as a gallant and noble gentleman. Had he not been struck down at Spottsylvania, he could not have failed in rising to high rank in the army, for the terrible campaign of 1864 was one in which men of his stamp were certain of obtaining rank and distinction by their gallant bearing, and the influence they exerted in times of peril. I lamented his death, and that of Colonel Hulings, as if they had been my own brothers." "His letters," says the *Presbyterian*, "written shortly before his death, showed that he had a presentiment of his fate, and that he had made his peace with his God. He was endeared to a large circle of friends by

many estimable qualities, prominent among which were an unselfish nature and remarkable kindness of heart. He has nobly fought life's great battle, and we trust has received his reward." We know by the testimony of General Lessig, who was with him, that just before going into the charge, he gave away many of his valuables to his servants, evidently believing that he would not survive the struggle. Of the unselfish trait in his character, the evidence of its prominence is abundant. So long as he had anything, he was ready to share with his comrades. Colonel Miles had no military education, but he so quickly and so thoroughly mastered his profession as to excite the admiration of his superiors. Colonel Irwin, an experienced and exacting soldier, thus wrote of him, on the 20th of March, 1862: "Yesterday, he being the senior Captain on duty, it was his turn to manœuvre the battalion. There are ten companies, accustomed to all the precision and rigor of my handling; but, to my extreme satisfaction and greatly to his credit, Captain Miles alone, at the head of my regiment, directed the entire drill with perfect self-possession, and without committing one error of any consequence." Colonel Miles was once asked how he felt when in the midst of battle, with the deadly missiles flying thick about him? His answer was: "I always feel somewhat nervous in the commencement of a battle, but I usually find so much to do, that I soon lose sight of the danger to myself."

Colonel Miles was married, on the 29th of February, 1864, to Miss Belle Creigh, daughter of Hon. John Creigh of California. She accompanied her husband to the front, but an order from the General in command obliged her, in common with all other ladies, to leave the army at the end of ten days. He never saw her but once afterwards, and then but for a day or two, while on a brief furlough, immediately preceding the moving of the army.

None of the dead were brought off the field where Colonel Miles fell, and though strenuous efforts were made to recover his body, it could not be found. He did not die instantly, as he is said to have made the request, after he was struck, that his sword should be sent to his wife. His father caused a monument with a military device to be erected in the cemetery at Hunting-

don, to his memory, on which is inscribed the fact that his body occupies an unknown grave on the battle-field.

HARRY A. PURVIANCE, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-fifth regiment, entered the service as Captain of Company E, on the 12th of November, 1861, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 15th of May, 1862. He participated in the Peninsula campaign, his command suffering severely in the battle of Fair Oaks, where it had the extreme advance when the enemy came upon it unawares, and before the rifle-pits and works which had been ordered could be completed. In North Carolina, with General Foster, and in South Carolina, under Hunter and Gilmore, he was employed in arduous duty, having command of his regiment the greater portion of the time. On the 30th of August, 1863, while on the front traverse, prosecuting the works for the reduction of Fort Wagner, he was shot and instantly killed. For several days previous, three regiments, of which his was one, had been detailed to occupy the advance trenches, each in turn twenty-four hours. The nights were damp and cold, and during the day, upon these low, flat, sandy islands, the thermometer stood at 100° in the shade. It was in the midst of this arduous duty, where the losses were four or five killed, and from ten to twenty wounded daily, that Colonel Purviance was cut off. Fort Wagner fell a few days after.

CHARLES IZARD MACEUEN, Major of the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth regiment, was born in Philadelphia, on the 1st of October, 1833. His paternal great-grandfather, Lieutenant-Colonel Caleb Parry, was killed in an action on Long Island, in the Revolution. His grandfather, with two brothers, served also in that war, the former having been elected Colonel of a regiment even at a time when he was confined to his bed with sickness. His father, the late Thomas McEnen, M. D., was noted as a scientist, having been a prominent member of important scientific and philosophical societies in the city; was President of the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati, and Secretary of the general society; was one of the original members of the Union League, in whose patriotic enterprises he deeply sympathized, and was

C. Izard Macenen

MAJOR 18TH REGT PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

assiduous in his attentions to sick and wounded soldiers in hospitals. His maternal great-grandfather was Ralph Izard, of South Carolina, who, during the Revolution, pledged his estate for the purchase of frigates with which to defend the flag—purchases which could not be made on the credit of the State of South Carolina—was President of the United States Senate in 1794, and was a friend and confidant of Washington. A son, by the same name, was one of the midshipmen who climbed up the side of the frigate "Philadelphia," in the harbor of Tripoli, and destroyed it, under the guns of the fortress. His daughter, Anne Middleton Izard, was the mother of Charles, and died in 1850, deeply lamented. Owing to a delicacy of constitution, the son could not pursue his education in the city, and was placed at school in the country, and finally went to live in the family of Charles E. Heister, who cultivated a farm on the banks of the Susquehanna, in Dauphin county, where he remained three years, and where his physical vigor was established. After two years more spent in agricultural pursuits in Chester county, with two young friends, he established himself in Williamson county, Texas, as a ranchero. Here he found, to use his own words, "all that the heart of man could desire," with the promise of rapid fortune. But, as the sun of his prosperity was rising, came the Rebellion, and he found this no place for a loyal man. Foiled in an attempt to escape through the Indian country, he was obliged, in order to get away with his friends, to give his parole not to take up arms against the State of Texas or its confederates. On reaching home, he found himself precluded from military service by his sense of the inviolability of his oath. He first devoted himself to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers, with tender assiduity. On the establishment of the Union League, he entered with ardor into the measures it adopted for the support of the Government, becoming the energetic Secretary of its Publication Committee, and issuing appeals to the misguided Southerners—whose state he had come to know by personal experience—which deserve to be rescued from oblivion, as embodying, in few and telling words, the very core of the matter at issue between those who sought to maintain the rights of the many, and those who strove to perpetuate the privileges of the few.

None were more earnest in the support of the principles of the League than he.

He was unceasing in his efforts to be absolved from his parole, and when that was at last effected, he seized the first opportunity to enlist, receiving his commission and appointment as Adjutant of the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth—Ninth Union League—regiment, on the 15th of August, 1864. His duties from the outset were unusually severe; but he persisted in performing all, though suffering from the intense application imposed, until attacked by a typhoid fever, when he was obliged to allow himself to be placed in the hospital at City Point. He was transferred to his home in Philadelphia, and after long sickness and a slow convalescence, he returned again to the front, and was commissioned Major on the 20th of March, 1865. In less than a week he fell, shot through the heart, his face to the foe, in the battle of Quaker Road, which, beginning as a skirmish, resulted in one of the hottest musketry struggles of the war, and was the first of that series of battles which resulted in the downfall of the Confederacy. He was buried with military honors from his father's residence in Philadelphia. A committee of the Union League asked permission to have a portrait painted of him for a place in their house. He was specially commended for gallant bearing under fire at the battle of Poplar Grove Church, on the 30th of September, 1864.

H. Boyd McKeen, Colonel of the Eighty-first regiment, was commissioned Lieutenant and Adjutant of this body on the 27th of October, 1861; was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 1st of July, 1862, and to Colonel on the 24th of November following. A singular fatality attended him, which witnesses to his intrepidity. He was wounded in the action at Malvern Hill on the 1st of July, 1862, again at Fredericksburg on the 13th of December, and at Chancellorsville on the 3d of May, 1863. At the opening of the campaign in the Wilderness, Colonel McKeen was placed in command of a brigade. At Cold Harbor, it was selected to lead in the attack upon the enemy's works. With great gallantry the assault was delivered, but Colonel McKeen, while leading in the desperate attempt, was killed.

OLIVER HAZZARD RIPPEY, Colonel of the Sixty-first regiment, was born on the 19th of August, 1825, at Pittsburg. He was the son of John Rippey, a native of Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, and Eliza (Leckey) Rippey, of Baltimore, Maryland. He was educated at the Western University, and at Allegheny College, graduating at the latter institution, under the presidency of Homer J. Clark. The Mexican War drew many of the most talented and promising of the young men of the country from the civil to the military service, and Rippey was of the number, serving in the First Pennsylvania regiment, commanded by Colonel Wynkoop, throughout the entire period of conflict; taking part in the battles of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Perote La Hoya, Siege of Puebla, and was with Lieutenant Rhett, as commissary's clerk, after the surrender of the city of Mexico.

Upon his return, he entered the office of Reade Washington, as a student at law, and was admitted to practice at the Pittsburg bar, in November, 1850. So impressed were his examiners with his proficiency and professional intelligence, that they instructed their chairman to make honorable mention of it in open court, who, in his remarks, said: "If ever a case had yet arisen in which such testimonial was called for, this was the case." At the first call for troops, in 1861, he recruited a company which became part of the Seventh regiment, of which he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. At the expiration of its term, he recruited the Sixty-first, and was appointed its Colonel. He participated in the campaign of the Peninsula until the battle of Fair Oaks, where, while bravely leading his men against the repeated onsets of the foe, he was stricken down and instantly killed. The division of Casey had been attacked, while holding an advanced and isolated position, by overpowering numbers of the enemy, and to stay their mad advance until supports could come, Abercrombie's brigade, in which was the Sixty-first, was thrown forward as a forlorn hope. The stubbornness with which they fought is shown by the numbers of their dead and their wounded—the Sixty-first alone losing seventy killed, one hundred and fifty-five wounded, and forty-seven missing. That they should stand until so many were cut down, and should hold the ground through critical hours of expectancy and doubt, against

the myriads of the enemy hurled against them, until help could come, and thus save the day, could only have been the result of their implicit confidence in the dauntless courage of their leaders. Indeed, the spirit which filled the bosom of Colonel Rippey is well illustrated by an incident which occurred just as he was going into battle. General Abercrombie had ordered the brigade at double-quick to the front. Colonel Rippey, understanding the urgency of the command, and having his men well in hand, was about to take the lead, when he was confronted by Colonel Neil, who, as senior Colonel, claimed the precedence. The two had had a similar question in the affair at Yorktown. Colonel Rippey was nettled at the prospect of delay in the movement of the whole brigade, by this petty question of etiquette, raised amid the screeching of shells and singing of bullets, and impatiently exclaimed, "Oh! go to the Devil! Forward, Sixty-first! Close up! Double-quick!" And putting spurs to his horse, soon drew clear of the questioning Colonel, and had his command in action in less time than the matter of precedence could have been settled. In less than one half hour from giving the order to advance, he had fallen.

Of Colonel Rippey's courage and ability as a soldier, those who knew him best, and were best capable of judging, bore ample testimony. He was as constant and unwavering in his obedience to orders, and in his patriotism, as the needle to the pole. The chief question with him was, What will most advance the interests of the cause for which I fight? and when that was settled, neither hardship nor the fear of death could deter him. In person, Colonel Rippey was nearly six feet in height, and stoutly built. He was married, on the 12th of April, 1854, to Miss Caroline Curling, of Pittsburg.

GEORGE DARE, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifth Reserve regiment, entered the service in June, 1861, as Major. In the actions of the Seven Days on the Peninsula, at Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, he rendered efficient and faithful service. In the battle of the Wilderness, on the 5th of May, 1864, where the enemy was making his fiercest assaults, in the flush of his strength, the Reserves

were unfortunately broken, a small portion falling into the enemy's hands. The Fifth, however, escaped without loss; but on the following day, while engaged in beating back the fierce onsets of the foe, Colonel Dare, who was then in command of the regiment, was mortally wounded, and died that night. He was a good officer, and a much esteemed man.

Eli T. Conner, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-first regiment, was commissioned Major of that body on the 1st of October, 1861, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 1st of June, 1862. The first severe fighting was at Fair Oaks, on the 30th of May, 1862, where it suffered severe losses, Colonel Miller being of the number of the killed. At Savage Station and White Oak Swamp the struggle was maintained, and at Charles City Cross Roads, whither it was marched to the support of sorely-tried lines, it went into position at six P. M., and until ten the battle raged upon its front with great fury, the men being guided in their aim by the flash of the enemy's guns. Lieutenant-Colonel Conner, who had command, is represented as acting throughout with great gallantry and courage. Retiring during the night to Malvern Hill, the regiment was held in readiness for battle on the following day. When the engagement opened, the brigade to which it was attached was hurried forward to the relief of the hard-pressed troops, and was soon brought to close conflict with the forces of the fiery Magruder. Here, while leading his command with great coolness and bravery, Lieutenant-Colonel Conner was killed.

Francis Mahler, Colonel of the Seventy-fifth regiment, was wounded at Gettysburg on the 1st of July, 1863, while leading his command on that disastrous part of the field whence General Howard was forced to fall back before greatly superior numbers. He was a native of Baden and was an officer in the Baden Revolution. Having come to this country previous to the breaking out of the Rebellion, he was, at the formation of the Seventy-fifth regiment, made Lieutenant-Colonel, and upon the promotion of Colonel Bohlen to Brigadier-General, was made Colonel. The first campaign was a severe one, involving endless

marching over mountains and across swollen streams, the division to which it was attached having been sent from before Washington to report to General Fremont in West Virginia; but was almost immediately recalled to the support of Banks against Stonewall Jackson. In the hard-fought battle of Bull Run, Colonel Mahler was wounded and General Bohlen was killed. To reach Gettysburg in time to be of service, it was necessary for the Eleventh corps to make forced marches, and as soon as the regiment reached the battle-ground, it was hurried forward to confront the lines of the enemy, who had had ample time to post his men and prepare for the contest. It was hardly in position, to the right of the Carlisle road, when it was attacked. The loss here was severe, being two officers and twenty-six men killed, and six officers and ninety-four wounded. Colonel Mahler was one of the severely wounded, receiving a musket ball in the leg, and his horse, which received a wound from the same missile, fell upon him. Extricating himself, he hastened to the left of the regiment, though suffering severely, but had scarcely reached it, and was engaged in bravely cheering on his men and charging them to stand firm against the advancing rebel lines, when he was again wounded, and now mortally. He was immediately removed to the corps field hospital, where he died on the morning of the 4th. He was a trustworthy man and an able officer.

Elisha Hall, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-fifth regiment, was commissioned Captain of Company C on the 17th of September, 1861, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 28th of June, 1862. In the disastrous battle of Gaines' Mill, where Colonel Gosline and Major Hubbs were killed, and many brave men lost, the regiment did eminent service. At Crampton's Gap, in the Antietam campaign, it captured a piece of artillery complete, with limber, caisson, and horses, from the noted Cobb Legion of Georgia. Upon the limber of the piece captured was painted: "Jenny—presented by the patriot ladies of Georgia to the State Artillery." In the campaign of Chancellorsville, to the Sixth corps was assigned the duty of carrying Marye's Heights and moving on the flank of the rebel army. At Salem Church, on the 3d of May, 1863, it was met by superior

numbers. The Ninety-fifth was at the fore-front, and, while battling with great constancy and courage, Lieutenant-Colonel Hall was killed. Colonel Town was killed at the same point, and large numbers of his men. Few regiments suffered so great loss in any battle—the record "Killed at Salem Church" being profusely scattered through all its rolls.

EDWARD CARROLL, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-fifth regiment, was commissioned Captain of Company F on the 27th of September, 1861, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 10th of May, 1863. At Gaines' Mill, where the regiment suffered severe loss, Captain Carroll was badly wounded. The remaining battles of the Peninsula, the Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Crampton's Gap, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Salem Church, Gettysburg, and Mine Run, followed in rapid succession. The spring of 1864 opened tardily, but early in May the Potomac army moved on its campaign under Grant. An officer's diary contains the following entry: "Marched on the 5th, at six A. M., and advancing in line of battle through the Wilderness, effected a junction with the Fifth corps on its right, and encountered the enemy. Became immediately engaged, and drove him steadily back, the two right companies attaining a strong position in the advance, which they maintained during the day and until relieved. In the early part of the day, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Carroll was killed." Colonel Carroll was a valuable officer, and fell sincerely mourned by a wide circle of friends.

RICHARD PETIT ROBERTS, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fortieth regiment, was born in June, 1820, near Frankfort Springs, Beaver county, Pennsylvania. His father, John Roberts, was a native of Culpeper county, Virginia, where his ancestors had resided from an early period in the settlement of the country. His grandfather was a soldier in the Colonial army during the Revolution. His mother was Ruth Dungan, daughter of Levi Dungan, one of the early settlers of Beaver county, who was active in quelling Indian outbreaks upon the frontier. Soon after their marriage, his parents removed from West Virginia, whither the family had emigrated, and settled at Frankfort

Springs, where they were among the most influential and respected of the inhabitants. During his boyhood, the son was engaged in farm labor. He was educated at the Frankfort Academy, under the charge of the Rev. James Sloan and Thomas Nicholson, and studied law in the office of N. P. Fetterman, having, in the meantime, taught school for several terms with great acceptance. One who knew him at this period, thus speaks of him: "Possessed of a high order of intellect—clear, quick, and comprehensive—a good practical education, to which were added the qualities of independence, courage and candor, and being of regular and temperate habits and unblemished character, he soon acquired a large practice and a prominent position at the bar. Few men, in so short a time, have gained the confidence of their fellow-men to so great an extent, or wielded a greater influence upon all matters affecting the public welfare."

During the administration of Governor Johnston, he was appointed, by Attorney-General Darrah, his deputy for Beaver county; and when the office became elective, he was chosen District Attorney by a majority of over six hundred, though the county was politically opposed to him. On the 1st of May, 1851, he was married to Miss Caroline Henry, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Thomas Henry, of Beaver. She died in February, 1862, after a lingering illness of nearly four years, during which time the husband manifested the most untiring devotion and attachment. From the opening of the Rebellion, he was active in support of the Government, helping to raise men, and to defend its action with his tongue and his pen. In the summer of 1862, seeing that the war was likely to be protracted, and that there was urgent need of troops, he determined to take the field, and by his active exertions was instrumental in securing the enlistment of over 300 men. As Captain of one of the companies, he proceeded to the camp of rendezvous at Harrisburg, where, on the 8th of September, he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Fortieth regiment. He reported to General Wool at Baltimore, and during Lee's first invasion of Maryland, was detailed to guard the Northern Central Railway. In December, a few days after the battle of Fredericksburg, he joined the Army of the Potomac, and throughout the four days

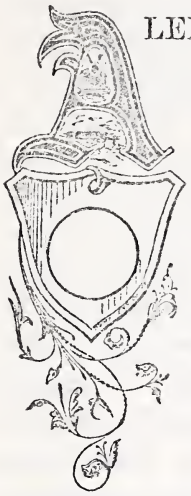
of the fighting at Chancellorsville, led his regiment, now attached to the Second corps. His men had never been under fire, and he was very solicitous that they should acquit themselves gallantly, at the same time that they should be skilfully handled and properly protected. Throughout this trying occasion, he bore himself with the courage and heroism of a veteran officer; but the strain upon his nervous system, together with the exposure and privation of the camp, caused a prostration which resulted in a low malarial fever, from which he suffered for several weeks. When it was known that the enemy was moving toward the Potomac with the intention of invading the North, Colonel Roberts, who had returned to his home, became impatient of delay, and though scarcely able to travel, resolutely determined to join his regiment, and share with his men the fortunes of the terrible encounter which he knew must soon come. He succeeded in reaching Philadelphia, but was obliged to rest for a day or two to regain strength to proceed. On arriving at Washington, he was so utterly prostrated as to be unable to go farther, and was forbidden by the surgeon in charge to make the attempt. After remaining a few days, observing that the manœuvres of the two armies were becoming daily more exciting, and Lee's purpose of invasion unmistakable, he could no longer be restrained, and, in spite of the entreaties of friends and the remonstrances of surgeons, he started to find his regiment. In the last letter he ever wrote, dated on the 30th of June, 1863, addressed to his relative and law partner, Henry Hice, he says: "On the morning after you left—Friday, 26th—I went to Alexandria; found that the army had moved, that Fairfax and Thoroughfare Gap were in possession of the enemy; and returned to Washington. I started next morning on a canal boat for Edward's Ferry, a distance of thirty miles, arriving there at half past nine at night. I learned that our corps had gone forward, and followed it on foot till within two miles of Frederick City, a distance of thirty miles, where I overtook it, myself greatly exhausted. Yesterday morning we started, and marched twenty-eight miles—one of the greatest marches on record. The men fell down by hundreds. We had a good many fall out; but most of them came in during the night. We are now moving in the direction of Emmittsburg,

and I think not far from it. Of course we shall soon meet the enemy. I am quite well, better than I have been for weeks, as you may know by what I have come through the last few days." While leading his regiment upon the field of Gettysburg, towards the close of the second day of the battle, he fell, pierced through the heart by a Minié ball. The following extract from the Beaver *Argus*, portrays, in a striking manner, the circumstances of his death: "On that fearful day, July 2d, 1863, upon the plains of Gettysburg, the grandest panorama of modern times is passing—two hundred thousand foemen in fierce array! Five hundred cannon make the earth reel and tremble. The dead, the dying, and the wounded strew the plain. The One Hundred and Fortieth regiment is flanked. The Colonel steps forward to the front. 'My brave boys,' he cries, 'remember you are upon your native soil, your own Pennsylvania. Drive back the rebel invaders!' He faces the foe, while deadly missiles fall like hail. The fatal Minié rends his breast. He dies on the field of honor and of glory; but the invader is repulsed. No braver, truer, or better man fell upon that bloody plain than Colonel Richard P. Roberts."

Colonel Roberts was a rising man; fairly marked for promotion. The gallant General Zook was killed on the same day, only a few moments before, and Colonel Roberts would doubtless have succeeded to the command of the brigade in his place. Had he lived to return to civil life, the highest honors would have been open before him. His loss to his county, and, indeed, to the State, was one much to be lamented. Generous and appreciative, his kindness found many subjects, and drew to him many faithful friends. There are those yet living who remember, with grateful recollections, his helping hand and friendly offices.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE KILLED IN BATTLE.



ALEXANDER HAYS, first Colonel of the Sixty-third regiment, and Brevet Major-General of volunteers. The war of Rebellion drew from the State of Pennsylvania many costly sacrifices; few more so than the subject of this sketch. Reynolds, who fell at Gettysburg, entered the volunteer service as a general officer, and was consequently more in the public eye, and had attained a higher rank in the army. It is no disparagement of Reynolds to be compared with Hays, though beneath him in rank; for in all that constitutes a great soldier he was endowed with kindred qualities, and was of a brotherhood of heroes—wise in council, cool in the midst of dangers, fearless in battle, and merciful as a victor.

He was born at Franklin, Venango county, on the 8th of July, 1819. He was the son of General Samuel Hays, a native of Ireland, and Agnes (Broadfoot) Hays. After acquiring a primary education in the schools of his native place, he entered Allegheny College, at Meadville; and subsequently, in 1840, was appointed a Cadet in the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1844, and where, for three years, he was a fellow student with President Grant. He was assigned to duty, with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant, in the Fourth Infantry, to which Grant also belonged, then constituting part of the Army of Observation, stationed in Louisiana. His regiment was among the first to advance upon the enemy's territory in the Mexican War, and in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma exhibited undaunted heroism, capturing, in connection with Lieutenant Woods, likewise a Pennsylvanian, the first gun that was

wrested from the enemy. In the latter engagement, he received a wound in the leg. In recognition of his gallantry in these actions, he was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant, and was transferred to the Eighth Infantry.

Before entering upon another active campaign, his wound unfitting him for arduous duty, he was sent on recruiting service to western Pennsylvania, where he soon enlisted a company of 200 men from among the hardy pioneers of that region, and rejoined the army at Vera Cruz. "About this time," says Colonel Oliphant in his sketch of Hays, "General Joe Lane was ready to start on a more northern line of operations to the City of Mexico, with an expedition against Urrera and the guerillas infesting that part of the country. Lieutenant Hays was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of the expedition. It had frequent encounters with the enemy, inflicting severe punishment. Lieutenant Hays gathered fresh laurels, and was the head and heart and soul of the command—making a military reputation for his chief which afterwards sent him to the United States Senate from Oregon." "His record in the whole Mexican War," says the Rev. Dr. Paxton, in his funeral discourse, "was that of a brave and skilful soldier, whose courage could be trusted in any emergency, and whose ability to execute was equal to his will to dare."

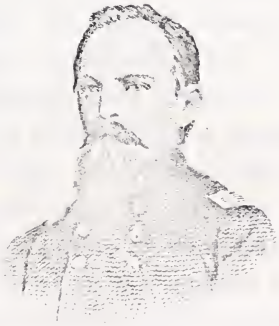
A year previous he had married Annie, daughter of John B. McFadden, a prominent citizen of Pittsburg; and on his return from Mexico, tiring of the dull monotony of army life in "piping times of peace," he resigned his commission, and engaged in the manufacture of iron in that city. A stagnation in this business occurred at about that time, and the venture proved a failure. He was accustomed to say, that "that furnace was the only thing that ever *licked* him so badly that he was afraid to tackle it again." His education at West Point had made him a skilful engineer, and the country just then waking up to the importance of railroad construction, had need of such talent. He first found employment in California, but subsequently in western Pennsylvania, and was engaged in making the drafts of an iron bridge for the Allegheny Railroad, when the Rebellion was initiated. Without waiting to finish his draft even, he laid it aside, saying

FRANKLIN A. STRATTON
Col. 11th Pa. Cav.t
Brv.t Brig Gen.

JOHN W. McLANE.
Col. 83d Reg.t

GIDEON CLARK
Late Col 119th Reg.t
Brv.t Brig Gen

SENECA G. WILLAUER.
Lt Col 116th Reg.t



CHARLES A. KNODERER
Col 16th Reg.t

Engd by Chas. B. Perkins N.Y.

to his wife as he did so: "That kind of work is now ended; my country has called, and I must hasten to the field."

He enlisted in a militia company in Pittsburg, known as the City Guard, of which he was at once chosen Captain. This company became part of a regiment raised at that place for the three months' service, and he was commissioned, by Governor Curtin, Major. Not long before, Floyd of Virginia, then Secretary of War, had ordered a number of heavy guns from the Allegheny Arsenal, and a large amount of ordnance stores, to some mythical fort near the mouth of the Mississippi river. Hays was one of those who resisted their removal, plainly foreseeing the use to which they would be put; and, by assuming a bold front and a determined spirit to prevent it, the guns were ordered back to the Arsenal.

In the summer of 1861, he was appointed Captain in the Sixteenth United States Infantry; but he declined this honor, and, at the close of the term of service of the Twelfth—which he had largely contributed to make a skilled and efficient body of men—he returned home, and at once set about recruiting a regiment for the war. His companions of the City Guard, whom he had converted into real soldiers, followed him, and his regiment was designated the Sixty-third Pennsylvania—he being commissioned Colonel. After thorough drill at Camp Wilkins, he led it to the field. "Its history," says Colonel Oliphant, in the article above quoted, "is bright with laurels, and red with the blood of its decimated ranks. Its commander was the friend, comrade, and fighting Colonel of a fighting General—brave old Phil. Kearny. Kearny was so superlatively brave himself, that unless the bearing of another was akin to his own death-defying courage, it failed to attract his notice. Colonel Hays is the only one of his officers that he is known to have complimented for this virtue, except in an official report. After the battle of Fair Oaks, conversing with a group of officers, he referred to the gallant conduct of Colonel Hays. One of the officers present ventured the suggestion, that he was 'rash and reckless.' 'No sir! No!' says Kearny; 'you are mistaken. Although he storms like a fury on the field, his purpose is as clear, and his brain as cool as on drill or parade; and his battle tactics are superb.'"

Colonel Hays was kept upon the front line, facing Richmond, during that sultry month which intervened between Fair Oaks and the Seven Days' battle, and had frequent hot skirmishing with the enemy. When the retreat to the James began, he moved out, the last to quit his intrenchments; and when, at Charles City Cross Roads, the enemy attacked with terrible earnestness, he was ready, with his well-ordered regiment, to meet them. How well he fought, that intrepid soldier, Kearny, whose pen was no less keen and incisive than his sword, has told in simple and glowing periods. After relating how the enemy had "come on in such masses as I had never witnessed," and had been cut down and swept back by the rapid fire of the artillery, yet "increased masses came up, and the wave bore on," he says, "It was then that Colonel Hays, with the Sixty-third Pennsylvania and half of the Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers, was moved forward to the line of the guns. I have here to call to the attention of my superior chiefs this most heroic action on the part of Colonel Hays and his regiment. The Sixty-third has won for Pennsylvania the laurels of fame. That which grape and canister failed in effecting, was accomplished by the determined charge and rapid volleys of this foot. The enemy, at the muzzles of our guns, for the first time retired fighting. Subsequently, ground having been gained, the Sixty-third was ordered to 'lie low,' and the battery once more reopened its ceaseless work of destruction. This battle saw three renewed onsets, with similar vicissitudes. If there was one man in this attack, there must have been ten thousand, and their loss by artillery, although borne with such fortitude, must have been immense." The gallantry and steadiness of Colonel Hays in this desperate fighting is confirmed by another, himself a hero, who laid down his life gallantly at Chancellorsville. General Berry, in a note to Colonel Hays, says: "I was ordered by General Kearny to have myself and command ready at all times to render aid to the First and Second brigades. This being so, I watched the movements of the enemy and our own men with the most intense interest. You, sir, and your brave men, were placed near to and ordered to support Thompson's battery. Never was task better done or battery better supported, and it is a great pleasure to me to have to say, and

it is *also my duty to say it*, that I have not, in my career in military life, seen better fighting and work better done. I should fear to try to do better with any troops I have ever seen. 'Tis enough to say, your fight was a perfect success."

The next severe encounter was at the Second Bull Run battle, Colonel Hays being put into the engagement in the neighborhood of Groveton. "Here," says Kearny, "the Sixty-third Pennsylvania and the Fortieth New York suffered the most. The gallant Hays is badly wounded." It was while leading his men up to an embankment occupied by the enemy, that he was struck in the ankle, and his limb badly shattered. Though suffering the most excruciating pain, as he was carried from the field, he still preserved his equanimity, and jocularly commanded his servant Pomp, in the most positive tones and manner, "to bring a cork and stop the hole in his leg, or he would bleed to death."

His services in this action, and his eminent ability exhibited upon the Peninsula, did not pass without recognition from the Government. He was appointed and confirmed Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regular Army.

"About the 1st of January, 1863," says Colonel Oliphant, "before he had entirely recovered from the Groveton wound, General Hays was assigned to the command of the Third brigade of Casey's division, Heintzelman's corps, then, and for some time afterwards, in charge of the defences before and around Washington. This is the same brigade that was demoralized, surrendered and disgraced, at Harper's Ferry, just before the battle of Antietam. They wanted a General in a double sense. They had no General, and they required one who would be so in fact, as well as commission and rank. Quaint and grim old Heintzelman knew and picked the man for them. We will see if they got what they wanted, when 'Sandy Hays' first drew his sword over them in command. The General now devoted all his time, talents and energy to bring order and discipline out of the confusion in which he found his brigade, and to put fight into it. He drilled, punished, rewarded, coaxed, scolded, and stormed at it—once nearly 'with shot and shell.' He was preparing it for the eventful first days of July, '63, when the Fourth of '76 was re-endeared to our hearts' affections in a new baptism of

blood and tears. . . . On the 3d day of the month, and the third of the battle of Gettysburg, General Hays, commanding the Third division of the Second army corps, finds himself opposed to General A. P. Hill, with whom is General George E. Pickett, and others of his old class-mates and comrades of the Mexican War, on the road leading to Emmittsburg. Hill has been cannonading the opposing line for some time, without effect; then moves his troops across the field, thinking, no doubt, that his veterans will drive these *raw militia* like chaff before the storm. But they meet General Hays and his veterans; he has put fight into them. Behind the shelter of a stone fence, he restrains himself and his men until the enemy is at close quarters. Then, like Wellington at Waterloo, the word is, 'Up, and at them!' His rapid, well-directed volleys send the head of Hill's column, reeling in confusion, back upon its centre and rear. A hurricane, charged with lead and fire and death, consumes them.

"The battle was won. This was the decisive charge; and General Hays was a hero among heroes at Gettysburg! He takes from the enemy, that day, twenty banners and battle-flags, three thousand stand of arms, and kills and captures about twice the number of his command. Out of twenty mounted orderlies he has but six left. He has lost all his Colonels; Lieutenant-Colonels command brigades; Lieutenants command regiments. Two of his five horses are killed under him. His whole staff is unhorsed. Their steeds lie dead where they fell, or are in their last agonies. Gathering around their chief to congratulate him, reeking with the dust, and sweat, and fumes, and weary with the toil of the battle, they receive the commendation they deserve. How proud they are of their chief! How proud he is of his 'boys!' The battle-cloud has passed away from his brow, and the hard-set features of a few moments before relax into his kind, familiar smile of love and affection. George P. Corts, Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General, reliable and efficient, often under fire with him before, wants to follow up the success while the game is in view and the trail is fresh. The General takes young Dave Shields, his boy Lieutenant and Aide-de-camp—not yet twenty years old and can count nearly as many battles—in his arms, imprinting a kiss upon his cheek, while his boyish face is yet

aglow with the flush and his bright eye sparkling with the fire of victory. What youth in the land would not be prouder of that kiss of honor from his General, than of a hundred from the lips of the fairest maiden?"

A correspondent of the Buffalo *Commercial*, himself a soldier, and who was upon that fatal hill when the battle was at its height, beholding the deeds of valor of this brave leader, and his fearlessness when the very air seemed freighted with danger, thus describes him: "I have spoken of our General Hays. I wish you could have seen a picture just at the close of Saturday's battle, on the left of our centre, of which his splendid figure formed a prominent part. Our brigade, which had been lying on Cemetery Hill, was ordered over to the position which was so valiantly but unsuccessfully charged by Pickett's rebel division. We moved through a storm of shot and shell, but only arrived in time to see the grand *finale*, at the close of the drama. The enemy's batteries were still playing briskly, and their sharp-shooters kept up a lively fire; but the infantry, wearied and routed, were pouring into our lines throughout their whole extent. Then entered General Alexander Hays, the brave American soldier. Six feet or more in height, erect, smiling, lightly holding well in hand his horse—the third within a half hour—a noble animal, his flanks bespattered with blood, he dashes along our lines, now rushing into the open field, a mark for a hundred sharp-shooters, but untouched; now quietly cantering back to our lines to be welcomed by a storm of cheers. I reckon him the grandest view—I bar not Niagara. It was the arch-spirit of glorious victory wildly triumphing over the fallen foe." After recounting the ceaseless care and solicitude of General Hays during the long weary hours of the night which succeeded the battle, in looking after and caring for the wounded and worn-out soldiers of his command, the same writer continues: "It is not my good fortune to be personally acquainted with General Hays, but I wish every one, so far as I can effect it, to know him as the bravest of soldiers, and love him as the best-hearted of men." It seems miraculous that General Hays escaped unharmed. His division stood upon the broad, open field, joining upon the left Owen's Philadelphia Brigade, now Webb's, and only shielded from the death-storm

which swept its ranks by a slight stone wall perched upon the brow of a shelving ledge, but which could be no protection to an officer on horseback. That powerful rebel division of Pickett, strengthened by picked troops on flanks and rear, struck the Union front, half overlapping Hays' command. The latter consequently got the full strength and power of the blow; but steadfast in his purpose, though all had been stricken down he would stand alone, he had inspired all with his own heroism; and though death held high carnival, the surviving moved not. It was a trial of the spirit which he manifested in a letter acknowledging the receipt of a magnificent sword presented him by the citizens of Pittsburg a few months after this battle, in which he says: "When the Rebellion broke upon us like a tornado, in the desecration of our flag at Sumter, I took an oath never to sheathe my sword until honorable peace should restore us to one glorious Union." He shared the fortunes of the army in all its weary marches and fighting till he came upon the intricate mazes of the Wilderness. It was his last battle. On the very day that the march commenced he had written, as if impressed with a presentiment of his impending fate:

"This morning was beautiful, for

> Lightly and brightly shone the sun,
> As if the morn was a jocund one.

Although we were anticipating to march at eight o'clock, it might have been an appropriate harbinger of the day of the regeneration of mankind; but it only brought to remembrance, through the throats of many bugles, that duty enjoined upon each one, perhaps before the setting sun, to lay down a life for his country." Longstreet had already arrived upon the Union front, and Hancock, having gone beyond the field and been summoned back, had counter-marched, and was advancing in line through the wilds of that labyrinthian ground, when he suddenly came upon the foe. The battle had been raging for half an hour, when, General Hays having ridden along his whole front, and returning, had paused at the head of his old regiment, the Sixty-third, a rifle ball struck him just above the cord of his hat, and penetrating the brain, he fell without an utterance to the ground. He breathed scarcely three hours, when, without consciousness, he expired.

His remains were carried by his sorrowing comrades—while the roar of battle still sounded—to the rear, and they were thence taken to his home in Pittsburg. The day of his burial was a day of sadness throughout that great city. Everywhere were the emblems of mourning and the aspects of grief. A public calamity had indeed fallen—a calamity not bounded by a single city, or a single State, but which had touched the nation alike. Five swords were laid upon his coffin—the tokens of the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. One was the gift of his early associates in his native town of Franklin, as the memorial of his gallantry at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Another the free offering of his old companions in arms, the Texan Rangers, who knew well how to measure a brave man. A third was presented by his own City Guards, through the lamented Colonel Childs, signalizing a mark of filial affection. The fourth—a costly piece of workmanship, as if to typify the greatness of his service—was from his fellow-citizens of Pittsburg. The fifth was his battle-sword, which he grasped in death. He went to his grave, having filled a full measure of usefulness. Few had devoted more signal ability to the service of the country. It is a proud satisfaction to take leave of him with that consciousness.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
Dream of battle-fields no more;
Days of danger, nights of waking.

JOHN B. KOHLER, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-eighth regiment, was born in Philadelphia. He entered the service as Captain of Company A, on the 17th of August, 1861; was promoted to Major on the 26th of November, 1862, and to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 2d of July, 1863. In the Peninsula campaign, his command was warmly engaged at Williamsburg and Malvern Hill, in the latter battle severe loss having been sustained. It formed part of Wheaton's brigade, in the Sixth corps, in the Chancellorsville campaign, and at Salem Church the fighting was terrific, this regiment exhibiting the most heroic bearing. During the first days of the Wilderness, commencing on the 5th of May, 1864, it was steadily engaged, and in the progress of the battle, Colonel Ballier having assumed command

of the brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Kohler received that of the regiment. At four o'clock on the morning of the 11th, he was ordered to take his command upon the picket line in front of Spottsylvania Court-House, where the firing was incessant and the loss considerable. Until the command reached the front before Petersburg the fighting was of the most fearful character, in which it resolutely participated, losing heavily upon almost every field. Soon after crossing the James, the Sixth corps was sent to Washington to meet a heavy detachment of the rebel army under General Early. On its arrival at the capital it was placed immediately in Fort Stevens, where it was ordered to move out in front of the fort, in face of the enemy, and establish a picket line. The duty was a perilous one, but it was executed gallantly, though with severe loss, both Colonel Ballier and Lieutenant-Colonel Kohler being wounded. From Washington the Sixth corps went to the Shenandoah Valley, where, under Sheridan, it participated in the brilliant campaign which followed. At Cedar Creek, on the 19th of October, near the close of that campaign, Colonel Kohler, while visiting the picket line as officer of the day, was killed.

CHARLES AUGUST KNODERER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth regiment, was born in the town of Emmendingen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. He was first sent to a lyceum, and afterwards entered the Polytechnic School of Carlsruhe, one of the most eminent of the schools of Europe, where he graduated with the first honors of his class. He was educated especially for a civil engineer, and immediately after completing his course, entered the service of his Government, by which he was employed in the correction of the channel of the River Rhine, and in constructing Government roads through the Black Forest. He was, however, an enthusiastic student of military science, and, while he was engaged in civil employments, so applied himself to its mastery in the intervals of labor as to be prepared to pass the examination required for an officer. He had likewise familiarized himself with the military history of modern Europe. In 1849 the revolutionary spirit was rife in Germany, and, abandoning his connection with the Government

as an engineer, and his prospects as an officer in the service of the Grand Duke, he joined the patriots in their struggle for constitutional liberty, and served with Sigel in the short but unfortunate campaign in which their hopes were frustrated. With hundreds of others, who had taken part in the attempted revolution, he fled from Europe and found in America a home and a country.

He came to Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1849, and in the following year was employed by the Schuylkill Navigation Company as Assistant Engineer, where he remained until September, 1861. At this time the Rebellion had attained to formidable proportions, and, desirous of aiding his adopted country in suppressing it, he entered the service as a Captain of Engineers, and during the brief campaign of General Fremont in Missouri, acted on the staff of General Sigel. At its close, he returned to Reading, and resumed his place in the employ of the Navigation Company. In the early part of 1862, still desirous of devoting himself to the national cause, he became actively engaged in raising companies for a regiment in process of formation at Pittsburg, for service with General Sigel. He had a fair prospect of having his ranks filled, when the part of the enterprise being executed in Pittsburg failed, and he was obliged to abandon it altogether.

When the enemy, soon after the battle of Second Bull Run, threatened to invade Pennsylvania, he responded to the call of the Governor for troops by enlisting as a private, and proceeded to Harrisburg, where he was elected Colonel of the Eleventh militia regiment, called out for the emergency. His knowledge and ability as a soldier were in constant requisition in drilling and organizing the raw recruits. The admirable manner in which he acquitted himself won the respect and confidence of all. The exigency having passed, the militia were disbanded, and Colonel Knoderer again returned to private life. But the value of his services to the country had been discovered, and when the camp was established at Reading for drafted men, Governor Curtin commissioned him Colonel, and placed him in command. Here, too, his superior knowledge and skill as a soldier were of great use, and when the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh regiment was organized he was chosen Colonel. He was

ordered to Suffolk, Virginia, which was at this time threatened by a formidable force. Upon his arrival, he was actively employed with his men in perfecting the fortifications, and placing it in the very best possible condition for defence. His judgment in military matters, and his skill in executing such works as were intrusted to him, soon attracted the attention of his superiors, and he was early recognized by them as a military engineer of talent.

The routine of camp and garrison duty was not disturbed at Suffolk until the night of the 29th of January, 1863, when, upon a report that the rebel General Pryor was advancing with a large force, and had crossed the Blackwater, Colonel Knoderer's regiment, with others, was ordered to march out to intercept him. They left their camp at midnight, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 30th found themselves in front of the enemy, at about 600 yards distance, and subjected to a severe fire from his batteries. Colonel Knoderer had directed his men to lie down, to protect them from the shells, while he remained standing. Subsequently, as he was mounting his horse, he was struck in the left hip by a piece of shell, from the effects of which, after two weeks of great suffering, he expired. Upon the occasion of his death, Brigadier-General Terry issued the following order: "The General commanding this brigade announces with sorrow the death of Colonel Charles A. Knoderer. He died at the regimental hospital this day, at twelve o'clock M., of a wound received in the late action of the Deserted House, near the Blackwater river, Virginia, on the 30th ultimo. In the death of Colonel Knoderer, the officers and men of this command have lost a good officer and a worthy man, and the country is again called to mourn the death of a soldier and a patriot. Let his sacrifice be an occasion for every soldier to renew his vows of fidelity to the Constitution and the Union, and an incentive to sustain with new vigor the Old Flag wherever it may be borne."

Mr. Z. C. Galt, a friend and intimate acquaintance, delineates the character of Colonel Knoderer in the following manner, no more appreciative than just: "Colonel Knoderer was a man of rare attainments. His education as a civil engineer had been complete and thorough, and his experience large, and from habits of

close observation and constant study, he had added greatly to the store of professional knowledge acquired in the excellent German schools. In military science he was an enthusiast, and in its study constant; and few men were so well acquainted with the military history of the world as he. As soon as the Rebellion took the shape of war at Sumter, he was only anxious to find his place among the loyal defenders of his loved, adopted country, and he has laid down his life in its service, after but a few months of active duty in the field. Had he lived he doubtless would have made himself a name, by deeds, for which his country would have been grateful; but Providence had otherwise ordered, and we can only remember the patriotism which prompted his actions, and regret that the country should have lost his valuable services at so early a period of his career. He had, by long residence among us, endeared himself to all who knew him by his amiable manners, his gentle bearing, and his unsullied purity of character. He died the death he coveted."

Robert B. Hampton, Captain of Independent Battery F, was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. He entered the service of the United States, on the 17th of October, 1861, as Captain of this battery. He was with Banks in the Shenandoah Valley, and subsequently with the army of General Pope before Washington. He advanced with General McClellan in the Maryland campaign, and his guns rendered efficient service in the passage of South Mountain, and in the battle of Antietam. At the conclusion of this, the Twelfth corps was organized, which remained as a corps of observation at the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, while the rest of the army pushed on to Fredericksburg. In the battle of Chancellorsville, this corps had the centre of the Union line, and when, on the morning of the 3d of May, 1863, the rebel forces began to press upon it—the Eleventh corps having sustained disaster on the previous evening—the action became warm, the artillery fire on both sides being terrific. Captain Hampton handled his guns with great skill, and did efficient service; but in the midst of the hottest of the fire, and while he was directing the movement of his pieces, he was struck by a fragment of shell and instantly killed.

THOMAS SLOAN BELL, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-first regiment, was born at West Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 12th of May, 1838. He was the third son of the Hon. Thomas S. Bell, for several years President Judge of the Chester district, and subsequently an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State. He was a descendant of Captain Joseph McClellan, distinguished in the Revolutionary War as a brave, active, and vigilant officer, who, during a long life, was held in high estimation. His education was chiefly acquired at the West Chester Academy, where he early gave promise of genius, and developed the power of graceful oratory for which his father was distinguished. He studied law under the direction of his father, and was admitted to the bar of Chester county, in April, 1859. One of his examiners, on that occasion, says: "He sustained a most creditable examination, evincing that he had read diligently and possessed a legal mind."

In March, 1858, he was commissioned Aide-de-camp to the Major-General of the Third division of the Uniformed Militia, and, in October following, was appointed paymaster of that division, with the rank of Major. On the 20th of May, 1859, he was appointed Notary Public for Chester county, and at the general election, in 1860, was one of the candidates of the Democratic party for the State Legislature. When troops were called for the defence of the Union, he was among the foremost to respond, going as Lieutenant of the first company that marched from his native town, and was appointed Adjutant of the Ninth regiment, in which position he served in the three months' campaign.

On his return, after this service, he immediately re-entered with new recruits for three years, and was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, led by Colonel Hartranft. This regiment was of Burnside's expedition to North Carolina, forming part of Reno's brigade. In the voyage, Colonel Bell, with four companies, was on board the transport "Scout," which became separated from the rest of the fleet in a storm, and drifted far out of its course. It was given up for lost, but finally came safely to port. In this trying voyage the bearing of Colonel Bell is represented as being heroic.

In the engagement on Roanoke Island his conduct was bold and fearless, and inspired confidence and like courage in the breasts of his men. At Newbern he had command of the left wing of his regiment. He was ordered to charge upon the enemy's batteries, which were carried, and he was the first man to mount and take possession of the captured pieces. At Camden he commanded the brigade, composed of his own and the Twenty-first Massachusetts; and here, as throughout this entire campaign, he distinguished himself by his skill and bravery. In the severe conflicts about Manassas, in Pope's campaign, to Reno's command is justly attributed the credit of having been largely instrumental in saving the Union army from utter annihilation. When the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth regiment was formed, chiefly recruited in the neighborhood of Colonel Bell's home, he was selected to lead it. Governor Curtin expressed his desire to appoint him. But a regulation of the National Government, relative to the transfer of officers from one regiment to another, prevented his acceptance of this position.

He was at South Mountain, where Reno routed the enemy, and in the act fell mortally wounded—one of the most deeply lamented of the Union Generals. At the storming of the bridge on Burnside's front, in the battle of Antietam, Hartranft's regiment was selected to lead, and Colonel Bell heroically moved with the command, which carried that impregnable position at the point of the bayonet. A lodgment had already been gained on the thither bank, when Colonel Bell, ever solicitous for the assurance of victory, having gone out to bring his forces into more favorable position, was struck by an enemy's missile, and soon after expired. "After crossing the bridge," says General Hartranft, "I took the regiment to the right and halted. Colonel Bell here came up to me, saying that more troops should be sent over. I replied, 'Well, go and see about it.' He went; but no farther than the bridge, and soon I saw him coming back on the bed of the road (which was now clear of troops) a few feet from the edge nearest the water. When about thirty yards from the bridge, I saw him struck on the left temple, as I at that time thought, and now believe, by a canister shot. He fell backward and off the road to within six feet of the water. He spoke freely, say-

ing: 'Never say die, boys! Stand by the colors! Take care of my sword.' He was immediately taken back to the barn hospital and examined by a surgeon, who pronounced his wound not dangerous. Bleeding soon stopped. I directed Sergeant-Major Stoneroad to remain with him and take charge of his effects. I was under orders at this time to move forward, and could not leave the regiment. In little less than an hour afterwards, I received permission to go back to the hospital to see the Colonel. I saw him, but he did not recognize me. In an hour after, he passed off calmly."

An officer who was with him, says: "There was the same goodness in his last hours as had marked his life." He had won the attachment of his superior officers and of his regiment, and his loss was deeply felt. His remains were brought to his home at West Chester, and interred by the side of his mother in the Oakland Cemetery, where it was his expressed wish he should be buried. He was possessed of a fine form and features, and had the mark and bearing of a soldier. His disposition was amiable, and he was, in the highest sense of the term, a Christian. Chaplain Mallory says of him: "While at the College in Annapolis, we occupied the same room. Here I first saw him reading the Bible and kneeling at his bedside night and morning—a practice which he continued in the midst of abounding wickedness until his death. He invariably refused to taste intoxicating drinks, and mourned, as I did, the prevailing profanity in the army. Especially during our last march through Maryland, when we were thrown more in contact with the men, he expressed to me and to others a longing to escape from the hateful sounds." He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

A short time before his death, he was addressed upon the subject of allowing his name to be used as a candidate for Congress. He replied emphatically, "No," that he had volunteered to serve his country in aiding to put down rebellion; that he could accept of no civil office until the war was over; that he intended to stick to the Union army for weal or for woe. And at his post, like a faithful sentinel, he stood to the last.

FRANCIS A. LANCASTER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifteenth regiment, was born in Philadelphia. He entered the service as Major of this regiment on the 26th of June, 1862; and was immediately sent with his command to the Peninsula, to the succor of McClellan. In Pope's campaign before Washington it was put to severe duty, and in the initial action at Bristoe Station with the redoubtable Stonewall Jackson, Major Lancaster was severely wounded in the left arm. It was not until the following April that he was able to rejoin his regiment, having in the meantime been promoted to Colonel. In the fierce fighting on the morning of the 3d of May, 1863, at Chancellorsville, when the enemy was coming down with overpowering force upon Sickles' corps, Colonel Lancaster, while leading forward his troops in the most resolute manner, fell, pierced through the temple by a Minié ball. He had shown himself an heroic officer, and his regiment had come to be regarded as one of the best disciplined in the army.

CALVIN A. CRAIG, second Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifth regiment. This regiment retired from the disastrous field of Chancellorsville with ranks terribly shattered; but the saddest of its disasters was the loss of its dauntless chief, Colonel McKnight. Fortunate, however, were the remnants of that gallant band, who had so resolutely bared their bosoms to the terrible death-storm that swept that devoted field, in not being left without a leader. The wand that dropped from the nerveless grasp of McKnight, was caught up by the heroic Craig, and wielded with a courage and a dexterity worthy of that fearless regiment.

Calvin A. Craig, third son of Washington Craig, was born in Clarion county, Pennsylvania, on the 7th of December, 1833. From his earliest years he was inured to toil, and received his rudimentary instruction in the schools of a rural district. Possessed of good native talents, his faculties made keen by healthful exercise, he soon acquired the elements of a sound English education and much solid information, evincing a relish for books of a useful character. In 1858 he graduated at Duff's Mercantile College, and in the following spring made a journey through the

West and Southwest, for the purpose of enlarging his observation of men and things. "His opinions and criticisms," says the Rev. J. S. Elder, in his funeral discourse—from which the facts contained in this memoir are principally drawn—"showed how closely and narrowly he scanned the customs and views of the people among whom he sojourned, and proved himself to be a shrewd and careful observer. He closely scrutinized the workings and influence of the institution of slavery. His observations confirm what every intelligent man knows to be true. He maintained this principle: that whoever seeks to degrade the lowly, himself must sink. . . . To a system producing such results, he declared he was in heart and soul opposed, and he ever afterwards cherished an increased antipathy to the inhuman institution."

On his return from this tour, he engaged in the production of lumber, an interest largely followed in the forest section in which he lived. He subsequently associated himself in business with his father in his native town. At the first tap of the drum, after the assault upon Fort Sumter, he recruited a company and marched with the Eighth regiment to the front. At the expiration of three months, the time for which all troops had been enlisted, he returned, and immediately set about recruiting for a three years' regiment. He was surrounded by hardy men from farm and forest, possessed of rare qualifications for soldiers. His company, which was speedily filled, became part of the One Hundred and Fifth regiment; and with it he acted faithfully as Captain, in the skirmishes of the siege of Yorktown, and before Richmond, and in the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Charles City Cross Roads, and Malvern Hill.

His fidelity in the Peninsula campaign, and the campaign of Pope before Washington, won the promotion which he had richly merited. On the 20th of April, 1863, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. The battle of Chancellorsville soon followed, and upon the fall of Colonel McKnight, he succeeded to its chief command. Scarcely had the smoke of that conflict cleared away, before the commander of the brigade, the brave General Graham, wrote thus to Governor Curtin: "Colonel A. A. McKnight, of the One Hundred and Fifth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, having been killed while gallantly leading

his regiment in a charge against the enemy, on which occasion Lieutenant-Colonel Calvin A. Craig succeeded him in command, and behaved with equal coolness and courage, I consider it a duty to the service to recommend that Lieutenant-Colonel Craig be promoted to the vacancy occasioned by the death of the heroic McKnight. In soliciting this promotion, I am influenced alone by a desire to keep up the high standard of the One Hundred and Fifth regiment, one of the noblest regiments in the United States service." An appeal like this could not fail to reach the heart of the Governor, alive to every exhibition of valor, and the appointment was immediately made. It was a responsible trust, but he proved himself, on many a hard-fought field, worthy of it. He always wrote and spoke of his regiment in the highest terms of eulogy. In a familiar letter to a friend, in speaking of its conduct on a hotly-contested field, he said: "The regiment never did better. When they moved forward on a charge on a double-quick, every man at his post, and with scarcely an inch of difference in the slope of their glittering bayonets—oh! but I did feel proud of them. I know I have a kind of weakness for this regiment, but I tell you, it is a regiment to be proud of." This is the language of an enthusiast. It sounds like the breathings of a devoted spirit, touching the dearest object of its affection. One who could speak thus could never abuse his trust. Soldiers will follow such a man into positions of peril, without a murmur.

Unflinching, Colonel Craig met the storm of battle in campaigns unparalleled for severity. His record of casualties was remarkable. He was wounded slightly in the hand in the Seven Days' battle before Richmond. At the Second Bull Run battle he was wounded severely in the ankle. At Gettysburg he had three horses shot under him, and was himself wounded in the foot. In the battle of the Wilderness he was wounded severely and dangerously in the face. During the siege of Petersburg he was struck in the left shoulder by a fragment of shell. In the terrific battle at Deep Bottom on the 16th of August, 1864, while in command of the Second brigade, Third division, of the Second corps, he received a mortal wound, his face to the foe, and died on the following morning.

At the end of the three years' service the soldiers of his regi-

ment reënlisted for a second term, and were given a veteran's furlough. During this interval of duty—grim War's holiday—Colonel Craig was married to Miss Elmira Craig of Greenville.

Mr. Elder mentions, in his discourse, the case of a noted French regiment, the soldiers of which so revered the memory of their fallen leader that they persisted in having his name retained on the regimental rolls, and called every morning with those of the living. When that name was uttered, a soldier answered for him, "Dead on the field of honor." The One Hundred and Fifth regiment could claim the names of McKnight and Craig as worthy of equal endearment, as also those of Greenawalt, Clyde, Dowling, Patton, Kirk, Conser, Hamilton—heroes all—"Dead on the field of honor."

The remains of Colonel Craig were returned to his sorrowing friends in his native town of Greenville, and there, in the village graveyard, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, the careworn and battle-scarred warrior is at rest.

HENRY J. STAINROOK, Colonel of the One Hundred and Ninth regiment, was born in Pennsylvania. He was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Ninth on the 5th of May, 1862. He immediately led it to the front, meeting the enemy at the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, as they came down in pursuit of Banks. When Pope assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Stainrook, with all the forces of Banks and Fremont, hastened to his support. In the battle of Cedar Mountain Colonel Stainrook's regiment was subjected to severe duty—supporting Knap's battery and charging upon the enemy through the noted corn-field, where a full half its numbers were either killed or wounded, Colonel Stainrook himself being among the latter. In the campaign in Maryland he commanded a brigade of Geary's division. At Chancellorsville General Kane commanded the brigade to which the One Hundred and Ninth had been transferred—an officer whose untiring energy is only matched by his skill. As a consequence this brigade was selected to demonstrate on the Twelfth corps' front, where it had warm encounters with the advancing foe. Near the close of the severe fighting of the 3d of May, 1863, when the army of Hooker

was upon the point of taking up a new line of battle more contracted and secure, a rebel sharp-shooter, who had gained a position not twenty paces distant, shot and instantly killed Colonel Stainrook. The act created intense feeling among the men of the One Hundred and Ninth, and Lieutenant Kidney, of Company G, who had witnessed the deed, seizing a musket, and skilfully awaiting his opportunity, sent a bullet in reply which forever silenced the sharp-shooter's fire.

MILTON OPP, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-fourth regiment, was born at Moreland, Pennsylvania, on the 28th of August, 1835. His father was a well-to-do farmer, and his parents cherished a laudable ambition to see their son well educated. He displayed on his part great aptness to learn. He graduated in due course and with honor at the Lewisburg University, and afterwards at the Law School at Poughkeepsie, New York. With the most flattering prospects of success he entered upon the practice of his profession at Muncy. But he was scarcely established in his chosen vocation, when the war came on. He instantly dismissed the hope of fame and fortune which seemed opening before him, and volunteered for the war in the Eighty-fourth regiment, in which he was commissioned a Lieutenant. He was promoted to Captain in May, 1862, to Major in October, and to Lieutenant-Colonel in December. These rapid advancements were earned by real worth and genuine manhood. He served first with Lander and subsequently with Shields in the Shenandoah Valley, and with the latter commander shared in the triumph over Stonewall Jackson at the battle of Winchester, on the 23d of March, 1862, though his regiment suffered grievous loss, and its commander, the highly-esteemed Colonel Murray, was among the killed. He was also at Port Republic, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and in the campaign of Gettysburg, though in the latter battle his regiment was not at the front, having been assigned to important and difficult special duty. On the second day of the battle of the Wilderness, while leading his men in a charge with his accustomed gallantry, he was shot through the right lung and soon after expired, the terrible sounds of the conflict saluting his ears to the last.

The Rev. J. C. Wynn, who was a classmate of Colonel Opp, gives the following tribute to his memory: "At the age of nineteen, he entered the collegiate department of the University of Lewisburg, from which he graduated in 1858. His mind was symmetrical: it showed no excessive preponderance of particular faculties. Possessed of genuine love of truth and of knowledge, he addressed himself to mathematics or classics, to physics or metaphysics, with almost equal facility and enthusiasm. He was a faithful student—a refined scholar. His youthful tastes were elevated and ennobling. With him the sensual was very subordinate; the intellect reigned. His natural inclination revealed itself in his choice of the profession of law. The highest ideal that his soul knew was that of a faithful advocate pleading for justice to his client. Colonel Opp was above the average stature, being five feet ten inches in height. His general health was good. His habits of life regular and temperate. He had no military education previous to the War of the Rebellion."

John W. Crosby, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-first regiment, was born in Philadelphia. He entered the service of the United States as a Second Lieutenant in the Twenty-third regiment, in April, 1861. When that regiment was recruited for three years, at the expiration of the short term, he received a Captain's commission, and served under Colonel Birney until March, 1862, when his, with other companies, was transferred to the Sixty-first regiment. He was with his command through the Peninsula campaign, the Second Bull Run, Maryland, and Fredericksburg. In the storming of Marye's Heights in the Chancellorsville campaign his regiment was of the light brigade which had been formed to lead in the assault, and here he was wounded. In April, 1864, he was promoted to Major, and in the desperate fighting of the Wilderness he was again wounded. When the Sixth corps, to which his regiment belonged, was brought to Washington, in July of that year, for its defence against Early, Major Crosby was lying in one of the hospitals at the capital. He obtained a short furlough and sought permission to lead his old command. It was granted, and in the encounter before Fort Stevens he lost his left arm. In December he resigned, but his

wound having healed, he rejoined his regiment on the 22d of February, 1865, and was re-commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. In the assault upon Petersburg, on the 2d of April, he was killed while gallantly leading his men upon the hostile works. An obituary notice thus characterizes him: "He was idolized by his men for his bravery and soldierly bearing. In him the country has lost a devoted servant and a true patriot. The regiment mourns the loss of a brave leader. His little girls are left orphans—they who were his comfort and pride while away from them fighting the battles of his country. When the names of the many brave and fallen heroes are gathered up, and shine as stars in the pages of history, as bright and fair as any among them will shine that of our lamented Colonel Crosby."

HEZEKIAH EASTON, Captain of Battery A, First Pennsylvania Artillery, was killed at Gaines' Mill on the 27th of June, 1862. He had been instrumental in recruiting this battery, and had entered the service as its Captain, in May, 1861. To great energy and perseverance he joined rare skill in the arm of the service which he had chosen. At Dranesville, where the first victory of the Army of the Potomac was gained, Easton's Battery played an important part, exploding the enemy's caissons, and knocking his gun-carriages to pieces. At Gaines' Mill, Easton, with Kern, covered with their artillery the left of the Union line, resting upon the Chickahominy. Desperate fighting and repeated charges with massed troops finally broke the Union infantry, and drove them back, leaving the guns unsupported. But Easton, giving little heed to the misfortune of his supports, resolutely stood by his guns and continued to pour in double charges of canister. A force of cavalry was sent to his relief, but the ground, broken by ravines, was unfavorable for a charge of horse, and it was thrown into confusion by the terrible fire of the foe. Checked and broken in their advance, the mounted fugitives came pouring through the battery, carrying with them to the rear all the available limbers. The enemy, yelling like so many fiends, advanced boldly to the guns, now left without ammunition, crying out to Captain Easton and those officers and men who bravely withstood the storm, to surrender. His reply, never to be forgotten by his

comrades who clustered about him, was, "No! We never surrender!" Alas! The next moment that voice was hushed in death. He fell beside his guns; none were left to surrender them. In the varying fortunes of the fight two of his faithful men attempted to bring off the body, but lost it in the melée. A solitary peach tree marked the spot where he fell.

"Easton," says a soldier, George W. Crepps, who served with him, "was a genial, warm-hearted, Christian officer. He was killed at Gaines' Mill. Mountz, the chief bugler, was the first to bear the melancholy tidings to us, which he did on Sunday morning, as we lay in battery below Savage Station. I need not say that it sent a thrill of anguish to all, and especially to us who knew him. The sad news of poor Kern's death also deeply moved us. Captain Easton was enrolled with Battery B at Hagerstown. He told me that he had been owner, or largely interested in some iron works in Maryland before the war."

Robert P. Cummins, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-second regiment, was born in Somerset county, Pennsylvania. A considerable portion of this regiment was recruited under his supervision, and when an organization was effected he was chosen its Colonel. It was attached to Magilton's brigade of the Reserve Corps on reaching the front. Not long afterwards Colonel Cummins was prostrated by sickness, by which he was much reduced. He was still an invalid when the Fredericksburg campaign opened; but, being intent on leading his men in the battle which he saw impending, he proceeded to the field, arriving just as the Lieutenant-Colonel was addressing his men preparatory to advancing to the attack. Colonel Cummins at once assumed the command, and led his regiment in a most perilous, destructive charge. His horse was shot under him, and two hundred and fifty of his men had fallen before they had been an hour in action. In the Chancellorsville movement the First corps, to which the Reserves were attached, supported the Sixth corps on the first day, being posted opposite Franklin's crossing, where Colonel Cummins again had his horse killed. At Gettysburg, the First corps was subjected to a terrible ordeal on the 1st of July, being greatly outnumbered; and here, while holding his

men up to the fight, and stimulating and encouraging them, he received a mortal wound, and died on the following day.

GEORGE C. SPEAR, Colonel of the Sixty-first regiment, entered the service as Captain of Company A of the Twenty-third, three months' regiment, but was soon after promoted to Major. When the Twenty-third was recruited as a veteran regiment he was still retained as Major. But as this organization had fifteen companies, soon after taking the field Major Spear was transferred, with four of the companies, from this to the Sixty-first regiment, of which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. In the battle of Fair Oaks, on the Peninsula, on the 31st of May, 1862, the Sixty-first bore a prominent part and won lasting honor. In this battle its Colonel, Oliver H. Rippey, was killed, when Lieutenant-Colonel Spear was promoted to succeed him. Colonel Spear participated with his regiment in the battles of the Potomac army with singular earnestness and fidelity, until the second battle of Fredericksburg, where he was killed while leading the assault on Marye's Heights. A marked compliment had been shown him, in selecting his regiment as one of a light division, formed specially for dangerous duty, and was given the lead in the famous assault which swept the enemy from the strongholds which had defied the utmost efforts of Burnside to carry.

HENRY MALCOLM EDDY, Major of the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, was born on the 27th of October, 1838, at Philadelphia. He was the son of Jason and Sarah (Raban) Eddy. His father was a native of Massachusetts. He was educated in the public schools of the city, and developed a strong predilection for literature and history. In April, 1861, but a few days after the call for troops, he enlisted as a private in the Eighteenth regiment, and at the close of his term in this, reënlisted as a private in the Independent Zouaves d'Afrique. In July, 1862, he was appointed First Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, and in April, 1863, was promoted to Captain. In the afternoon of the second day, in the battle of Gettysburg, he received a slight wound from a spent ball, but

kept the field. In October, 1864, he was promoted to Major, and in the charge upon the rebel works before Petersburg, on the 2d of April, 1865, where he was in command of the regiment and was leading it with undaunted heroism, he was mortally wounded. The charge was of the most desperate character, having to be made in the face of a ceaseless fire of artillery and small arms, and over abattis and ditches of the fort, against a foe who was completely shielded from harm. But the charge was most gallantly executed and the enemy routed. For the able and fearless manner in which Major Eddy led in the assault, he was commended in orders. Captain Dunkel, who enlisted with him, and served by his side throughout, says that the following epitaph may truthfully be inscribed upon his tomb: "Here lies one who served his country for four years, and never once faltered in the performance of his duty as a soldier."

CONRAD FAEGER JACKSON, Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Colonel of the Ninth Reserve regiment, was born on the 11th of September, 1813. His ancestors were Quakers, and his father, Isaac Jackson, was a member of that sect, but joined the Army of the United States in the War of 1812, and died six years thereafter of disease contracted while in the service. His maternal grandfather, Conrad Faeger, for whom he was named, was for many years sheriff of Berks county. After the death of his father he was taken into the family of his uncle, Joseph Jackson, a resident of Chester county, and was educated in schools of the Friends' Society. Arrived at man's estate, he commenced business in Philadelphia, in a commission warehouse, but subsequently abandoned this for a position as conductor on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. In 1845, he was appointed by President Polk a Lieutenant in the revenue service of the United States, and subsequently was sent to Mexico as the bearer of despatches to General Scott.

At the opening of the Rebellion he was employed in the management of a petroleum oil company in the Kanawha Valley. The secession of Virginia left him but one alternative. He immediately resigned his position, and, returning to Pennsylvania, entered actively upon the business of recruiting troops.

When the Ninth Reserve regiment was organized, he was made its Colonel. Upon the Peninsula he led his command with so much gallantry that, at its close, he was promoted to Brigadier-General, and placed in command of the Third brigade of the corps. In the actions at Bull Run, South Mountain, and Antietam, General Jackson displayed the qualities of a true soldier and an unswerving patriot, his brigade rendering the most efficient service in each of these hard-fought battles.

At Fredericksburg, where the Reserves were given the place of honor to lead in the assault upon the enemy, the ground was contested, with infantry and artillery, on both sides with great pertinacity; but the Union column gained a decided advantage. Supports failing to come, it was finally compelled to yield ground. Of the service rendered here by Jackson's brigade, General Meade, who commanded the corps, says: "The Third brigade had not advanced over one hundred yards when the battery on the height on its left was re-manned, and poured a destructive fire into its ranks. Perceiving this, I despatched my Aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Dehon, with orders for General Jackson to move by the right flank till he could clear the open ground in front of the battery, and then, ascending the height through the woods, sweep round to the left and take the battery. Unfortunately Lieutenant Dehon fell just as he reached General Jackson, and a short time after, the latter officer was killed. The regiments did, however, partially execute the movement by obliquing to the right, and advanced across the railroad, a portion ascending the heights in their front. The loss of their commander, and the severity of the fire, from both artillery and infantry, to which they were subjected, compelled them to withdraw." No greater encomium could have been passed upon the influence of General Jackson than the report of the superior, that the troops executed, without orders, and after their commander had fallen, the movements which the leader of the corps had intended. General Jackson had ridden forward to give the contemplated order; but before it had passed his lips he was struck by a volley from the enemy and mortally wounded. In mentioning his death, General Meade said, in his report:

"The public service has also to mourn the loss of Brigadier-General C. Faeger Jackson, an officer of merit and reputation, who owed his position to his gallantry and good conduct in previous actions."

SAMUEL W. BLACK, Colonel of the Sixty-second regiment, was born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1818. He was the son of the Rev. John Black, D. D., one of the earliest and most distinguished of the Covenanter clergymen of the State. He received a liberal education, and chose the law as his profession, in which he soon rose to a lucrative practice, and withal became prominent in political life, being especially effective upon the stump. He married, when very young, the daughter of Judge Irvin of Pittsburg, by whom he had four children. In the Mexican War he served as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Pennsylvania regiment, and acquitted himself with distinction. He was appointed United States Judge for Nebraska Territory by President Buchanan, in 1857. In the following year, upon the death of Governor Richardson, Colonel Black was appointed to succeed him. In the spring of 1861, he recruited the Sixty-second regiment, of which he was commissioned Colonel, and was assigned to duty in Morrell's brigade of Porter's division. He was engaged at Hanover Court-House, where the enemy was put to flight, and his camp and garrison equipage and many prisoners were taken. Colonel Black says, in his official report: "In the course of the afternoon's operations, we captured eighty-one prisoners, including seven officers. From a great many arms taken, about seventy-five were brought into camp. By the annexed statement, it will be seen that our loss is only six men wounded, none killed, and not one missing. I should do the brave and faithful men I have the honor to command, injustice if I refrained from expressing, in strong terms, my admiration of their conduct from first to last. In common with the other regiments of your brigade, they went into action with their bodies broken by fatigue, and their physical strength wasted by the hard toils of the day. But their spirits failed not, and they went in and came out with whatever credit is due to dangers bravely met, and the noblest duty well performed."

The enemy soon began to make himself felt on the left bank of the Chickahominy, and on the 26th of June, 1862, fought a stubborn battle at Beaver Dam Creek. The Pennsylvania Reserves were upon the front, but the brigade to which Colonel Black belonged was soon ordered to their support. Colonel Black led his men forward with that fervor and enthusiasm which always characterized him, anticipating severe fighting; but the Reserves were able to hold their position, and Colonel Black, though under fire, was not engaged. In the night the Union forces retired to Gaines' Mill, where, on the following day, the battle was renewed with great fury. Morrell's division had the left of the line, its left resting on the slope which reaches down to the Chickahominy, Griffin's brigade, which included Colonel Black's regiment, having the right of the division. The battle was opened by the advance of Longstreet's corps, which came down upon this flank. At the very outset of the battle, the Sixty-second Pennsylvania and the Ninth Massachusetts were ordered to advance under a terrific infantry fire. They charged across a ravine in their front, and gained the woods on the opposite side, handsomely driving the enemy. But while making the charge, and before the woods were reached, Colonel Black, while the heroic exploit which he inspired was in full tide, was killed. Few Pennsylvania soldiers, at the time of his death, had made a brighter record, and none could look forward with better hope of advancement. He died, deeply lamented by the whole State and mourned by a wide circle of personal friends.

Of his personal traits the following, from the pen of John W. Forney, conveys a vivid idea: "Twenty-two years ago, more or less, a young man electrified the cities and towns of western Pennsylvania by his peculiar and irresistible eloquence. He was more boy than man. His fine face and laughing eye, his well-knit and handsome figure, his winning voice, and his mother wit made 'Sam Black' the wonder of more than one exciting campaign. The son of a Presbyterian clergyman who was an object of veneration and love in thousands of hearts, and whose life had been one prayer, and sacrifice, and thanksgiving to God, Sam inherited a fervent religious sentiment, and frequently

punctuated his political appeals and legal arguments with Bible points and periods. And how he loved that old gray-haired father! In his most impulsive moments, however surrounded or flattered or aroused; whether fired with indignation, or revelling with merriment created by his exuberant humor, a mere allusion to his father called tears to his eyes and gratitude to his lips. . . . To fall in the battle-field, and for his country, was to die as Samuel W. Black preferred to die. If there was one trait conspicuous in him it was courage, and courage of the purest chivalry. It called him to the fields of Mexico, where he plucked laurels almost from the cannon's mouth. It always made him the champion of the weak or the wronged. It made him irresistible at the bar."

THEODORE HESSER, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-second regiment, was a native of Philadelphia. He entered the service of the United States in August, 1861. In the Peninsula campaign the regiment did excellent duty at Fair Oaks, the brigade to which it was attached being led by General Burns. Few regiments suffered more severely than did this in the battle of Antietam. Thirty-one were killed, and nearly half its strength went down in the terrible struggle. Colonel Hesser was in command of the regiment in the Mine Run campaign, and on the 27th of November, near Robertson's Tavern, the enemy was encountered. The regiment was deployed as skirmishers and advanced. The enemy, from his covert, opened with great violence, and in the midst of the attack, while the command was being formed for an assault, Colonel Hesser was killed. The loss was a severe one, as he had from the first been with his men, and had won their confidence and esteem.

RICHARD COLEGATE DALE, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, was born on the 19th of December, 1838, in the city of Allegheny. His father, Thomas F. Dale, M. D., and his mother, Margaret Kennedy Stewart, were both natives of Delaware. He received a thorough English and a partial classical education in his native city. He was from early youth characterized by strong individuality. He

was engaged for a time as a clerk in commission and manufacturing houses, but finally became an active partner in a mercantile firm. When the war came, he frankly said to his father: "Mr. Lincoln has called for men. Many, on account of family or other relations, cannot go as well as I. Do not think it is a fit of enthusiasm. I do not imagine it will be any pleasure to be a soldier. His is a life of trial and of peril, and I do not know whether my constitution will be strong enough to bear those toils and exposures; but I think it my duty to go." An only son, and carefully reared, it was with great reluctance that the consent of his parents was given to his resolution; but he would listen to no temporizing, and he enlisted as a private in Company A of the Ninth Reserves, in the spring of 1861. In the following August he was detailed from his regiment to serve in the United States Signal Corps. In a School of Instruction for that arm of the service, at Tenallytown, and afterwards as clerk to Major Myers, the commander of the corps in Washington, he was employed till the opening of the spring campaign under McClellan, with whom he went to the Peninsula, and served with fidelity and skill until the final battle at Malvern Hill had been fought. He then received leave of absence for ten days; but in Washington, while on his way home, his furlough was extended by the Adjutant-General, and he was authorized to raise a company for signal duty. He opened a recruiting station at Pittsburg, on his arrival, but having been elected First Lieutenant of Company D of the One Hundred and Twenty-third regiment, he accepted the position, and at once entered upon its duties. For four months he served as Adjutant of the regiment, exerting himself to bring the organization up to an efficient standard, when he returned to his place in his company. At the battle of Fredericksburg he acted with great gallantry, taking command of his company when its leader, Captain Boisol, was wounded, and had his haversack riddled with bullets, though he himself escaped without injury. He was soon afterwards appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade. A vacancy occurring in the office of Lieutenant-Colonel, he was promptly elected to fill it by the line officers, though the junior Captain among them. So methodical and complete were all his acts that, when notified of his promotion, he was

in readiness to turn over his business at the head of the brigade in a finished condition, and at once to assume the responsible one in command of the regiment. He was engaged at Chancellorsville, and when the term of the regiment had expired, which occurred soon afterwards, he returned with it to Pittsburg, where it was mustered out.

When he heard the intelligence of fighting at Gettysburg, he hastened home, exclaiming, "Our boys are fighting and falling at Gettysburg, and I am here doing nothing. I cannot stand this!" Gathering up a few articles of clothing, he hurried away to the depot, and reached Harrisburg that night. He immediately reported to the Governor, and asked to be sent to the front, saying, "I must go. I can at least volunteer as aid to some General, to carry despatches over the field." But the Governor could not provide transportation. Indeed, all the avenues were closed—even a private carriage could not be secured, the inhabitants fearing the action of the enemy's cavalry, and refusing every offer, unless bonds were entered into for the safe return of the conveyance. Finding it impossible to reach the field, he was obliged reluctantly to return home.

Soon afterwards, General Brooks, at the head of the Department of the Monongahela, offered him the command of a battalion of six-months' cavalry. "I was drilled in cavalry movements when in the signal service," was his response, "and I shall be glad to serve in any capacity to which you may assign me." The companies were already recruited and in camp, and fears were entertained that officers who were expecting the command, much older than himself, would object to having a boy set over them. The very troubles arose which were anticipated; but so firmly and judiciously did he suppress the first rising of revolt, and so wisely and well did he enforce his discipline and drill, and instruct his charge, that a large part of the men were desirous of being led by him for a three years' term. He was stationed in Fayette county, and was charged with guarding the border, a duty which he performed to the satisfaction of General Brooks, and, what was more difficult, to the entire approval of the inhabitants among whom he was quartered.

In January, 1864, while General Hancock was engaged in re-

organizing the Second corps, which became famous under his leadership, Dale was offered the position of Lieutenant-Colonel in the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, which was accepted, and he was immediately engaged in recruiting, it having been decimated in previous campaigns while still a part of the celebrated Irish brigade. In the battle of the Wilderness, where his command was closely engaged, a bullet penetrated his coat, but he escaped. On the 9th of May, his regiment was ordered to the picket line, to support General Miles' brigade, and was under a hot fire of rebel grape and canister. On the following day it was again engaged in a long, hard fight, in which Colonel Mulholland was severely wounded in the head. The command then devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Dale, and in the assault upon the enemy's works, at dawn of the 12th, while gallantly leading his regiment into the "imminent deadly breach," he fell, instantly killed or mortally wounded, as is supposed, no tidings having ever been had of him, and no information pertaining to his last resting-place been discovered. When a sufficient time had elapsed to preclude all hope of return, resolutions were passed by his brother officers commemorative of his great ability as a soldier and his many virtues as a man. The Colonel of his regiment said of him: "He was a man of splendid abilities, virtuous, gentle, brave and accomplished. He was remarkably calm in battle, and was very much beloved by his comrades." His two sisters, who survive him, say, in closing a communication concerning him, "No sisters ever had a more devoted brother."

WILLIAM GRAY MURRAY, Colonel of the Eighty-fourth regiment, was born on the 25th of July, 1825, in the town of Longford, Ireland. He was the eldest son of John and Sarah (Gray) Murray. When but nine months old, his parents, with their two children, emigrated to New York, where the father engaged in business. He soon after removed to the interior of the State, and settled in Utica, where, and at Canandaigua and Rome, he established mercantile houses. He was for a time remarkably prosperous, and showed great business tact and talent; but the financial crisis of 1835–36 came upon him like a whirl-

wind, and, like many another involved in that catastrophe, his fortunes were wrecked. Possessed of great buoyancy of spirit, and endless resources within himself, he determined to remove to Pennsylvania, and settled, first at Lancaster, and afterwards at Harrisburg, engaging in active business in both places, and meeting with success. Of pleasing manners, generous and hospitable to a fault, he was deservedly popular. In religion, he was a Roman Catholic, and his children were all brought up in the same faith. He died in the fall of 1844.

The son, being intended for mercantile life, received a good education in those branches best calculated to be useful to him. On leaving school, he entered his father's store; but, that he might have the best advantages which could be afforded, he was placed in a large mercantile house in the city of New York, where he remained until the spring of 1845. On coming to his majority in the following year, he had perfected his arrangements for entering business on his own account, when the Mexican War broke out, and he volunteered as a private in the Cameron Guards. He was made Sergeant, and while serving in that capacity at Vera Cruz, was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Eleventh United States Infantry, by President Polk. In this position he served to the close of the war—having been in some of the most memorable engagements of the campaign.

He was sent by General Scott to Washington, with confidential despatches to Mr. Marcy, then Secretary of War, which having been delivered, he was ordered to recruiting duty at Philadelphia, and afterwards at Easton, in both places being eminently successful. Preferring to be with his regiment in the field, in response to his solicitations he was ordered forward; but, when on the eve of sailing, the order was countermanded, and he was sent to Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, to aid in organizing fresh levies. Upon the conclusion of the war, he was transferred to Fort Hamilton, New York harbor, to assist in the discharge of troops. Recognizing his ability as a soldier, he was urged to continue in the service; but, yielding to the solicitations of his family, he resigned, and, returning to private life, settled in Hollidaysburg. He was energetic in business, as he had been in the army, and bore a conspicuous part in the political strug-

gles of the time. In 1851, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Daugherty, by whom he had three children, two of whom survive him. In 1852, he was appointed Postmaster of Hollidaysburg by President Pierce, and was re-appointed by President Buchanan.

At the outbreak of the Rebellion, he took strong grounds with the Union side, and avowed his intention of entering the army. A Captain's commission in the regular service was tendered him, but, his wife being in the last stages of consumption, he declined it. Having had much experience in recruiting and organizing troops, his counsel was sought, and his services were invaluable in enlisting and pushing forward recruits for the volunteer force. His wife died in August, 1861. A short time afterwards, he received authority from Governor Curtin to recruit a regiment of infantry, and, obedient to the promptings of duty, he at once set about the work. When it was known that he would take the field, the hardy farmers and mountaineers from Blair and Clearfield counties came in large numbers to his standard.

On the 19th of December, 1861, his regiment, the Eighty-fourth, marched from camp, and was drawn up before the Capitol to receive its flag. Governor Curtin, in presenting it, referred to Colonel Murray as a tried soldier, and to the men as actuated by the purest and loftiest patriotism, leaving wives, mothers, and children, and the endearments of home, to maintain the laws and the Constitution with the sword. In response, Colonel Murray said: "I accept this beautiful standard, presented by the Legislature of the Keystone State, through you, its honored Chief Magistrate, in such glowing and eloquent terms. As the period for speech-making has passed, and the hour for energetic action has arrived, my remarks on this occasion shall be brief, as becomes a soldier. In accepting this flag on behalf of the regiment, I do it with a full consciousness of the relations which both officers and men bear to our noble State, and the Nation whose cause we have espoused. Permit me to thank you, sir, for the terms of commendation in which you have been pleased to speak of the Eighty-fourth, and of my humble self, and to assure you that whatever our fate may be in the future, we will endeavor by good conduct, and a strict discharge of our duties, to make such a record as will bring no dishonor upon the Stars and Stripes,

which we go to maintain and defend, or the proud Commonwealth whose sons we deem it an honor to call ourselves.

'No shrewish tears shall fill our eyes,
When the sword-hilt's in our hand;
Heart-whole we'll part and not a sigh
For the fairest of the land.
Let piping swain and craven wight
Thus weep and puling cry;
Our business is like men to fight,
And Hero-like to die.'"

The Colonel delivered the flag into the hands of Sergeant Stokes, with this injunction: "Into your hands I entrust this standard. Answer for its safety with your life." The Sergeant replied: "Governor and Colonel: If I don't return this flag, 'twill be because Ned Stokes will occupy five feet eight of ground."

The active campaigning of the regiment commenced on the 1st of January, 1862, when it was led by Colonel Murray to Bath, Virginia, to the relief of the Thirty-ninth Illinois and a section of artillery commanded by Lieutenant Muhlenberg, crossing the Potomac at Hancock, Maryland. The opposing force greatly outnumbered them, being estimated at from sixteen to twenty thousand men. After twenty-four hours of irregular skirmishing, the Union force succeeded in withdrawing across the river and bringing off the guns. On t' e following day, General Lander arrived with reinforcements. The campaign was an arduous one; but despite all the difficulties which the division had to encounter, the troops succeeded in opening the country before them to Winchester, where they arrived on the 12th of March. On Tuesday morning, March 18th, General Shields, who, upon the death of General Lander, had succeeded to the chief command, ordered a reconnoissance in force on the Strasburg road. The enemy was met and driven to a point five miles below Strasburg. On Thursday, the 20th, this force returned to camp, making a march of twenty-two miles. General Williams' division was now ordered away to Washington, starting on Saturday, the 22d, leaving only the division of Shields and the Michigan Cavalry. When it was known that the Union force had been thus depleted, Stonewall Jackson, who was in command of the rebel army, having been reinforced by Longstreet and Smith,

advanced upon Winchester with the design of crushing Shields in his weakened condition. At five P. M. of Saturday, the 22d, the Union pickets were driven in; but the enemy was checked, and a portion of the division was pushed out two miles in advance of the town, where the men lay on their arms during the night. It was evident that a general battle would occur on the following day, Sunday. At dawn the troops were formed, and they had not long to wait. The enemy attacked with great spirit and determination; and from eleven in the morning until three in the afternoon the battle raged furiously. At this juncture, Shields ordered a charge. The Eighty-fourth, which, from the hard service to which it had been subjected, had been reduced to barely 300 men, was selected to lead in the assault upon the enemy's batteries, which were securely posted, and were particularly destructive. The ground was open which they had to cross, and repeated charges were made, which Colonel Murray led with great gallantry, officers and men falling on every side, strewing the ground with the dead and the dying. In the midst of the struggle, his horse was shot under him. Extricating himself, he renewed the charge on foot. A little later, his cap-cover was shot from his head. The carnage was now terrible, the enemy screening themselves behind a stone wall and a curtain of wood. But, nothing daunted, Colonel Murray led on his regiment, and just as it was entering the grove which crowned the summit, while rushing on with sword in hand, and exclaiming, "Charge, boys! charge!" he was struck by a rifle ball which, crashing through the bugle of his cap, carrying the figures 84 with it, passed through his brain, tearing away the top of his skull. But though fallen, his heroism was not without its reward; for the stronghold, in carrying which he had sacrificed his life, was taken and the victory gained. His body was received in Harrisburg with imposing ceremonies, the Governor, heads of departments, the two Houses of the Legislature, and military and civic societies, moving in the sad procession. It was the first Colonel fallen in battle whose remains had been returned to the State Capital, from whence so many had been sent forth, and the solemn event produced a deep impression. Flags were at half-mast, many of them draped in mourning; and while the train

was moving, the bells of the city were tolled. The body lay in state at the residence of his mother, and was viewed by great numbers. From the Capital it was taken to Hollidaysburg, where even more universal sorrow was manifested, and tokens of respect were shown. At the residence of his father-in-law, John Daugherty, Esq., thousands of sorrowing friends and relatives gathered, eager to take a last look at the fallen soldier. At St. Mary's Church, High Mass was celebrated, and a most touching and eloquent discourse was delivered over the remains, by the Rev. John Walsh. He was finally laid to rest beside his wife, whom he had but a few months before followed to the grave.

The New York *Tribune*, in speaking of the action in which Colonel Murray fell, after describing the varying phases of the fight up to the last decisive moment, says: "General Tyler, commanding our left, ordered another charge on the batteries on his left. Two advances were successively repulsed by the enemy, with slaughter; but the third prevailed, routing the rebels who opposed it, capturing two guns and four caissons. Of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, which led this charge, Colonel Murray and twenty-six other men were killed and eighty-three wounded—in all, one hundred and nine—out of three hundred who followed the standard into the fight. This success decided the fate of the battle." The flag was carried that day by private Graham. His left hand, which bore it aloft, was shot off; but before the starry emblem fell, he grasped it in the remaining hand, and held it triumphantly. The right arm was next disabled; but still clinging to the flag, he suffered it not to touch the ground until he was shot dead.

Colonel Murray was a man of large and active benevolence, warm and ardent in his impulses, though singularly calm and equable, and energetic and untiring in the path of duty. In person, he was six feet in height, with a large and muscular frame. He was of light complexion, brown hair, eyes of a light grey and expressive, features prominent, movements quick, and to courage of the highest order was united a strong sense of religious responsibility.

JOHN D. MUSSER, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-third regiment, was a native of Pennsylvania. He enlisted in Company K, in October, 1862, which he was active in recruiting, and of which he was made First Lieutenant. In the following month he was promoted to Major, and in June, 1863, to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was placed in command of the regiment at the battle of Gettysburg—Colonel Dana having succeeded to the leadership of the brigade—which he continued to exercise for a considerable portion of the time, until the second day in the Wilderness, May 6th, 1864, when he was killed. He was a faithful, fearless officer.

JOHN M. GOSLINE, Colonel of the Ninety-fifth regiment, was born on the 7th of February, 1826, in Medford, New Jersey. He was the son of John Gosline, a native of Pennsylvania. His experience in militia service previous to the Rebellion was extensive, having entered the National Guards when nineteen years of age, and having served sixteen years. He was characterized by the Colonel of his regiment as a thorough disciplinarian. He entered the service of the United States as a Captain in the Eighteenth regiment of the three months' campaign, and at its conclusion reëntered, as Colonel of the Ninety-fifth, on the 12th of October, 1861. He marched with his regiment to the Peninsula in time to join McClellan's army, as it moved up the Chickahominy, being attached to Franklin's division. On the 27th of May, 1862, the rebel army, having come out from Richmond in strong force, attacked the isolated corps of Fitz John Porter at Gaines' Mill, the larger portion of the army being on the opposite side of the Chickahominy. Franklin's division was hurried across to the support of Porter, and in the desperate struggle which ensued Colonel Gosline was killed, and nearly a hundred of his men were lost.

MARTIN TSCHUDY, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-ninth regiment, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1824. He was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and previous to the Rebellion was practising law in Philadelphia. He was commissioned Lieutenant and appointed Adjutant of

this regiment on the 19th of August, 1861, was promoted to Major on the 1st of January, 1863, and to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 31st of March following. While he was Adjutant, which was practically until the opening of the Gettysburg campaign, a great responsibility rested upon him, as much of the care of every regiment devolves upon that officer. As Lieutenant-Colonel he went into the battle of Gettysburg. On the evening of the second day, at the point where the enemy believed he had effected a lodgment in the Union lines—and actually sent off despatches to Richmond that the day was won—it was there that he met the Sixty-ninth and other brave regiments, and, after manifesting unexampled heroism, was thrust back. In that struggle, Colonel Tschudy was badly wounded. But so eager was he to be with his men to the last, and to beat the foe, that he refused to go to a hospital, and remained at the head of his column. On the afternoon of the following day came the great charge, and it fell full upon the spot where this heroic officer stood; and in the midst of the wild storm of battle, when the sheets of flame, that wrapped friend and foe, leaped from myriads of guns, he perished, illustrating, in his life as in his death, the highest type of the soldier, exemplifying the sentiment of the poet:

"That is best blood that has most iron in 't
To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
For what makes manhood dear."

DENNIS O'KANE, Colonel of the Sixty-ninth regiment, was born in Ireland in 1824. He entered the service, as Major of the Twenty-fourth regiment, on the 1st of May, 1861, and at the conclusion of its three months' term, on the 19th of August following, reëntered it as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-ninth, and was promoted to Colonel on the 1st of December, 1862. The excellent fighting qualities of this regiment gave its leader, Colonel Owen, special prominence, and he was early put at the head of a brigade, and on the 29th of November was promoted to the rank of a Brigadier-General. This threw the entire care of the regiment upon the Lieutenant-Colonel. The fighting at White Oak Swamp and Charles City Cross Roads, in the Peninsula campaign, and at Antietam and Fredericksburg, was

severe. At Gettysburg Colonel O'Kane led his regiment, on the second day, with great steadiness, performing a prominent part in repulsing Wright's rebel brigade from its determined assault to gain the left centre, and on the following day won immortal renown in repulsing the charge of Pickett, in the last grand effort of the battle. Here the Sixty-ninth stood in the very centre—the target of the enemy's supreme effort—battling with deathless energy and holding on immovable to the last; and here, at its head, was Colonel O'Kane until cut down, breathing his last in the midst of the strife.

GEORGE W. GOWEN, the third Colonel of the Forty-eighth regiment, soon after the breaking out of the war volunteered for service for a term of three years, and was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company C. After the arrival of the regiment at Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina, he was made Provost-General of Hatteras Island by General Williams. Subsequently he was ordered to detached duty with Battery C, First United States Artillery, where he showed himself possessed of marked ability in that arm of the service, his gun rendering efficient duty in the reduction of Fort Macon. In June, 1862, he was made acting Adjutant of the Forty-eighth. In this capacity he passed through the campaign of Pope in Virginia, and that in Maryland under McClellan, evincing throughout the rarest qualities of an officer, and at its close was made Captain of his company.

In the spring of 1863, his regiment, together with the rest of the Ninth corps, was sent to Kentucky, and he was put upon detached service, in the construction of fortifications about Camp Nelson. His tact displayed in securing the services of negroes for the execution of this labor was remarkable, as the inhabitants were exceedingly jealous of any interference in their employment. This work having been successfully accomplished, he was ordered to duty, with a corps of officers, in making a survey of a military railroad to connect with the Kentucky Central at Nicholasville. His ability as an engineer was conspicuous, he having, in civil life, made it a study and a business. His skill in this secured him the appointment of Assistant Chief-Engineer

of General Burnside, upon the advance of that officer into East Tennessee. During the siege of Knoxville, which followed hard upon, his talent found ample scope, and to his judicious preparations may be attributed largely the success of the defence on that part of the line where he was posted. He was made a personal Aide-de-camp on the staff of General Parke, after the raising of the siege.

He returned with the Ninth corps to the Army of the Potomac, and joined in the spring campaign of 1864, under General Grant. For his gallantry at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Tolopotomy, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, he was brevetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment, and in December was made its Colonel. In the assault of the enemy's works at Fort Mahone, on the morning of the 2d of April, 1865, he led his command with great heroism. Seeing his troops about to give way, after being fearfully decimated, he sprang to the front, and, raising his cap in one hand and waving his sword with the other, led them forward with such courage, that the rebel stronghold, which for many months had defied every attempt to take it, yielded, and the triumph was complete. But in the midst of the act, and at the moment of victory, he fell mortally wounded and poured out his lifeblood upon the field of his noble exploit. Says his biographer, Mr. Wallace, "Colonel Gowen died, beloved, honored and mourned by all who knew him. Thus when fortune seemed ready to crown the manly efforts of one so promising, he fell, a martyr to the cause of freedom. For his many social qualities, for his genial, frank, honest nature, and for his military abilities, he is mourned."

PETER KEENAN, Major of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, was born on the 9th of November, 1834, in the town of York, Livingston county, New York. He was the son of John and Mary Keenan, natives of the county of Lowth, Ireland, who emigrated to this country in 1834, and are still residents of Friendship, Allegheny county. The son, at an early age, was taken into the family of Philip Church, by whom he was reared and educated. As soon as he had arrived at a suitable age, he was set to surveying wild lands, of which the Church family had

extensive tracts. In 1857, he went to Philadelphia to visit some relatives, and remained there until the breaking out of the war, being, at that time, in the employ of Mr. Boyd. Early in the summer of 1861 he proceeded to Williamsport and assisted in recruiting the Eighth cavalry, and was mustered into service on the 19th of August, as Captain of Company C, Captain David McM. Gregg, of the Sixth Regulars, being appointed Colonel.

Samuel Wilson, an intimate companion-in-arms of Keenan, and who afterwards rose to Colonel of this regiment, says of him: "He never appeared to be so full of life and enjoyment as when engaged in a lively brush with the enemy. He never waited until ordered, but if he saw an opportunity of meeting the enemy, he would seek permission to 'go in.' If the army was advancing, he would manage to have command of the advance guard, and if on retreat, to be with the rear guard, always choosing the post of danger. In the advance on Richmond, under McClellan, in 1862, our regiment was in the advance of the left wing, Keyes' corps. On arriving at the Chickahominy, where it is crossed by Bottom's Bridge, the enemy was discovered at a wood in front, where they were busy felling trees. Keenan reported the fact, and was ordered by Colonel Gregg to send twelve picked men to flank the position and ascertain if artillery was being masked. The order was executed, and as the foe seemed not to be in much force, and that he might be entirely certain of his information, he charged upon a mound which he suspected might cover a gun, but which he found to contain only two or three rebels. Nothing but a reliable report would satisfy him. During the seven days' fighting before Richmond he was frequently sent for to report to head-quarters of the army, having often scouted from Bottom's Bridge and Savage Station, off towards White Oak Swamp, Willis' Church, and Malvern Hill, at one time going in the night, without any accompanying force, entirely through General Wise's command, to the James river, so that he was able to give reliable information. During the night after the battle of Malvern Hill, he was summoned to the head-quarters of the army at nine in the evening, and again at two in the morning."

There were but three cavalry regiments in the battle of Chancellorsville. One of these was the Eighth Pennsylvania,

and, at a critical period in the battle, it played a conspicuous part. On the evening of Saturday, the 2d of May, 1862, the Eleventh corps, which was occupying the right of the line, had been routed by Stonewall Jackson, and driven in upon the centre. Jackson's column, which consisted of 25,000 men, was seen passing across the Union front from left to right, early in the day; but the belief prevailed that it was retreating towards Gordonsville. Sickles, who occupied the left centre of the line, had taken out a part of his corps, with the cavalry, under Pleasanton, to harass this passing column, and was handsomely at work, making some captures, when the noise of Jackson's assault, and the rout of Howard's troops, reached his ears. It was a perilous moment for the safety of the army; for upon the left centre was open, elevated ground, which commanded the field, and was, indeed, the key to the position. The whole Union left wing was in rout, and the massed columns of the victorious foe were pressing on. They had almost reached this elevated ground, and no force was in readiness to hold it. Pleasanton, who was with Sickles out in advance, had suggested, as the country there was a dense wood, and unsuited to the action of horse, that it had better be taken back to the open ground which they had left, and it was on its way thither when the assaults of Jackson were made. "As I was going back at a trot," says Pleasanton, "an aide-de-camp came up to me and said, 'General, the Eleventh corps is falling back very rapidly, and some cavalry is necessary to stop it.' I understood pretty well what that meant. I had only two regiments of cavalry with me; one of them having been retained by General Sickles at the front to protect his right, and there was one battery of horse artillery with me. When I came to this open space which I had before left, I found it filled with fugitives, caissons, ambulances, guns, and everything. I saw the moment was critical, and I called on Major Keenan of the Eighth Pennsylvania, and gave him his orders. I said to him, 'Major, you must charge in these woods with your regiment, and hold the rebels until I can get some of these guns into position.' Says I, 'You must do it at all cost.' I mentioned the Major, because I knew his character so well, that he was the man for the occasion. He replied to me, with a smile on his face, though it was almost cer-

tain death, 'General, I will do it.' He started in with his whole regiment, and made one of the most gallant charges of the war. He was killed at the head of his regiment; but he alarmed the rebels so much that I gained about ten minutes on the enemy. Major Keenan had only from four to five hundred men." By this bold manœuvre the rebels were, for a moment, startled—no doubt expecting that this cavalry charge would be followed up by infantry—and time was given General Pleasanton to get twenty-two guns into position bearing upon the edge of the wood, whence they would emerge; and when, finally, in dark masses they came rolling out, screeching and yelling, those guns, double-shotted with canister, swept them back with deadly effect. For nearly an hour, without infantry supports, did Pleasanton maintain the fight with artillery alone, repulsing the enemy in three separate charges, and finally held the ground—night shutting in, and closing the conflict. Thus, by the daring of Keenan and his few trusty followers were Stonewall Jackson's victorious legions checked, though at the sacrifice of his own life and of nearly his entire command; and by the resolute fighting of Pleasanton was disaster to the army stayed. The daring valor of Keenan on this field is scarcely matched in the history of warfare. "The moment," says Colonel Wilson, "the head of the column reached the plank road, the order was given, 'Draw sabre!' and the next moment came the word, 'Charge!' Keenan fell, and at his side Captain Arrowsmith and Adjutant Haddock." Three officers, fifty-six men, and ninety horses were sacrificed in the few moments of that mortal strife. Just before Major Keenan was seen to fall, he was flourishing his sabre with unequalled rapidity, and many a traitor who came within his reach was made to bite the dust. He was a powerful man, and, nerved at that supreme moment by superhuman power, his trenchant blade was more effective than that of a Black Prince in his most desperate hour. In his general order to the brigade, General Pleasanton characterizes him as "the generous, the chivalric Keenan." "In the loss of Major Keenan," writes a correspondent of the Williamsport *Gazette*, "this regiment has parted from a valuable officer, and our country with a brave leader. In battle, where warmest waged the combat there was he always to be found, and, by

his cool, undaunted bravery, would ever encourage the men to stand boldly forth and teach rebellious hirelings how loyal men can fight." Dr. Webster, in command of an infantry detail, searched for missing officers within the enemy's lines, that night; and when the men came upon the body of Keenan they instantly recognized it, though every vestige of clothing that could disclose his rank had been torn from it. It was brought in, and, says Colonel Wilson, "General Pleasanton gave me a leave of absence for five days, to take charge of his remains and accompany them to his former home, in Allegheny county. I was met at the depot by his father and Major Church, who received the body of the hero, and, on the following day, it was committed to the grave by the hand of parental affection."

"As boys at school," says De Peyster, "we have read of the one-eyed Horatius and the equestrian Curtius. As students of history, we recall the intrepid Piedmontese Sergeant, who, hearing the tramp of the assaulting column of the French above the mine, with whose supervision he was charged, totally oblivious of himself, thrust his burning candle into the powder, and, at the sacrifice of his own life, saved the Washington of his country. Many have heard in speeches of the self-immolation of Arnold of Winkelreid, which gave the victory of Senepach, along with their independence, to his countrymen. Those who have visited Amsterdam have doubtless seen that magnificent picture in the State House, portraying the act of patriotism by which a Dutch Lieutenant saved the honor of his flag, when, with his cigar thrust into the magazine, he blew up his vessel, rather than surrender to an accident that had delivered him into the power of the rebel Belgians, his deck being jammed with their boarders. But neither Roman, nor Piedmontese, nor Swiss, nor Hollander, performed a nobler achievement than that done by an American on this second day of Chancellorsville. It was an act far more worthy of commemoration by a magnificent picture, placed in the Capitol of Pennsylvania, than the decisive moment of Gettysburg, whose glory belongs equally to all the loyal States; and as long as the Keystone Commonwealth shall continue to exist, she will do a grievous wrong, if at her hands no enduring

monument arise in commemoration of Peter Keenan, Major of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

"Eighteen years ago, the writer visited the Succursale, or branch establishment of the National Hospital for Invalids, in the famous old city of Avignon. There he was struck with the wonderful sagacity displayed by the rulers of the warlike nation of France, for the purpose of keeping alive the military ardor of their people, by honoring and commemorating every exhibition of their patriotic valor. On every side the garden wherein the veterans took their daily walks, or lingered to chat of other days around a cross of honor emblazoned with fragrant pansies and evergreens, marble tablets, set in the encompassing walls, displayed illustrious acts in appropriate pithy records. One of these bore only a few sentences, but those simple lines were sufficient to tell an ennobling story:

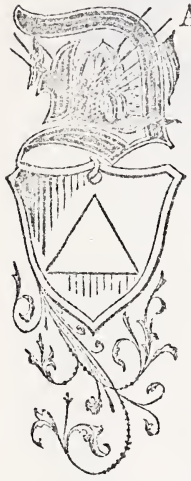
"'Go be killed there!' said Kleber to Schowardin, at Torfu.

"'Yes, my General.'

"And Schowardin and his command—a couple of hundred braves—threw themselves against the pursuing royalist (Vendean) masses, perishing, but saving the republican army. This was grand. But, Northerners, what one of our own brethren did was grander; and we need not go to France, nor any other country, nor to any other age, for the highest types of patriotic devotion. Our own annals teem with them; and nothing in all time will shine with greater brilliancy than the unquestioned—not fabulous—self-sacrificing, and saving self-sacrifice, of Major Peter Keenan."

## CHAPTER V.

### DIED IN THE SERVICE.



DAVID BELL BIRNEY, Colonel of the Twenty-third regiment, and Major-General of volunteers, was born at Huntsville, Alabama, on the 29th of May, 1825. His father, James G. Birney, was singularly devoted to the sentiment of freedom, though bred in the Slave State of Kentucky. In 1835 he manumitted his own slaves, and at the death of his father chose the slaves as his share of the patrimony, that he might extend to them likewise the boon of freedom. He was educated at Princeton, studied law at Philadelphia with Alexander J. Dallas, and, returning to Kentucky, married Agatha McDowell, a cousin of General Irwin McDowell. Not long afterwards he removed to Huntsville, where he formed a law partnership with Arthur G. Hopkins, afterwards Governor of the State. During his residence there Mr. Birney was appointed Attorney-General, and in 1834 was commissioned to secure a faculty for the new State University. In his tour through the North in this latter capacity he met prominent philanthropists, with whom he exchanged sentiments and formed lasting friendships. Moved by his sincere love of freedom, he soon after went to reside in Cincinnati, where he established the *Philanthropist*, a weekly newspaper. Its columns ably advocated the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden the world over; but its keenest weapons were directed upon American Slavery. Its utterances became distasteful to the slave power, and his office was repeatedly mobbed, and his types consigned to the river. In 1844 he was nominated by the Free Soil party as their candidate for President of the United States, receiving 64,653 votes. Henry Clay, who was the candidate of the

JOHN M WESSELHILL
Colonel 82d Regiment

GEORGE SHOEMAKER
Brev Col 6th Pa Brev Major U S A

JOSEPH ROBERTS,
Col 11th Reg 3d Art Brev Brig Gen U S A

JOHN L MCCAMMONT
Colonel 10th Pennsylvania Regiment

[illegible]
[illegible]

Whig party, was defeated, and his failure was largely attributed to the party led by Birney. Soon afterwards Mr. Birney retired from politics. He died in 1858. Mr. Birney married for his second wife Elizabeth Fitzhugh, a daughter of the New York branch of an old Maryland family.

The son, David B., was put to school at Andover, Massachusetts, where he early took a prominent place, and where he acquired exact and thorough training. After leaving Andover he went to Cincinnati, and entered a large business house, where he soon became junior partner, and married Miss Anna Case, of Covington, Kentucky. The firm with which he was connected met with disaster, and, upon the termination of its business, he went to Upper Saginaw, Michigan, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar; but desiring a wider field for the practice of his profession, removed to Philadelphia. For a time he was employed in a commercial agency, but soon returned to the practice of the law, in which he was associated with O. W. Davis, the firm attaining to great success and eminence, so much so that it became necessary to open a branch office in New York. His first wife having died, he married Miss Maria Antoinette Jennison, daughter of William Jennison.

As the clouds of civil war began to lower, Birney turned to the military profession, for which he had a natural taste, enlisting in the First City Troop, an organization which has been preserved unbroken from the days of the Revolution. In 1860 he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel of the First regiment, Third brigade of the First division, Pennsylvania Militia. When the call was made for troops in April, 1861, this regiment was promptly tendered, and its ranks speedily recruited, being known in the line as the Twenty-third. It was at first stationed on the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore railroad, but subsequently joined the corps of General Patterson at Chambersburg, and with him advanced as far as Bunker Hill, taking part with credit in the affair at Falling Waters, where Birney commanded, the Colonel being kept from the field by sickness.

At the expiration of the three months for which the regiment had been mustered, Lieutenant-Colonel Birney determined to recruit the old regiment for three years' service, and obtained

permission from the State authorities to retain the number by which it had been previously known, men and officers feeling a just pride in its soldierly bearing. Birney was commissioned Colonel, on the 2d of August, 1861, and with ranks swollen to 1500 men, this regiment became a part of the brigade of General L. P. Graham, stationed at Queen's Farm, four miles north of Washington, in which it was associated with the First New York *Chasseurs*, commanded by John Cochrane. Birney was a man earnest in doing whatever he undertook in the best possible manner, and under his moulding hand his command soon became distinguished for good discipline, ease and accuracy in evolutions, and all the qualities which go to make up an effective force. This excellence did not fail to attract the attention of his superior, and of President Lincoln himself, who invited the Colonel to parade with his regiment in front of the White House, and when, in the presence of his Excellency and a large concourse of citizens, embracing officers high both in the civil and military service, it manœuvred with the precision and spirit of veterans, it was greeted with frequent outbursts of applause. The skill and energy displayed by its commander was not without its reward. On the 17th of February, 1862, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General, and assigned to the command of the brigade left vacant by the promotion of General Sedgwick, composed of the Third and Fourth Maine and the Thirty-eighth and Fortieth New York regiments, having a place in the Third corps.

Among the first to reach the Peninsula, in McClellan's campaign against Richmond, Birney's brigade was early brought face to face with the enemy, but was restrained from attacking by the power which then exercised supreme control, and was put to felling trees and constructing works which were the wonder of the army, and from before which the enemy finally fled. At Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia, the enemy made a stand, and Hooker, who attacked with his division, found himself outnumbered and liable to be crushed. Kearny, who had a little before succeeded to the command of the division which embraced the brigade of Birney, came gallantly to the support of Hooker. Kearny's leading brigade was commanded by Berry; but with this Hooker could barely hold his ground. At this